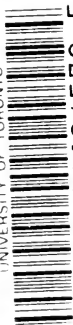
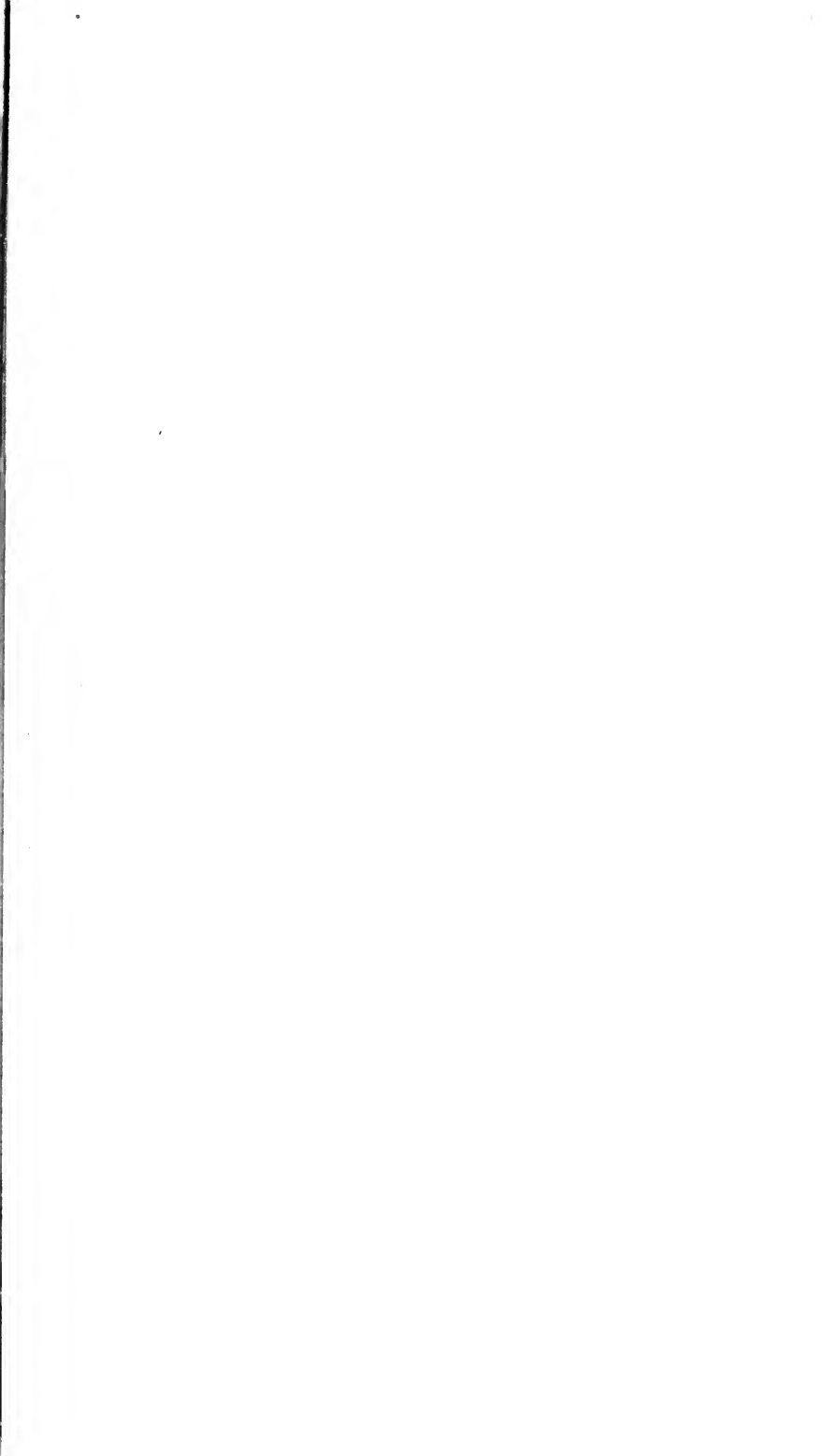


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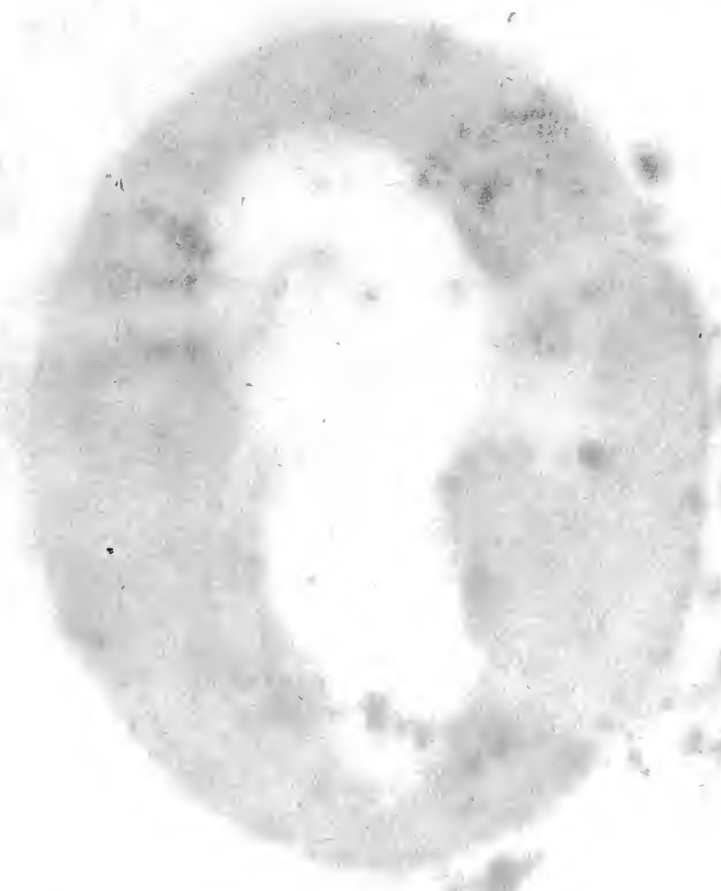
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Engraved by H. Meyer from a Painting by H. Howard.

M^{rs} Trimmer.

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF
Sarah
MRS. TRIMMER,

WITH
ORIGINAL LETTERS,
AND
MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS,
SELECTED FROM HER JOURNAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

.....

London:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON, AND J. JOHNSON
AND CO. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND
J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY;
By Law and Gilbert, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell.

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P R E F A C E.

IT has for some time been in contemplation to publish a slight sketch of the Life of the late Mrs. Trimmer, from an idea that it might be interesting to those who are acquainted with her writings, and also from the hope, that a recital of the virtues which adorned her character might be beneficial to others. The delay which has taken place in the publication was, in the first instance, occasioned by the doubt whether the Journal of her Prayers and Meditations should be introduced in its original form, and af-

terwards by the difficulty of making selections from it.

This Journal was written in the most secret hours of retreat, and without the least intention of the writer that it should meet the eye of any human being besides herself. For many years it was never seen by any other person, but as the events which she had recorded became less recent, she occasionally read passages to her children, and a few other persons. Hearing them express great satisfaction in what was thus communicated, and finding that some under afflicting circumstances were soothed and comforted, and likewise reaping benefit by recurring to it herself from time to time, she was unwilling to destroy it, and left it behind her without any injunctions or directions whatever.

Her children, who had before been acquainted with it, naturally had recourse to this Journal for consolation under the heavy affliction occasioned by her death. The comfort they derived from the perusal, induced them to shew some parts to a few friends, who mourned with them the loss of one of the best of women and of Christians. By these friends they were so earnestly solicited to lay extracts from it before the public, that after much deliberation they have resolved to do so, from the hope that the pious effusions of one of the tenderest and purest hearts that ever warmed the human breast, may edify others.

The MS. from which this selection has been made is very voluminous, being part of the weekly, and sometimes daily employ-

ment, of five-and-twenty years. It was the custom of the pious writer to retire to her closet on a Sunday evening for two or three hours, to reflect on the occurrences of the week that was just expired, and to examine into her past conduct and sentiments. Most solicitous was she to take this frequent retrospect, that she might stand with her lamp burning in her hand ready to obey the summons of her great Lord and Master whenever he should call her. Happy would it be for hundreds and thousands of her fellow Christians, would they adopt the same practice ; how many bitter pangs of remorse would be spared by such an exercise ; how many self-reproaches avoided !

As it is by the concurrence of the children of Mrs. Trimmer that these papers are pub-

lished, an apology may, perhaps, be necessary, for the flattering manner in which they are occasionally spoken of; those expressions would, indeed, have been omitted, could it have been done without injury to the work. That they had the happiness to give satisfaction to the best of mothers will ever be their pride and their consolation; but had they not done so, how inexcusable must have been their conduct! how ill would they have repaid attentions which were never remitted, tenderness that never failed.

In these papers it will be seen how exquisitely her heart was formed for the conjugal and the maternal characters, and how anxiously solicitous she was to perform the duties of both. Never was there a more du-

tiful and affectionate wife, never a tenderer or better mother!

What her sufferings were upon the loss of her husband, and upon the death of three of her children, will be best seen by her own expressions upon those mournful occasions, and it is presumed that others under similar circumstances may learn by her example that the feelings of humanity are not incompatible with the meek resignation of the pious Christian.

It is much to be lamented that some parts of her Journal which shew her character in the finest point of view, cannot be brought forward, as they are connected with the concerns of others; but it is hoped that many persons will be benefited by what does appear, and that they will be led by the per-
u-

sal to apply to the same source from whence she drew those living waters which sustained her under every trial, comforted her under every affliction, and prepared her for those heavenly mansions where it is humbly hoped she now reposes.

The first of these is the fact that the
 -production of the material is not
 done in a factory but in a workshop
 where the work is done by hand
 and the quality is of a high standard
 and the price is of a low standard
 and the quality is of a high standard
 and the price is of a low standard

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MRS. TRIMMER, &c.

SARAH, the daughter of Joshua and Sarah Kirby, was born at Ipswich, on the 6th of January, 1741. Her father was a man of an excellent understanding, and of great piety; and so high was his reputation for knowledge of divinity, and so exemplary his moral conduct, that, as an exception to their general rule, which admitted no layman, he was chosen member of a clerical club in the town in which he resided*.

From him she imbibed the purest sentiments of religion and virtue, and learnt betimes the fundamental principles of Christianity. At how early a period he began to lay this foundation, cannot now be exactly ascertained, but probably with the

* Mr. Kirby was the author of two works, which did him great credit. The one was entitled "*Dr. Brooke Taylor's Method of Perspective made Easy*," and the other (published in 1761, under the munificent patronage of his present Majesty) "*The Perspective of Architecture*."

very first dawn of reason, since she always considered it as one of the greatest blessings of her life, that she could never remember the time when she did not look up with gratitude to the great Author of her being, and pay him the willing tribute of prayer and thanksgiving.

When old enough to acquire the usual female accomplishments, she was sent, for some hours every day, to a boarding school in Ipswich, kept by Mrs. Justinier. This lady was a woman of elegant manners and refined sentiments, and had in early life moved in the circle of fashion; but an imprudent marriage had cut her off from her family connections, and obliged her, in order to procure a respectable maintenance, to undertake the education of young ladies. Mrs. Trimmer always spoke of Mrs. Justinier with regard, and considered her as well qualified for the office she had undertaken.

At this school, her studies were chiefly directed to English and French; she had great pleasure in translating from the latter language, which she did with readiness and accuracy; and she frequently said it was that practice, which, by giving her choice of words, and facility of expression, led the way to her becoming an author. She likewise acquired a very good hand-writing, which was afterwards improved by an excellent master in London.

Whether it was from Mrs. Justinier, or from her father, that she learnt her graceful manner of

reading English, is not known, but in this she excelled; and even to the end of her life, retained the faculty of reading aloud for a greater length of time than most people are capable of.

To those who are fond of tracing the writings of an author to their first beginning, it may be interesting to peruse the following letter, written by Mrs. Trimmer, when she was between ten and eleven years of age. Something of her future turn of mind may be observed in it, and the early impressions of piety, which she had imbibed, may be plainly perceived. The letter was addressed to her maternal grandfather and grandmother.

TO MR. AND MRS. BULL.

Ipswich, Dec. 4, 1751.

Dear Grandpapa and Grandmama,

As I now think myself capable of writing a letter, I do not know of any to whom I can address myself with more justness and propriety than yourselves; for you are my parents in a double capacity, and therefore may reasonably claim my utmost duty and gratitude. By your indulgent care and tenderness, under the gracious hand of Providence, you have blest me with the best of mothers. Let me therefore beg a continuance of your blessings and prayers; to enable me to set a right value upon all the privileges I enjoy, by hav-

ng a rational being, and to put in practice the duties I owe to God, my neighbour, and myself; and it shall be my daily prayer to the Almighty, that he will make the remainder of your lives happy, and receive you at last into everlasting felicity. My Grandpapa and Grandmama Kirby, and all my papa's family, join in suitable commendations, with

Your most obedient

And dutiful Grand-daughter,

SARAH KIRBY.

It has already been said that Mrs. Trimmer was greatly indebted to her father for giving her a religious education, and the fruits of it may be perceived in the above letter. It is hoped the reader will not think it irrelative to the subject if a letter be here introduced from her Grandfather Kirby, to his son, Mr. Joshua Kirby. The motive for inserting it is to show, that as *she* was indebted to her excellent father for religious impressions; so *he* also imbibed the same from his own worthy parent. How encouraging is this to those who take pains to implant betimes in the minds of their infant race sentiments of piety and morality! Who can say how far these sentiments may reach, and how many yet unborn may be benefited by such precepts and example! But to return to the letter alluded to, which was written upon the death of a much loved son, to another

son, equally dear to this pious and affectionate father.

TO MR. JOSHUA KIRBY.

Wickham-Market, June 17, 1741.

My dear Son,

I had the pleasure of your's, Sunday last, by your servant, and thank you for that filial affection that you therein expressed to your mother and myself, who were almost inconsolable for the afflicting death of our tender, dutiful, and affectionate son Stephen, a son in all respects so dutiful and obliging, that it must be very afflicting to us. But when I consider that in all appearance (and that appearance I am persuaded was not feigned, but real) he lived a sober and religious life; methinks it would be sinful in me, and would be insolently unthankful to the Father of mercies, to kick against his Providence, and fly in the face of our almighty and merciful Creator, when we ought to praise God that he is taken away from the evil to come. Rachel wept for her children; that was her duty: but then she refused to be comforted; that was her sin: I therefore will endeavour to dry up my tears, and persuade your mother to do the same.

Why should we be immoderately sorrowful for him, who, we have all the greatest reason to think, is entered into those ineffable glories where all tears

are wiped from all eyes, and who perhaps is lovingly looking down upon us in this vale of misery, ardently desiring our company; and God grant we may all endeavour to prepare ourselves for that happy state*.

Not to weary the patience of the reader, it needs only be added to the foregoing remarks, that as the piety, meekness, and resignation of Mrs. Trimmer may be traced back to her grandfather, so likewise may her humility and simplicity of character, as is evident by other family documents.

Before we dismiss from the narrative these pious and estimable ancestors of Mrs. Trimmer, one more letter may be acceptable: it is from Mr. Stephen Kirby, whose death was so much lamented by his affectionate parents.

TO MR. JOSHUA KIRBY.

Bisely, Sept. 29, 1738.

Dear Brother,

I received your letter, but what I mentioned to my father concerning you was not about busi-

* Mr. John Kirby, the grandfather of Mrs. Trimmer, was the author of a topographical work, well received by the public, especially in his own county, and which is still held in estimation, called the *Suffolk Traveller*. He also published a useful Map of the County of Suffolk.

business; I only desired him to tell you, I expected to have seen you before now, as you promised me when I saw you at your house. And when your business calls you to Schole, I hope you will come on to Bisely, and stay a few days, where you will be heartily welcome, and then I shall be glad to converse with you about those solid things which concern a future state, which are frequently in my thoughts, as they cannot but be in any person's, who makes Heaven his ultimate end and design.

I am your affectionate

And loving Brother,

STEPHEN KIRBY.

It will be seen by these letters, upon what subjects this worthy family loved to converse, and with what pleasure they dwelt on the happiness of a better country, considering themselves only as pilgrims journeying to that brighter region, and having their wishes and desires directed thither. It seems indeed that the first impressions which Mr. Kirby endeavoured to make on the mind of his daughter, were those of love and veneration for the great Author of her being. She was taught to consider him as her *Heavenly Father*, to regard Him with the utmost reverence, gratitude, and affection, and constantly to keep in mind what great things he had done for her. By these means her duty became her pleasure and delight; and to love

and serve God, to honour and obey Him, the greatest of all earthly enjoyments.

Mrs. Trimmer had not any sister who lived to be a companion to her, and only one brother. To him she was most tenderly attached. She would always dwell with pleasure on any little anecdote respecting him, and she loved to speak of his amiable disposition, and the affection that subsisted between them.

At the age of fourteen she left Ipswich with her father and mother to settle in London, where Mr. Kirby had the honour of teaching Perspective to the King, then Prince of Wales, and afterwards to her Majesty.

His daughter being removed from the companions of her childhood, passed her time during her residence in London in the society of people more advanced in life, some of them people of eminence in the literary world; amongst these may be numbered Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Gregory Sharp, Mr. Gainsborough, Mr. Hogarth, &c. &c.: by Dr. Johnson she was favoured with particular notice. The circumstance which first attracted his attention was a literary dispute at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, respecting some passage in Milton's Paradise Lost, which could not be decided. Mr. Kirby, who, as well as his daughter, was present, enquired if she had not the book in her pocket, it being a great favourite of her's, and he, probably knowing that it then made a part of her daily studies. The book was accordingly pro-

duced, and opened at the disputed part. Dr. Johnson was so struck with a girl of that age making this work her pocket companion, and likewise with the modesty of her behaviour upon the occasion, that he invited her the next day to his house, presented her with a copy of his Rambler, and afterwards treated her with great consideration.

As the society in which she lived whilst in London was of rather too grave a cast for so young a person, she naturally had recourse to her favourite employment for recreation, and spent much time in reading. In this pursuit she was directed by her father, and from his conversation and instruction her mind acquired a thirst after knowledge, and was gradually opened and enlarged.

Drawing was another occupation of her leisure hours; to this, however, she applied rather in compliance with the wishes of her father, than to gratify any inclination she felt for it. At his desire she went occasionally, under the care of a female friend, with other young people, to the Society for promoting Arts, and once obtained a prize for the second best drawing. Two or three miniatures, copies from larger pictures, are remaining of her painting, which, though not in the first stile, are sufficiently good to show, that in this art she might have excelled, had her taste prompted her to pursue it. The knowledge of drawing, which she had acquired while young, became very useful to her when she was a mother, as it enabled her to amuse her children when in their infancy,

and likewise to direct them afterwards in the exercise of their talents in that way.

After Mr. Kirby's removal to London, his son became a scholar at Westminster School, and being younger than his sister, and perhaps not having so great a talent for composition, he would frequently apply to her when he had a difficult theme to write, and engage her to compose it in English for him, to render into Latin, and this was one of the earliest exercises of her pen. None of these themes are remaining; but a fragment of a letter, written to her brother, upon his removal to Ipswich, in order to study drawing under Mr. Gainsborough, may show the progress she made in composition. This letter has no date, but probably was written in 1759 or 1760.

TO MASTER KIRBY.

My dear Brother,

I as heartily congratulate you on your recovery, as I should have grieved for you, had I known of your illness: little did we apprehend the reason of your not writing; but we are obliged to Mr. — for not informing us of it, as he has thereby saved us a great deal of uneasiness. I beg you will let us hear from you as soon as possible, and hope you will be able to tell us, that you are free from all danger of a return of your

complaint. I will entertain no fears to the contrary, because I am sure Mr. ——— would not have permitted you to go out if you had not been better.

Having so good an example to copy after, I imagine you improve very much in politeness; that shining qualification, which is the characteristic of a gentleman. It will be in vain for you to possess the greatest good qualities, unless polished by this, which gives a lustre to every talent a man is possessed of. No man is of consequence enough to be exempt from the practice of it, if he would be loved, for there is so much pride in the human heart, as will prevent our having any great esteem for a person, who, by neglecting it, seems to overlook or despise the virtues which every man is, or imagines himself possessed of. You will easily distinguish the politeness of which I am speaking, from that composition of form or ceremony which is practised by many people as such, and makes them in the eyes of sensible people appear the objects of dislike and ridicule. But the first is a delicacy of sentiment, a refinement of manners, which prevents a man doing any thing to offend, and at the same time will keep him above making use of flattery to procure the esteem of any one. It is to be attained by reading the works of elegant writers, and conversing with persons of taste and judgment. Do you, my dear brother, endeavour to cultivate the acquaintance of such, and I am sure that the modesty of your behaviour will gain

their love. It is a laudable ambition to desire the notice of these people, for it is the cause of despising every thing mean or trifling, below the regard of a reasonable being. I could enumerate many advantages which accrue from having the friendship of such persons, but shall mention only one more, which is, that it is equivalent to many years experience, and more valuable to us, having it at a time of life, when we have greater occasion for it than we shall have when we have lived long enough to acquire — — — — —

It was the custom of Mr. Kirby to look over any letters of his daughter's writing; and it was the reading of the above letter which first made him think she had a talent for composition: he did not, however, live to see her an author, as it was not till some years after his death that she became one.

During the time her brother was studying drawing at Ipswich, he had not only the benefit of corresponding with his sister, but likewise with his father. The following letter will show in what manner Mr. Kirby conveyed instructions to his children.

TO MASTER KIRBY.

Dear Son,

Aug. 12, 1759.

Your letter came to hand yesterday, when I went to London, and it pleases me very much,

particularly that part of it which promises an industrious application to your studies, and the proof you have given of being in earnest, by beginning the next day after your arrival at Ipswich.

It is now a time of life with you, which is, if any, the most critical; and therefore it should be watched with the utmost care and attention. For now is commencing a season when temptations of Vice and Folly will use every bewitching art to allure you from the practice of Religion and Virtue. It is therefore my indispensable duty, to watch every step you take, to guide your growing understanding, and to point out the way to true and lasting happiness, and some of the most dangerous shoals and quicksands, which are placed in the way to it; that you may be always upon your guard, acquire a constant rectitude of behaviour, and may obtain the most invaluable of all blessings, the favour of God, and the esteem of good and wise men.

Thus you see, my son, I have undertaken a very arduous task, for your own thoughts will suggest what an extensive field may be opened on this occasion; and they will likewise, in some measure, anticipate the subject of my next letter; in which I shall endeavour to form in your mind *true and just conceptions of the supreme Being*; in hopes of striking such deep impressions of *reverence, love, and fear towards Him*, as may never be effaced.

I am your affectionate Father,

JOSHUA KIRBY.

P. S. Our compliments to all friends ; and in future let your letters be ready for me in London only on Saturdays, and as I do not expect you should set about answering mine that are of this kind, I should be glad to know only how you go on, what you are about, and any news you may hear at Ipswich. My letters may serve as Sunday meditations, and let no one see them excepting the companion of your studies, Master W—.

About the year 1759, Mr. Kirby removed to Kew, upon being appointed clerk of the works at that palace. It was there that his daughter became acquainted with Mr. Trimmer; and, at the age of twenty-one, she was united to him, with the approbation of the friends on both sides. Mr. Trimmer was a man of an agreeable person, pleasing manners, and exemplary virtues; about two years older than herself. In the course of their union, she had twelve children, six sons and six daughters. From the time of her marriage till she became an author, she was almost constantly occupied with domestic duties; devoting herself to the nursing and educating of her children. She would say, that as soon as she became a mother, her thoughts were turned so entirely to the subject of education, that she scarcely read a book upon any other topic, and believed she almost wearied her friends by making it so frequently the subject of conversation. Happily, Mr. Trimmer was of the same domestic turn, and seconded all her les-

sons, both by precept and example. During the life-time of her father, she spent the mornings in teaching her children; and in the afternoon, when the weather would permit, used to walk with some of the elder ones to visit him.

In the education of her daughters, she had but little assistance, teaching them many things herself, and putting them in the way to improve themselves, by directing them to books for any information of which they might be desirous.

The education of her sons also was in a great measure directed by her, their classical studies excepted, for which some of them left home, and others received the instruction of a neighbouring clergyman.

Those mothers who, like Mrs. Trimmer, are accustomed to take a very active part in domestic concerns, and to devote most of their hours to working for their children, will perhaps wonder that she was able to take so large a share in their education: let it however be remembered, that her aim was not so much to give them the shewy accomplishments so generally acquired at present, as to make them useful members of society. As her family increased, the elder children also instructed the younger, especially when she became an author, and at length released her from every part of education, excepting casual advice or admonition.

In a letter to a lady, with whom she became acquainted after her family were grown up, she thus

expresses herself. "I have been, my dear Madam, the mother of twelve children, nine of whom are still living, five daughters and four sons*. All my children were nursed by myself; my daughters wholly educated under the paternal roof; my sons chiefly so. For many years, therefore, I could find but little leisure for reading; the needle was my principal occupation when I was not nursing or teaching."

From her husband also she had no inconsiderable assistance; for though business took him much from home during the day-time, in the evening he was accustomed to relax with his family; and in the winter time especially, the season for home-bred pleasures and domestic enjoyments, it was his custom to assemble a little group of hearers; while one of his children read aloud from some of his favourite authors. The books which were selected were not very numerous, but of a kind to strengthen and enlarge the mind, and to give a desire for further improvement. Of this number were the historical Plays of Shakespear, parts of the works of Milton and of Pope; Hume's History of England, and Blackstone's Commentaries; Addison's Spectator and Guardian; the works of Johnson and of Burke, and some Sermons by our most approved divines; but, above all, the

* Since the death of Mrs. Trimmer, two of her children have followed her to the grave; one son and one daughter: the son left a family of seven children behind him, the daughter one of five.

Sacred Volume, that never-failing source of improvement and delight.

During these hours, he used to take great pains to inculcate the most dutiful attention to their mother, and affectionate tenderness towards each other. Many and many a time has he told his children the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, explaining it to them, and charging them to abide by the moral which it contained.

Occasionally too he would read to them a sermon of Dr. Franklin's, on fraternal love, from the text, "*Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.*" Thus endeavouring, by every means in his power, to enforce the great duties of domestic life, and to strengthen the precepts implanted by his affectionate partner.

The pleasures of this happy family were simple, but they were heart-felt; not, indeed, as will be seen in the following pages, unclouded by sorrow, or unmingled with care, but such as tranquilize and gladden the mind, and ensure to it lasting felicity.

Throughout the whole of the Journal, it will be seen with what lively affection Mrs. Trimmer was attached to her husband and children. A short extract from her Meditations, written after the death of Mr. Trimmer, in which she mentions the former with her accustomed tenderness, may not be unacceptable.

Reflecting upon a circumstance which occupied her mind in no common degree, she adds:

“ Besides this, I have another subject to draw my attention, a subject which now fills my widowed heart with painful emotion, and my eyes with tears—my dear lost husband! I must indulge myself with a short recollection—I must pay a tribute to his memory—O how kind, how affectionate, was his behaviour to me—with what patience did he submit to all the toils and inconveniencies he was put to, in order to support his numerous family! But it has pleased the Almighty to put an end to his earthly cares; those, I trust, were buried in his grave. I have all the reason in the world to hope he will never know sorrow any more, but enjoy an eternity of bliss. I trust we shall hereafter meet in the eternal world, where death can no more separate us. I will in the mean time endeavour to supply, to the best of my power, his place to the dear children whom he has left behind. They are dearer to me than ever since he was taken away. I will endeavour to keep my temper in that state of serenity, which he used to approve. I will in all things conduct myself as his widow.”

The strength of her maternal feelings may also be seen in every page of her Journal. The following extract may serve in this place by way of specimen. It was written in a time of sickness, when she thought it probable that she might be summoned hastily to quit this life.

“ I hope whenever it is the will of my Heavenly Father to call me away, I shall submit with

becoming resignation; and that those who survive me will be comforted for my loss. My dear children may assure themselves, that I am a sincere and an humble Christian: such a one as, I trust, will find acceptance with the Father of Mercies, for Jesus Christ's sake: such a one as, I trust, the Saviour will receive as a faithful disciple. I shall carry out of the world with me the tenderest love for my children: that is a sentiment so deeply engraven in my soul, that I feel confident it never can be eradicated, unless the dear objects of my love depart from God; and that I hope they never will do. While they continue in the same faith with the saints of light, we shall still be one family, though the members are for a time separated—some in terrestrial, others in celestial abodes; and we shall finally meet again, never more to part! Cherish then in your minds, my dear children, a tender remembrance of a mother, who has loved you with inexpressible affection; but do not grieve for my loss. To me, I trust, it will be gain. O how delightful are the hopes of immortal happiness!"

In another part, she thus speaks of her parents and her brother.

"The last week has been employed in a way which has awakened awful reflections in my mind. In looking over the papers of my late dear sister-in-law, I met with many letters which she had, in the course of several years, received from her own dear and tender husband, my only and beloved

brother ; from my honoured father and mother, and from the dear partner of all my joys and sorrows.

In the course of this occupation, some melancholy thoughts have necessarily occurred ; but I have felt pleasure of the most exalted kind. Surely those who expressed such sentiments of piety, benevolence, generosity, and compassion, must have been reckoned among the faithful people of God—the redeemed of Christ—and as such, they must be inheritors of the promises. O how comfortable to my heart is this persuasion ! how pleasing to contemplate the characters of these dear relatives—each a Christian, both in faith and practice. Yes, my honoured father, I am glad to have my mind awakened to a remembrance of thy virtue and goodness : from thy instructions I derived those principles which have proved to me the source of unspeakable comfort. O my father, I pay thee the tear of grateful esteem ; and I hope thou hast found a rich reward from the universal Parent, the great Governor of the universe !

My dear mother, I owe thee also a return of gratitude for thy maternal cares : I hope to meet thee in a better world. My brother ! O my brother, the first object of tender affection, unmixed with reverence and awe, that my soul ever knew ! how greatly did I feel thy loss ! but thou wast, I trust, exalted to a higher state. I submitted, and was comforted ; but I have not forgotten thee : my affection is revived in its full force. O my brother ! I will strive to follow thee to the realms of

bliss ; to which, I trust, the soul of thy dear Eliza has winged its way. From what a state of suffering is she delivered ! My husband too ! my dear tender husband ! While all the sensibility of my heart is awakened, can I forbear to feel for thee ! No, my beloved, witness the tears of gratitude and esteem which now fill my eyes ! O, my beloved, I am awfully affected ; I feel as if I was entering the regions of the dead. God only knows how soon I may do so in reality. O that I may keep in a state of constant preparation for the summons, whenever it shall please the Almighty to send it."

Having already shown, in some degree, what the sentiments of Mrs. Trimmer were as a wife and a parent, a daughter and a sister, her attention to her servants should next be noticed.

She was a most kind and considerate mistress, keeping their interest, both temporal and spiritual, constantly in view. She was careful so to arrange her domestic concerns, even when she had a young family, that each servant might have an opportunity of frequenting the house of God, at least once on every Sabbath ; and she frequently contrived that they should go to both morning and evening service. She also devoted a part of the Sunday evening to their particular instruction.

When about to dismiss from her service a young man, whom she had taken great pains to instruct, and who but ill repaid the trouble bestowed on him, she thus speaks in her Meditations.

“Thou knowest, blessed Lord, the zeal and sincerity of heart with which I have admonished my servants; with what regret I part from one, who may not meet again with a friend who will take pains to train him in the way in which he should go. O Lord, I beseech thee, give to him the help of thy Holy Spirit, and impress on his mind those instructions which he may have received from me, or from others; and let him not be drawn away by the vanities of the world, into the paths of destruction. O that I may have a household serving God, and loving one another. Adorable Saviour, may every heart in my family be thine. O may thy blessed Gospel have its due efficacy with every one of us, through the help of thy Holy Spirit!”

In a letter to one of her friends, Mrs. Trimmer, after speaking of her various avocations in consequence of her numerous family, says: “In addition to my own family, I have a large adopted one, in the schools of which I have given an account in the Appendix to my *Æconomy of Charity*.” Her anxiety for the welfare of these poor children was indeed unremitting, and no means were left untried to train them in the right way. In a “Short Address” to the parents of these children, she exhorts them, after the following manner, to set a good example to their respective offspring.

“O consider! you who have children, the importance of the trust committed to you; that their welfare in this world, and their eternal happiness

in the next, depend, in a great measure, upon the principles and habits which they acquire in their early years; and let them not lose, through your carelessness and misconduct, the favour of those, whose kindness they may stand in need of, or the blessing of God, and everlasting happiness; but rather strive, by all the means in your power, to make them good Christians, and useful members of society. If you are not qualified to teach them to read and understand the Scriptures, that will be done for you, *without money and without price*; but it still remains incumbent upon you to watch their conduct while they are under your own eyes, and to set them good examples. If parents, who send their children to learn their duty, forget their own, what consequence can be expected, but that every good impression made in the schools will be destroyed?"

The reader, having already been informed of the manner in which Mrs. Trimmer passed the close of the Sabbath, will naturally suppose that the whole of that sacred day was kept by her with becoming reverence. There was indeed nothing that she considered of greater importance to the happiness and comfort of man, than the proper observance of the Sabbath. She regarded the fulfilment of this duty as bringing with it a peculiar blessing, as the *sign* which was to distinguish the servants of the Lord, and mark them as his people; and often would she recur to those passages in the Scriptures which speak of it as such.

Verily my SABBATHS ye shall keep ; for it is a SIGN between me and you throughout your generations ; that ye may know that I am the LORD that doth sanctify you. Ye shall keep the SABBATH therefore, for it is holy unto you.

Of the threatenings and denunciations also in the Scriptures against those who violated the Sabbath, she would often make mention ; and the punishments which the Israelites brought down upon themselves, for their neglect of that holy day.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that the Sunday was marked by Mrs. Trimmer as a day of gloom and severity ; on the contrary, it was a day of rest and peace, of satisfaction and innocent cheerfulness, not only to herself, but to all around her ; but then it was the cheerfulness which accorded with the sanctity of the day.

The Sunday was passed in frequenting the house of God, in teaching the children of the poor, in giving religious instructions to her own children, or grand-children, and also to her servants, and in all the pleasures of domestic happiness and quiet enjoyment.

Her children can go back with delight to the days of their youth, when the happy party was gathered around their fond mother to receive the lessons of piety which she gave, or to listen to the persuasions to goodness, which flowed from her lips. And in later years, when her family was increased by a second generation, with what satisfaction did she behold the groups of her descendants

scattered about her little garden in the summer, or drawn around the fire-side in the winter, beguiling the time with converse serious, though not dull.

Never shall we forget the sparkling eyes of one of her little grandsons, who lived for some time under her roof, when the Sunday returned. It was to him a day of perfect felicity; and, whether he sat with his book under a tree, when the weather suited, or explored, with his venerable grandmother, the beauties of the plants and flowers, his countenance shone with delight; and even in the winter, when these pleasures could no longer be recurred to, the day never seemed long enough for his pursuits or his enjoyments.

May the impression never be erased from his memory, nor from that of others, who partook with him in these pleasures! May they, to their latest day upon earth, retain their love and veneration for the Sabbath!

It is with pleasure we recall to remembrance another of her little grandsons, who, at a very early age, had imbibed a love and reverence for the Sabbath. Often has he been observed, on the evening preceding the Sunday, putting away his little childish toys, which nothing could induce him to play with on that sacred day; yet was there no regret in the action; he would have scorned to seek amusement unsuited to the season, and have been offended with the person who could have supposed him capable of it. But he also, like

his little cousin, enjoyed the rest as well as the comforts of the Sabbath; and looked forward to the day throughout the week as that which was to afford him the truest delight.

Another little boy and girl, when about nine and ten years old, who were allowed to choose their own employments of a Sunday, would, with an eagerness and delight as great as they could have felt at any amusement whatever, spend hour after hour over Stackhouse's Commentary on the Bible, in which there were a number of engravings from histories in the sacred volume. The delight they experienced was not merely from looking at the prints, for to them they had been accustomed from their infancy; but their chief pleasure consisted in searching in the Scriptures for the texts referred to at the bottom of the engraving. One child would find out the text, and dictate to the other, who wrote it down, and by this mean they occupied themselves in a manner at once proper for the day and edifying to themselves, and fixed on their memories the history and the expressions made use of by the sacred penman in the relation.

Another favourite occupation of the same children was the examination of illuminated maps of the Holy Land. They searched out the places to which the Patriarchs and Prophets travelled in old times, or the Apostles and our blessed Saviour in later days, and were not easily tired with the occupation. The industry exerted upon the occasion, gave a zest to

the pleasure ; and the employment being of their own choosing, was never irksome.

The reader will doubtless be pleased with the following quotation, from the Meditations of Mrs. Trimmer, in which she expresses her sentiments upon the subject.

“ What a blessing to sinful, sorrowing mortals, is the Sabbath ! though I cannot, from the infirmity of my nature, always attain to the full enjoyment to it. My cares are suspended, my hopes are enlarged ; I take a view, though imperfect, of the future world ; I hold communion with the Father of Spirits, I feel the love of my Saviour, and the inward consolations of the Holy Spirit.”

Again, in another place, she says : “ How quickly do the Sabbaths return ; those seasons of rest, and spiritual comfort ! A seventh part of our time on earth is taken from the days of toil and care, and blessed and sanctified by the God of all goodness, for the recreation and benefit of our souls, and that we may have a foretaste of heavenly bliss. “ To me the Sabbath is a welcome day, and I bless God for the institution of it ; and yet I do not always enjoy its pleasures in the degree I might and ought to do.”

In reckoning up the employments of the Sunday, the frequent participation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should not be omitted, though it may easily be supposed, that in the life of so pious and good a Christian as Mrs. Trimmer, this duty would not be neglected. What

her sentiments were of the nature of this holy institution, her opinion of its efficacy, the delight she took in approaching the table of the Lord, and the comfort and refreshment of soul it afforded her, will all be seen in her Journal, and in some letters written upon the subject.

Nor did the zeal of Mrs. Trimmer, for the observance of the Sabbath, rest with her own performance of her duty, or with taking care that her household and the children belonging to the schools should also observe it, she likewise endeavoured by every means in her power to persuade the adult poor of her neighbourhood to pass it in a religious and becoming manner. Amongst other means to effect this great purpose, she wrote to them a "Friendly Remonstrance," from which, as it is not much in circulation, one or two quotations may be inserted in this place. After telling them the reasons for hallowing the Sabbath, and the way in which it ought to be spent, she goes on: "You whose lot it is to labour for the maintenance of yourselves and families, have but little leisure in the *week* for what are called *religious exercises*; you should therefore *rejoice* that your CREATOR hath set apart one day in seven, in which you may lay aside your burdens, refresh your souls with heavenly comfort, and prepare for a state of everlasting rest and joy. Instead of saying, *When will the Sabbath be gone?* you have cause to long for its return: not to spend it in idleness and wickedness, but that you may renew your strength, learn your duty, and enjoy

the delight which God, who *blessed* as well as *sanc-*
tified the SABBATH-DAY, has provided for his
 people. BLESSED, says the LORD, *is the man who*
doeth this, and that keepeth the Sabbath from pol-
luting it, and keepeth his hand from doing evil.
 ISAIAH lvi. 2. *If thou turn thy foot from the*
Sabbath from doing thine own pleasure on my holy
day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the
 LORD, *honourable; and shall honour him, not do-*
ing thine own ways, or finding thine own pleasure,
nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou
delight thyself in the LORD; the mouth of the
 LORD *hath spoken it.* ISAIAH lviii. 13, 14. You
 may assure yourselves, that there is no pleasure to
 be found in this world, equal to what arises from
 the religious observance of the Sabbath-day; and
 if you once get into a habit of keeping it holy, you
 will never wish to pass it in a prophane, wicked
 manner; you will find, by the peace and comfort
 you will enjoy in it, that GOD hath really *blessed*
 it.

“With what delight do sincere worshippers go
 to the house of God! with what humility do they
 bow down before Him! how fervently do they im-
 plore his favour and protection! how heartily do
 they bless and praise his holy name! with what
 attention do they hearken to the instruction of the
 preacher! what pious resolutions do they form!
 how cheerfully do they return to their houses,
 assured of receiving the blessings they have asked;
 because GOD has promised them in the Scriptures!

how peacefully do they close their eyes at night ! how calm are their slumbers ! how refreshed do they arise in the morning to pursue their labours ! for six days will they do all manner of work that is required of them, longing for the return of that day, which is esteemed by them the best of all the seven ! These are some of the advantages which are enjoyed by the people of God ; that is to say, by those who honour Him as their Creator and Governor.

“ Come then, without delay ! Do not let another SABBATH pass away unimproved ! Where can you begin the work of reformation so well as in the *house of God* ? Life is uncertain ; you may not live till the next return of that holy day. Come then, like the returning Prodigal in the Gospel, and say, FATHER, *I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.* While you are yet *afar off*, your Father seeth you ; for to him *all hearts are open*, and he is ready to bestow on you that *pardon and peace*, which your Saviour purchased for *repenting sinners*, with his most precious blood.”

In her Meditations, written at the time she was preparing this “ Friendly Remonstrance,” Mrs. Trimmer thus expresses herself : “ I am very desirous of helping the poor as far as my ability extends. O that I may be permitted to be instrumental to their good ! I will not shrink back for fear of trouble, but will do what I think best for them, without any selfish consideration.” O that I

may be able to give them good advice, of which they stand so much in need, while such bad advisers are abroad. O Lord God, thou seest the pains which are taken by evil-minded men to draw the poor from their duty; vouchsafe to defeat their evil counsels, and to make the poor see that their interest and their duty are inseparable."

Some short time after, these words occur in the Journal: "Let me not forget to note down the pleasure I have this day received in seeing such numbers of my poor neighbours at Church. May they continue to frequent the house of God! and O may they there receive edification!"

"The children at the schools also received instruction apparently with pleasure and attention. May it make a deep impression, and lead to right practice!"

But though so ardently desirous of contributing to the spiritual necessities of the poor, her exertions in their behalf were likewise extended to their bodily wants. In sickness she visited them; in sorrow she comforted them; and when her own means were not equal to relieving their distresses, she pleaded their cause with those who had more within their power; and thus contributed not only to the relief of the indigent, but proved beneficial to the rich also, by exciting in them a greater degree of charity than they would otherwise have exercised.

The last time she went out of her own house, and but two days before her death, she was em-

ployed in offices of this kind, and with an energy of mind which gave strength to her bodily frame, took a walk of some considerable length, in order to make known the distresses of the aged and the infirm, to some benevolent friends, who like herself were accustomed to visit the dwellings of poverty and wretchedness; who were at all times *ready to give and glad to impart, thus laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come.*

Amongst the various ways in which the benevolent feelings of Mrs. Trimmer were engaged, mention should be made of the pains she occasionally took to procure assistance to persons belonging to the sacred ministry, who were, from unavoidable circumstances, struggling under the pressure of misfortune. In this pious work she frequently met with assistance from others more powerful than herself. At one time, a gentleman, who had the disposal of a legacy, designed for the indigent clergy, or their families, applied to her to recommend proper objects; by which mean she had the satisfaction of being of use to several worthy and respectable persons. At another time, a benevolent friend, who appropriated a very considerable sum of money annually to the same charitable purpose, requested her advice and assistance in the disposal of it, and thus contributed largely to her happiness.

Another channel, through which Mrs. Trimmer became of use to numbers, was by recommending

deserving young women to situations as governesses. By her means many were received into respectable families, and a double benefit conferred, upon those who were thus comfortably settled, and also upon the persons in whose families they became inmates. The applications made to Mrs. Trimmer upon this subject were so numerous, that it sometimes occasioned her no inconsiderable fatigue; but she always considered it as a most satisfactory employment, from the great interest she took in the education of the rising generation. The parents who thus applied to her, frequently solicited her advice with respect to the manner of training up their children. The governesses were anxious to do credit to her recommendation, and to acquit themselves to her satisfaction; and their pupils were also emulous to gain the good opinion of one, whom they were taught to love and venerate.

The early rising of Mrs. Trimmer is another circumstance that should be noticed, as it was begun in her youth, and neither the habit nor the love of it ever left her. When she resided at Kew, before her marriage, there was a rivalry between her and a friend, who lived on the opposite side of the river, respecting early rising. The one who was up first would hang a handkerchief out of the window, to be seen by her friend, as a sort of triumph:

These early hours were chiefly spent in committing poetry to memory, and in reading, rather

in a desultory manner, which she always lamented, though perhaps without reason, when we consider the books to which she applied.

She had a favourite closet, in which these studies were carried on; and she used to read aloud even when alone, especially poetry. Milton, Thomson, and Young, were amongst her favourite poets. She could repeat great part of the "Paradise Lost," and of "The Seasons;" and "Young's Satires," almost from the beginning to the end. She used to say, that his Satire upon Women had been extremely useful to her, and had taught her to avoid many failings.

She could learn poetry by heart with such ease, that the reading of a page over once or twice would be sufficient for her to know it accurately. As she advanced in years, she lamented having forgotten much of what she had acquired when young; yet her memory, even at the latest period of her life, was far more retentive than that of people in general.

This habit of early rising was particularly useful to her when she became an author, since it gave her some hours of quiet and retirement, which, in so numerous a family, could not have been otherwise attained. While writing the Annotations on the Scriptures, she used frequently to rise at five, and even at four o'clock, and that during a severe winter, and pursue her labours when the rest of the family were in bed. The fire in her study was prepared over night, and she put the candle to it

herself in the morning; neither liking to disturb a servant at so early an hour, nor to be dependant upon one for her hour of rising.

In a part of her Meditations, and at a time when she was writing on sacred subjects, she thus expresses herself: "O divine Saviour, it is not my wish to waste those hours in sleep, which ought to be passed in watchfulness and prayer. It is my highest pleasure to rise early to pursue my delightful work—at midnight I would rise to praise my God and Saviour. I would watch with thee, blessed Lord, not one hour only, but my whole life, could I but do it—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak! O how I grudge the hours that are now wasted in sleep! But my nature requires repose—I must wait for eternity before I can be always awake, and ready for the service of my God!"

Something ought to be said of the charms of her conversation; it was, indeed, particularly pleasing and instructive, without the slightest tincture of affectation, or pretension to superiority of any kind. Humility and benevolence were amongst the leading features in the character of this excellent woman, and shone equally in her countenance and in her conversation. Nothing, however, marked it more strongly than a simplicity of heart, and of manners rarely to be met with. Truly might it be said of her, she "was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

Her manner of recurring to Scripture History was very remarkable and very pleasing. She

would occasionally, when walking or sitting with one of her children, or any particular friend, talk of events recorded in the Sacred Volume, till you might almost fancy them recent: for example, when she was speaking of the death of Abel; the affliction of his parents upon seeing the first-fruits of their sin, in the destruction of a darling son, would be present to her imagination; and she would represent what must have been the bitterness of their sufferings, till you felt for them a sentiment of pity, that had never before entered your thoughts: from this she would recur to the folly of sin, and the dangers attending it, till you were surprised that any one should ever give way to evil propensities.

She would also expatiate on the history of Joseph, till you entered into all the joys and sorrows of him and his family; of David, or of Daniel, till she brought them in review before you, and you wondered that you had not given greater attention to what you had read concerning them. They became interesting to you, as if they were now living; and you longed for the time when you might in reality converse with those holy men of old.

In the same manner, when the gracious words of our blessed Saviour, the tenderness which he showed for the miseries of mankind, his wonderful miracles, and his sublime doctrines, were the subjects of her conversation, it was impossible for the heart to remain cold upon those occasions, or to

refrain from feelings of gratitude, veneration, and thankfulness.

Of her love for the Sacred Volume no one can doubt, who is in the slightest degree acquainted with her writings. The reader, however, will not object to the following extract, from her Meditations, by way of illustration.

“What an inestimable treasure is thy Gospel! O divine Saviour, what would have become of all mankind without thee? How much would all the troubles of life have been encreased to me, but for the knowledge of thy Gospel. Lord, it is in my estimation, the pearl of inestimable value. I have sought for it as for hidden treasure; and, under the guidance of divine grace, I have happily found it. I would not part with it for all that this world, and a thousand such worlds, can give; and yet, O divine Lord, I highly value the blessings with which this world is adorned by the hand of the great Creator. As for all its pomps and vanities, I despise them; they have no charms for a soul longing for heavenly joys.”

She was particularly careful not to speak of the failings of her fellow mortals, and always endeavoured to put the most favourable construction upon their words and actions. It was a favourite maxim with her, that “*a Christian should carefully avoid saying any thing to the prejudice of others, unless when it was necessary for the honour of God, or the good of men.*” And to this rule she so steadily adhered, that she would take her

self severely to task even for the most trifling deviation from it.

Accustomed to think more of things than of persons; greatly intent upon promoting the good of mankind, and the glory of God, she was not curious to pry into the concerns and the actions of others. The education of her children when young, and latterly her literary pursuits, and the various offices of friendship and benevolence in which she was engaged, interested and occupied her mind, and left no room for scandal, or even for merely idle discourse. Tenderness likewise for her fellow-creatures, and love of her Creator and Redeemer, made her unwilling to listen to details of the vices and follies of the world. To hear of those who violated the laws of God, and ran heedlessly on to their own destruction, was a real grief of heart to her; and that not only on their own account, she was also hurt for the glory of God, and jealous for his honour. That all mankind might so conduct themselves as to secure the salvation offered to them; and that the name of God might be praised from the rising to the setting sun, was her ardent desire and most fervent prayer, and to promote both the one and the other the occupation and joy of her life.

It would be needless to multiply quotations from her Journal, to illustrate this. One short extract may, however, show it forcibly. Upon some occasion, when the ordinances of God had been slighted, and the divinity of our blessed Saviour

denied, she thus expresses herself: "O that the whole race of mankind would unite in paying thee the homage and adoration that are justly due! that they would acknowledge thee as King of kings, and Lord of lords! I am very jealous for thine honour, Lord God of Hosts! Mine eyes gush out with water, because men dishonour thy name. But, alas! they know not what they do! may divine grace bring them to a proper sense of their duty! O that I could persuade, if it were but *one* of these misguided persons, to acknowledge the divinity of our Lord and Saviour."

The great delight which Mrs. Trimmer took in contemplating the beauties of nature, should not be passed over, as it was a striking feature in her character. She had early been taught by her father to make observations on the works of creation; and had such pleasure in doing this, that to her the mere view of the vegetable or the animal world, of the clear expanse of heaven, or the smooth surface of the water, was ecstasy and rapture.

It was her custom, whenever the weather would permit, to walk for a short time in her garden at an early hour, that she might see the grass and flowers when besprinkled with dew; and her delight in such contemplation was never satiated. But then she looked up from these objects to the hand that formed them; and, reflecting on the greatness and goodness of the Father of the Universe, was lost in love and admiration.

The love which Mrs. Trimmer felt for the beauties of nature, can scarcely be more accurately described than in a quotation from the life of Dr. Watts, who, in this respect, and in many others, greatly resembled this pious and exemplary woman.

“ When he went abroad among the scenes of rural verdure, beauty, and fruitfulness, like the bee in its industrious ranges for celestial sweets, he was solicitous to gather fresh food for heavenly contemplation, or fresh materials and ornaments for future compositions. The pastures covered with flocks and herds, the fields waving with the ripening harvests, the groves resounding with the melody of the birds, enlivened his praises, and he saw, heard, and confessed his God in all. The skies by day struck his soul with admiration of the immense power, wisdom, and goodness of their divine Author; the moon and starry train by night increased his conceptions of the Deity; and in the open manuscript of God, the wide-extended heavens, he read the letters of his great and wonderful name with profound homage and veneration. All that met his eye or ear was laid, as it were, under a perpetual tribute to yield him improvement, and consecrate and enrich his moments of leisure and necessary cessation from his studies; and in short nature was only a scale to his devout soul, by which to ascend to the knowledge and adoration of God.”

In a letter addressed to one of her daughters a few years before her death, and when she was under the pressure of recent affliction, she thus expresses herself. "I have been excessively busy with my own work, and looking over the MS. of a friend. I have fatigued myself, but my mind has been kept perfectly easy by this incessant employment. Indeed my dear ——— it has been more than *easy*, I have enjoyed to a great degree *the peace of God*. While engaged in a work which I trust he approves, a sweet serenity has filled my soul, and when I walk in my little garden in the evening, and behold the beautiful flowers under the bright firmament of Heaven; I feel a delight which words cannot express. But I do not expect this serenity to be uninterrupted; clouds and storms must succeed to sunshine in the moral as well as in the natural world; I am thankful for the enjoyment while it is granted."

Again upon another occasion she thus speaks, "I delight in viewing the works of God, ignorant as I am of the excellent properties they contain. They are very beautiful and very wonderful, how transcendently great and glorious must be the Author of them! Perhaps I may be permitted to explore them when my faculties are improved, but even now methinks, when my soul is filled with admiration, love, and gratitude in viewing the beauties of Creation, I anticipate in some degree the happiness of a future state."

In a part of her journal she also thus writes, "as I read descriptions of the harmony which prevails among the works of God in this lower world, I fancy I am in some measure anticipating the enjoyment of the next. I can truly say, that I adore my Maker, I admire the wonderful wisdom, power, and goodness displayed in the smallest of his works. I long to know more of them, not from vain curiosity, but that I may glorify the great Author of them—yes, it is a delight to me beyond any earthly pleasure to contemplate the wonders of Creation and Providence. I think I could pass eternal ages in such employment."

Again, in another part of her Meditations at a time of much care and anxiety, she says, "this world is a world of tribulation! Yet it is a world of comfort and consolation too! And it is a world of hope; and heavenly pleasure, may, as I conceive be tasted in it in some degree—O it is certainly a great blessing to be brought into existence out of nothing, and to be placed in such a world as this: with what beauties does it abound! How delightful is the society of the good! How sweet the tender intercourse of relationship and friendship! What knowledge may be acquired, and then what glories are revealed from Heaven and held out to future expectation!—Yes, it is a goodly world, though evil be sown in it. But what is this to the world beyond the grave? Of that my poor faculties can form but a faint idea, what stages there may be betwixt earth and the highest heaven, in

which the Majesty of God is seen, I cannot conceive; but it is evident from Scripture, that there is a Paradise in which those who die in the Lord rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Soon after the publication of Mrs. Barbauld's "*Easy Lessons for Children*," about the year 1780, Mrs. Trimmer was very much urged by a friend to write something of the same kind, from an idea that she would be successful in a similar stile of composition. Encouraged by this opinion, she began her "*Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature*," which was soon completed; and, as this specimen of her talent for writing was much approved by several of her friends, she was induced to have it printed. The book soon became popular, and still keeps its place in schools and private families. The design of it was to open the minds of children to a variety of information, to induce them to make observations on the works of nature, and to lead them up to the universal Parent, the Creator of this world and of all things in it.

The stile of writing adopted in this little work was certainly in the first instance, suggested by the books of Mrs. Barbauld already mentioned, but in composing it Mrs. Trimmer seemed to fancy herself conversing with her own children in her accustomed manner. It appeared to her only like putting down on paper some of the instructions she was in the daily habit of giving, which

made it a pleasing as well as an easy occupation to herself; and the form of it was so attractive and well suited to the comprehension of children, that many young persons who read it, when they came afterwards to visit the author, expected to find the paddock and the flower garden, the beds of tulips and ranunculuses, and every thing precisely as mentioned in the book.

In the first editions of this work the latter part contained a slight Sketch of Scripture History, with an account of the manner in which God revealed himself to man. This part of the book being much approved, the author conceived the idea of enlarging it; but finding the subject so copious and that it was the one upon which she could the best expatiate, she changed her intention, shortened what she had purposed to enlarge, and determined to write annotations on the Scriptures in a separate work.

This latter work was one of considerable labour and much study. It is entitled "*Sacred History, selected from the Scriptures, with Annotations and Reflections adapted to the Comprehension of Young Persons.*" This publication confirmed the idea that had been raised by the "*Easy Introduction,*" of the talent which Mrs. Trimmer possessed for instilling into the minds of youth the principles of Christianity, and the happy art with which she was endowed of explaining difficult parts of Scripture, and making them familiar even to the meanest capacity.

The first volume only, of the Sacred History was published in 1782, three more followed in the course of the next year, and the other two in the succeeding year. Many alterations were made in the second edition, and still more in the third, but since the publication of the latter no change of any consequence has taken place.

Of the various publications of Mrs. Trimmer, perhaps it was this which most contributed to the great improvements effected by her means in education. Before the appearance of this work, how often did it happen that the tender mother was at a loss to reply to the question of her intelligent child when reading the Sacred Volume; how frequently did she wish for that help which was now afforded her.

It is most probable that the *Annotations and Reflections* would never have been written had not the author been the mother of so large a family; since it was the want of an easy explanation of the Scriptures which she had herself experienced, when instructing her children, that induced her to supply the deficiency.

The reader it is presumed will not in this place object to the perusal of part of a letter from an exemplary mother who had formed the minds of her children by means of Mrs. Trimmer's writings.

" You, my dear Madam, have been my model ever since I undertook the very important charge of educating my children myself. Your prints adorn my school room, and the descriptions of

them have brought my children very forward both in Sacred and Profane History. All your other books are in my library, and from your very valuable ones—" *The Teacher's Assistant*," " *The Attempt to familiarize the Catechism*," " *The Explanation of the Office of Public Baptism of Infants*," and the " *Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*," I hope to make them good Christians, and worthy members of society.

"Your *Sacred History*, we are now reading, and I flatter myself the early impressions they will receive from your excellent Annotations and Reflections will enter deeply into their hearts, and make them ever hold the Sacred Volume in awe and reverence.

"With what gratitude, my dear Madam, must every parent look up to you, for the *very great assistance* you have given them towards bringing up their infant flock! Had I returned from town without personally thanking you for the many advantages I have received from your books, not only for my children but also for myself, I should ever have accused myself of ingratitude; at present I am only fearful you thought me rather too presuming; but you will certainly pardon me the liberty I took in waiting on you, when I inform you how very greatly I profited by the few hours I had the happiness of spending in your company; seeing your method with the Charity Children, taught me in what manner I should proceed with my own."

The first of Mrs. Trimmer's publications mentioned in her Journal is the "*Fabulous Histories*." The intention of this little work was to give children proper ideas of the treatment of animals; and under the fictitious tale of a nest of Robins, to inculcate lessons of domestic virtue. This book being in the hands of most young people it is unnecessary to say much respecting it; the reader will doubtless allow it the merit of being ingenious and interesting, and of conveying much useful instruction under a pleasing form.

In the year 1786, the first edition of "*The Oeconomy of Charity*," was published. Mrs. Trimmer was induced to compose this work by the applications made to her respecting the formation and management of Sunday Schools, which were indeed so numerous that she thought a book of general information upon the subject might save trouble and at the same time be the means of inducing many people to undertake the establishment of these and other beneficial charities.

The diffusion of knowledge amongst the poor is now become so general, that we cannot easily go back to the recollection of the time when, excepting the old established Parochial Charity Schools, and a few schools endowed or supported by private individuals, there was scarcely an institution for the education of the poor in the kingdom. Yet this was the case before the establishment of Sunday Schools. To Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, the nation is, in the first place, in-

debted for the happy idea of collecting the children of the poor together on the Sabbath, and giving them instruction suited to the sacredness of the day; but perhaps no publication on this subject was of more utility than "*the Oeconomy of Charity*." The influence of this work was very visible when it first made its appearance, and proved a source of inexpressible gratification to the author.

The description of the first assembling of a little flock of untaught children, and the opening of a Sunday School had doubtless great weight at the moment, and will still be read with interest by every one who has assisted in similar works of piety and charity. The heart will bear witness to the truth of the picture, and glow with delight at the recollection of having ever been engaged in so good a cause.

This work went through three editions successively, and then remained a good while out of print. Mrs. Trimmer was frequently solicited to reprint it, and at length, in the year 1801, having revised and enlarged it she published a new edition suited to the state of charitable institutions at that time in the kingdom.

Nor were the exertions of Mrs. Trimmer confined to those charitable institutions recommended in her "*Oeconomy of Charity*;" in later years when the great improvement in the mechanical arrangement of schools and easy method of teaching numbers to read and write, &c. first began to

spread, it is well known with what an anxious eye she watched over those institutions, and that not solely from the fear that any thing should be taught in them inimical to the Church Establishment of these kingdoms, though that was a weighty point with her ; but from an apprehension that while they were endeavouring to accommodate the instruction given in them to Christians of various opinions, fundamental doctrines should be laid aside, and the general cause of Christianity be injured. She always thought it best that the Dissenters from the Church should have separate schools lest the *accommodations* and *concessions*, which might be necessary where Christians of various denominations were instructed together should defeat the end in view, and create *indecision* of mind instead of *unanimity* of sentiment.

“*The Servants’ Friend*” succeeded “*The Oeconomy of Charity*,” and was followed by “*The Two Farmers*.” As mention will be made of these books in the Journal, and likewise in some letters written soon after the publication of them, it may be sufficient in this place to say, that the intention of the Author was, in the first instance, to convey to the lower orders of the people proper sentiments respecting the treatment of animals under a familiar form suited to their station in life ; her ideas, however, soon took a wider range and instruction of various kinds was introduced.

“*The Family Magazine*” was another work carried on about this time by Mrs. Trimmer. It

was intended as a book of instruction and amusement for cottagers and servants, and contained various matter which had a tendency to improve and lead the mind to religion and virtue.

Each number consisted of a sermon, generally abridged from the works of some learned Divine of the Church of England; and of descriptions of foreign countries, in which care was taken to make the lower orders see the comforts and advantages belonging to this favoured land, and also to render them contented with its laws and government. Other subjects calculated to improve were introduced, but the principal part of the original matter consisted of "*Instructive Tales*," which, since the Magazine itself has been out of print, have been collected into a small volume and published separately.

These Tales, as their title denotes were designed to convey to the lower orders of the people many instructive lessons, and also to point out to their superiors the proper manner of treating them in order to correct many of the faults peculiar to their humble station in life. The fiction is laid in a country village,—Mr. Andrews the supposed Squire of the parish, and his Lady, are represented as having a tender regard for their poor neighbours, and as greatly desirous of contributing to their welfare and happiness. The character of Mrs. Andrews, has by many persons been supposed to resemble the benevolent Author of the

Tales, and doubtless the picture though drawn without design is something similar.

About the year 1787, the "*Adele et Theodore*" of Madame de Genlis, first made its appearance in England. The perusal of this work suggested to Mrs. Trimmer, the idea of having prints engraved, representing different events in history to hang up in nurseries with books of explanation. She accordingly selected subjects from ancient history, both sacred and profane, and wrote descriptions of the prints. These at first were fastened on pasteboard, but this method not being found so convenient, they were afterwards bound up in a small volume.

Various alterations in these little works have taken place since they were first published. At present the prints are placed at the head of the chapters and not collected in separate books as formerly.

This set of little books consists of "*a Series of Prints from Ancient History with Descriptions,*" "*a Series of Prints from the Old Testament,* and also one from the *New Testament* ;" "*an Abridgment of the Roman History,* and a *concise History of England.*" The design of them was to initiate young readers in the knowledge of history, to give them a desire to study it more fully, to imprint on their minds some of the leading events, and at the same time to accustom them to make proper reflections on what they read.

Though it was certainly the *Aele et Theodore* of Madame de Genlis, which was the cause of Mrs. Trimmer's having Historical Subjects *engraved*, with explanations of them, yet the idea of showing children prints of different kinds, by way of illustration of the stories related to them, particularly from Sacred Writ, was not new to her; she had always been accustomed to amuse her own little family in this manner, with such prints as fell in her way, and used frequently to entertain them with anecdotes, to which the pictures or prints they met with had a reference. She would probably have adopted the plan sooner, if she had seen the work of M. Rollin on the "*Belles Lettres*," in which he brings forward the same idea; and it is not improbable that Madame de Genlis herself, in the first instance, might be indebted to him for the hint.

"It is much to be desired," says Mr. Rollin, "that there were a number of prints made expressly for the instruction and amusement of children; and that they had likewise books containing words, phrases, and little histories, adapted to their comprehension, printed in large characters.

"When they can read sufficiently to join words together, short phrases may be given them to read, containing some historical fact, or curious circumstance; for instance, *Cain killed his Brother, Abel, through Envy of his Virtue*. The child may then be told, who Cain and Abel were; what envy is; and why Cain envied his brother, &c. &c.; and

prints of the thing he reads about should be shown to him.

“Fathers of families,” continues M. Rollin, “if every one was well instructed himself, and careful to instruct his children and his domestics, ought to be the first masters and the first catechists. I read with singular pleasure what M. Fleury related to one of his particular friends, in the preliminary discourse of his Catechism. I knew one man, among others, said he, who was competently instructed in his religion without having had in his childhood any other master than his father. From the age of three years, this good man used to take his son upon his knees every evening, and relate to him, in a familiar manner, sometimes the history of Abraham, sometimes that of Joseph, &c.; showing him at the same time, in a book, prints of these histories; and it was one of the family amusements to repeat them. When this child was seven years old, the father let him read some of the easiest parts of the Bible and Testament, carefully explaining whatever appeared difficult to his comprehension; and during the whole of his life, this person, thus instructed, retained great love and esteem for the holy Scriptures.”

The “*Attempt to familiarize the Catechism of the Church of England*,” the “*Explanation of the Office of Baptism*,” and the “*Comment on the Book of Common Prayer*,” succeeded. The last work is in the style of the *Annotations on Sacred History*, and chiefly consists of comments on the

Epistles and Gospels. It is designed to follow the "Sacred History," and makes a volume of the same size.

Several other smaller works, from time to time, made their appearance; such as "*A little Spelling-Book for Children*," "*Easy Lessons*," &c.; but as the books for the use of the children of the poor were for some years the great object of Mrs. Trimmer's solicitude, it will be necessary to turn the attention of the reader particularly towards them.

She had long lamented, that the instruction in charity-schools was given in a very superficial manner, and that the children brought up in them learnt too much by rote, without being taught to understand what they thus committed to memory; but when Sunday-schools were set on foot, and Mrs. Trimmer became a constant visitor at those established in her neighbourhood, the deficiency struck her more forcibly, and she applied herself with the utmost diligence to remedy the evil. Most assiduously did she labour to effect the purpose she had in view, of improving the method of giving religious instructions in charity-schools, and at length happily succeeded.

When her books were completed, she perceived that they could not be of all the utility she desired, unless admitted on the list of those published by *the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*; but this honour, she was sensible, could not easily be attained by a female writer. The books too

included in her plan of *appropriate instruction for the poor* were numerous; and, in order to have them admitted, it was necessary that they should be read by several members of the Society. - A considerable portion of time was therefore requisite for this purpose; and Mrs. Trimmer was unavoidably kept in suspense upon the subject, and had many fears, lest they should be rejected. She therefore endeavoured to bring her mind into such a state, that in case she should meet with a disappointment, she might bear it with equanimity; yet still she owned the mortification would be great, as she had flattered herself, that by means of these books she might facilitate the study of the Scriptures, and be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, towards spreading the truths of Christianity.

At length, however, she had the happiness of hearing, that the books were approved by several of our most orthodox divines, and some dignitaries of the Church; and that they were admitted on the list of publications dispersed by the venerable *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. With what humility and gratitude she received this intelligence, will be seen in her Journal. The reader will easily suppose it must be great in proportion to the anxiety she had felt upon the occasion. That her books were likely to be extensively useful, was a circumstance of the utmost satisfaction to her. To be an humble labourer in the vineyard of her great Lord and Master, was the

height of her ambition, and to assist in the great work of spreading the knowledge of the Gospel amongst the poor, was dearer to her heart than any worldly honours that could have been conferred on her. The titles of these books may be seen in the *List of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, and therefore need not be inserted here; but it may be added, that some of them, though originally written solely for the instruction of the poor, have been found useful also for children in the higher walks of life. Of this number are the "*Teacher's Assistant*," and "*The Scripture Catechism*, Part I. and II." with the selections from the Scriptures, to which the lectures and questions are adapted.

One more book, and that of no inconsiderable importance, belongs to this set, though not in the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is entitled "*A Help to the Unlearned*," and contains a short explanation of every chapter in the Old and New Testament, in the order in which they stand in the Sacred Volume. This work may probably be considered as rather above the comprehension of the lowest orders of the people; but it is well suited to intelligent servants, and has been much read and approved by many persons in superior stations. The observations upon the Epistles are the parts of the book upon which the author laboured most assiduously, and in which, perhaps, she has most happily succeeded; many of the most difficult passages being

clearly explained, and the texts of most general practical utility pointed out.

There is still remaining to be noticed a work of great labour and intense application, "*The Guardian of Education*." Mrs. Trimmer was led to the composing of it, from observing the mischief that had crept into various publications for the use of children, which occasioned her such alarm, that she feared, if something were not done to open the eyes of the public to this growing evil, the minds of youth would be poisoned, and irreparable injury be occasioned. Her first design was merely to write a critique on some of the most objectionable of these publications; but as books of a dangerous tendency were daily making their appearance, the idea was suggested of a periodical work, in which books expressly written upon education should be examined, as well as those for the use of children, and a general view of the subject be brought forward.

Mrs. Trimmer certainly was not aware of the extent of the undertaking, under the form which it assumed; had she been so, even the zeal which she possessed, and her anxiety upon the subject, could hardly have given her courage to make a beginning without a coadjutor or assistant of any kind.

It was at first published monthly, but after it had been continued some time, the work being too laborious for one person, it was determined to bring it out only quarterly; but even this was too

great a fatigue, and at length brought on so serious an illness, that Mrs. Trimmer was obliged entirely to desist, and it was many months before she recovered the effect of her great exertions.

Each number commenced with an original Essay on the important subject of *Christian Education*, the writing of which was perhaps the least difficult part of the work, the subject being so familiar to the author, who possessed at all times a great facility of expressing her ideas; but she found it a most irksome and fatiguing task to examine the great variety of books necessary in order to judge of their respective merits. Many through which she waded, were too insignificant for particular notice; and, though not perhaps altogether harmless, had not faults sufficiently glaring to render it necessary to animadvert upon them; yet it was essential for one who undertook to direct the public mind upon so important a point to peruse whatever books were professedly written for children.

Since the death of Mrs. Trimmer, the "*Essay upon Christian Education*," has been published separately, in one volume.

In the year 1806, Mrs. Trimmer published a pamphlet under the title of "*A Comparative View of the New Plan of Education*," &c. &c. This work, designed to show the dangers attendant on the adoption of too generalizing a system of education for the poor, was the beginning of a discussion which has since much occupied the public,

and which contributed materially to the rise of one of the most useful and important institutions that ever was set on foot, the National Society.

The last of her literary employments was a volume of Sermons, abridged from the works of some of our most eminent divines, intended for the use of those pious heads of families, who are accustomed to read to their children and servants on a Sunday evening. It is entitled "*Family Sermons.*"

From the sketch which has been thus taken of the various publications of Mrs. Trimmer, some idea may be formed of the versatility of her talents, and of the extent of her usefulness. The tender mother, who in training up her infant race, has received assistance from her labours, will readily bear testimony to the advantages to be derived from them, nor will the zealous patron of the poor refuse the tribute due to her exertions in the cause of Piety and Charity. The steady member of the Church of England will also allow, that her writings were eminently calculated to serve the cause of that Establishment, to which she was bound by every sentiment of veneration and regard; nor will the Dissenter, from its tenets, refuse her the praise of a gentle and forbearing spirit.

How firmly attached she was to the Church in which she was brought up, (and that not merely from education and habit, but from principle and rational conviction) innumerable passages in her

Journal, as well as all her writings, will clearly show. Yet, however strong her attachment to the Church, and however firm her conviction of its purity and conformity to the Scriptures, and the practice of the Apostles both in doctrine and in discipline, this did not shut up her heart, nor blunt her benevolent feelings to those who dissented from it. Her manners to them were always tolerant, mild, and conciliatory, and she ever treated them with kindness and attention.

Nor was her benevolence confined to those, who, like herself, looked up with reverence and gratitude to the Saviour of the world; her heart extended itself towards all mankind, and most ardently longed for the time when the Jew and the Turk, the Infidel and the Heretic, should be within the fold of the great Shepherd of Israel, and bend together before the throne of the Most High.

Mention has already been made of many of the virtues for which she was distinguished, yet others have doubtless been omitted, which ought to have been named: of this number was her forgiveness of injuries, a quality which she possessed in no common degree. Few people ever felt more acutely than she did, yet none ever forgave more cordially. She was ready, not only to do good to those who injured her, but to pray for those who despitefully used her, and was never so truly happy as when she could show kindness to any from

whom she had received ill treatment, or confer some favour on one who had offended her.

In characters where the mind bears such superiority to the form, it is not expected that much should be said of the latter; and with regard to Mrs. Trimmer, it may be sufficient to remark, that her person was pleasing and agreeable, and that her countenance bore the marks of a superior understanding, and was highly indicative of the benevolence and peace which reigned within.

That one so intent upon fulfilling every duty of Christianity, should be particularly blessed with that peace of mind which is graciously bestowed as a reward for virtuous actions, will not be surprising; but it is encouraging to those who are desirous of treading the same path, to know that this blessing was enjoyed by this meek and pious Christian in no common degree. In innumerable parts of her Meditations, and under trials of various kinds, she speaks in such terms as the following.

“What an inestimable gift was that which our divine Lord bestowed upon his followers, before he left the world—peace! that peace which passeth all understanding: yes, I can bear witness to the reality of my Saviour’s bequest. How often has my mind experienced the delight and comfort of this heavenly peace; and praised be his holy name for bestowing it upon a race of mortals struggling through a world of sin and sorrow! How could I gain tranquillity—how could I be com-

forted under the sense of sins, and the pressure of worldly cares, were it not for this blessed peace? What a kind, what a benevolent Being is God! I cannot speak of his goodness in proper terms, but I am truly sensible of it, and my soul doth bless and praise his holy name!"

The manners of this excellent woman accorded with the simplicity of her character, and were at once mild and gentle, modest and unassuming. To this may be added, that there was a civility, and even dignity, in her deportment, the latter rather arising from the real worth of her character than from any consciousness of it herself, which made it almost impossible to avoid treating her with the respect she deserved: yet those who approached her with most veneration, were, upon further acquaintance, equally bound to her by the ties of affection and regard.

The resemblance, which has already been remarked, in Dr. Watts to Mrs. Trimmer, respecting his admiration of the works of nature, may likewise be observed with regard to his humility. The following passage, from a Sermon preached at his funeral by Dr. Jennings, who was long and intimately acquainted with him, is highly descriptive of the pious subject of these memoirs. In speaking of the humility of Dr. Watts, he says: "It was like a deep shade, if I may so express it, that set off his many graces and virtues, and made them shine with a brighter lustre: and as this grace had a mighty influence on his heart and temper,

so it had no little effect in forming his sentiments, for he never thought he could be laid too low as a creature or a sinner, that he might do honour to the perfections and grace of God; and hence, in a great measure, arose that high esteem which he had for the Christian dispensation, which is so apparently calculated to exalt God and humble man. Nor was his humility less conspicuous in his outward carriage towards others. Hence flowed that condescension and goodness, that humanity and kindness, which could not but endear him to all who had the pleasure of conversing with him, and which rendered him venerable in a much higher degree than all the honours he received from the world."

On the 15th of Dec. 1810, Mrs Trimmer having nearly attained, what, in the language of the Psalmist, is called the age of man, was gently summoned, as it is humbly hoped, to brighter regions, with scarcely an hour's previous indisposition, and without any symptoms of illness that could alarm her family. As she was sitting in her study, in the chair in which she was accustomed to write, she bowed her head upon her bosom, and yielded her pure spirit into the hands of her Creator and Redeemer.

Her children, who were accustomed to see her occasionally take repose in this manner, could scarcely persuade themselves that she was not sunk in sleep; and it was not till after some time

that they could be made to believe that it was the sleep of death.

To any one so constantly in preparation for the awful summons, such an end must be considered as a blessing; and to her family and friends it was certainly a mercy. What would they not have felt, had they seen her suffer great bodily pains; or had she out-lived her mental faculties! To be deprived of such a parent, a friend, a guide, and companion, was in every way afflicting; but perhaps in the manner in which she departed, the blow was less heavy than it could have been in any other; and if her loss to her children was irreparable, and never to be forgotten, yet when they reflected upon her lively and unshaken faith, her stedfast hope, and unwearied charity, they rejoiced in the midst of tribulation, trusting that through the atonement of a crucified Saviour, in whose merits alone she confided, she was passed from this vale of tears to regions of never-ending felicity.

THE Prayers of Dr. Samuel Johnson are generally esteemed truly pious and beautiful, and are perhaps as much upon the model of those of our excellent Church Liturgy, as any in the English language. But though so highly approved, many persons have regretted that the Journal, which accompanies them, was ever laid before the public. To such it may be matter of wonder that this Journal should have been the means of Mrs. Trimmer's beginning a self-examination of the same kind. It will however be seen, upon the perusal of the following pages, that the pious practice from which she derived so much benefit, was more a record of particular events, and her own feelings and sentiments upon them, than of trifling omissions of duty, such as gave rise to the censure cast upon the Meditations of Dr. Johnson.

From the diary of Mrs. Trimmer, many, it is hoped, will learn the duty of self-examination—the comfort and delight of retiring from the world to search into the secret recesses of the heart, and to hold communion with their God. It is also hoped, that they may be led by it to acts of charity and benevolence. All, it is true, have not talents by which they can become so widely beneficial to others; but if every individual would but consider what is within the compass of his own abilities, and act up to that, whatever it may be, he would soon find many things within his power, of which, at the out-set, he thought himself incapable.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1785.

Sept. 21. I this morning read Dr. Sam. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, which affected me greatly. If a man of his extraordinary understanding had reason to lament his not keeping a journal, how much more need have I of such an exercise, to keep me in the path to everlasting happiness? Delays are dangerous—good resolutions ought to be put immediately in execution; I will not therefore defer to another day, what, I trust, with the blessing of God, will conduce to my improvement in the practice of Christianity.

And now, O most merciful Father! let me earnestly implore the assistance of thy Holy Spirit in this undertaking; teach me to know my own heart; to understand thy holy will, and enable me to rectify whatever I shall find amiss in my temper and disposition, and to practise every duty which thou hast commanded, both towards thee and all my fellow creatures.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I acknowledge thee to be the everlasting Son of the Father, the Redeemer of mankind, my heavenly King, my merciful Saviour, and (through the union of thy divine nature) my God. O Lord, how is it possible that I should, even for an instant, forget thee?

Retrospect. I rose at six, and passed the morning in necessary family business. At breakfast I read Dr. Johnson's book, which melted me into tears of pity, for the infirmities of such a great man, and of humiliation for myself. I poured out my soul in a short prayer for divine grace.

Sept. 22. After a night of refreshing sleep, I awoke early, and offered up my prayers to God. I then looked over my manuscript of Fabulous Histories, and made an addition, which I hope has a tendency to do honour to my Creator, and inspire persons with right sentiments.

Sept. 23. I had no time to continue my Journal yesterday, and so imperfect is my memory, that I cannot accurately recollect the occurrences of the evening, nor my thoughts and conversation; but in general I know, that they were not very profitable either to myself or others.

I passed the afternoon and evening in finishing my Fabulous Histories. My dear husband is greatly indisposed. May the Almighty see fit shortly to re-establish his health.

Sept. 24. O merciful God, without whom I am a poor worthless creature, unfit to offer thee any sacrifice, grant me, I most heartily and earnestly

entreat thee, the assistance of thy Holy Spirit. Animate my affections towards thee, and enable me to render thee acceptable thanksgivings for all thy abundant mercies from time to time bestowed upon me.

O Lord, before my infant frame was brought to light, thou sawest me in my mother's womb, and in thy book were all my members written, when as yet none of them were visible to human eyes. Receive, O Lord, my grateful acknowledgments for thy goodness, in giving me all my limbs and faculties, a good constitution, and a rational soul. By thee I was sustained whilst I hung upon the breast; thou didst protect me in my infant state, and didst defend me from the various accidents to which that tender age is exposed. Thou didst bless me with good parents, capable of supplying me with all the necessaries of life; and didst bestow thousands and thousands of benefits upon me before I was sensible of the least of them. Accept, O Lord, my unfeigned thanksgivings for these also. Let me ever retain the most grateful sense of them!

O Lord, in the season of youth, when numberless dangers surrounded me, when the pleasures of the world put forth their alluring attractions, thou, by thy grace, didst preserve me from their fatal contagion. Many instances I can now recollect, but thousands have escaped my memory, in which thy grace restrained me from error and sin, and thy Providence protected me from dan-

gers, into which thoughtless inexperience would have precipitated me. By my early removal from the place of my nativity, I was excluded from youthful companions, and thrown into company of a graver turn. Many things which I then lamented as misfortunes and mortifications, were, I am now convinced, the greatest benefits I could at that time receive. O accept my grateful thanksgivings for thine abundant kindness. Particularly, O Lord, I desire to acknowledge thy great goodness in giving me a pious father, who taught me betimes to love and reverence thee. I recollect, O God, with pleasure and gratitude, the happiness and comfort I enjoyed in having an affectionate brother, and I return thee most humble thanks for enabling me to resign myself to his loss, and to rejoice that he was released from a painful existence, and removed by an instantaneous stroke of Providence (as I trust) to thy presence. O may I, assisted by divine grace, imitate his virtues, and at last join him, and the rest of thy faithful servants, in the kingdom of heaven!

O Lord, I bless thy holy name for thy great goodness, in giving me one of the best of husbands; enable me to perform my duty towards him as a Christian woman ought to do. O shower down thy blessings upon him; grant him health, strength, and cheerfulness to perform the arduous task appointed him. Grant him peace and serenity of mind, that he may pass through this life with com-

fort, and prepare for one of endless bliss and happiness.

O Lord, let me add my sincerest thanksgivings for the invaluable blessing of pious, discreet, dutiful children. Continue to them, I beseech thee, thy grace and heavenly benediction, that they may daily improve in every Christian virtue; and, finally, be received as thy children into the kingdom of thy beloved Son! O preserve them from all the dangers of a sinful world, and mercifully grant that we may continue an united family, interchanging affection and good offices, and serving thee with faith and hope.

Lord, bless my dear father-in-law. Grant him in his latter days peace and tranquillity of mind. Keep him from sorrow, and let him set like a summer sun, in glory. And, O Lord, teach me, by his example, to love thy holy word, and to consider it as the only source from whence I can derive comfort in old age.

Sept. 26. I this morning prayed with more fervour than I have been able to do for some time, and felt that inward peace and serenity, which the world cannot give. I wrote some of the Commentary on the Epistles; this employment makes me happy. But the greatest part of the day passed unprofitably; a torrent of company has obliged me to waste it in frivolous conversation. These sacrifices of time are unavoidable, to those who live in society in an age like this. Yet who, that knows the value of time, would not, like me, regret

that any of it should pass without improvement? I am not quite satisfied with myself: some things, which I recollect to have said in the course of conversation, were not perfectly consistent with the rules of Christian charity. The faults and errors of a fellow-creature are matters of commiseration. O Lord, teach me, I most humbly pray thee, to restrain my tongue from evil speaking, and to throw a veil over the imperfections of others, unless their good, or that of society, can be promoted by revealing them.

Sept. 27. I laid me down, but not in peace; my night was restless, my spirits agitated with various cares.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Put thy trust in God, for I shall yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance, and my God! O delightful reflection! He in whom I trust, is almighty, all-wise, and all-merciful. Of whom then, and of what, shall I be afraid? I will now pursue that delightful work, which I have ever found efficacious to the composing of my mind. I will open that divine volume, which has never yet failed to restore my tranquillity, amidst the greatest trials and afflictions, which have ever befallen me. O Lord, prosper my undertaking.

Sept. 28. I hope I have not spent this day unprofitably, since it has been devoted to family employments, and to transcribing the Comments on the Epistles. O Lord, assist me by thy Holy Spi-

rit, to understand every text, and enable me to select the best exposition of them. Grant, I most humbly beseech thee, that I may conform my life to the precepts of thy holy religion, and prove an humble instrument in exciting a love of it in others.

O Almighty Father, eternal and most merciful God, the universal benefactor of all thy numerous creatures; how can I lift up my face towards thy throne, laden, as I am, with sins and infirmities? O Lord, I acknowledge, with the deepest contrition, that I have repeatedly offended against thy holy laws, though they have long been my particular study, and though I am fully convinced that they are perfectly just and holy, and such as I well know would, if followed, be most conducive to my eternal happiness. My offences are more in number than the hairs of my head. There is no health in me: I have no merit to plead, for which I could claim the least of thy favours; and were I not certain that thy mercy is infinite, as well as thy justice, my soul would be overwhelmed with despair. But I know thou wilt not reject the returning sinner who calleth upon thee. I therefore, with humble confidence, founded on thy divine promises, and the merits of thy beloved Son, presume to implore thy gracious forgiveness.

O Lord, thou knowest, that notwithstanding my errors, I most sincerely love thee. O my God, the first desire of my heart is to render thee ac-

ceptable service; but how can I, weak and wretched creature, do this without thy aid? O hear me when I cry unto thee, as I do from the bottom of my soul, to grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit. O Lord, give me that peace, which the world cannot give! Grant me, I most heartily pray thee, the comfort of thy help again. O Lord, hear me! have mercy upon me: deliver me from all my troubles, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my ever blessed Redeemer, the King of Glory, the eternal Judge.

O Lord, to these my fervent prayers, let me add my most grateful thanksgivings: were I to spend the remainder of my days in praising thee, I could not render thee the acknowledgments due for the mercies and benefits I have already received at thy hands.

Oct. 2. O blessed and adorable Lord God, let me, with the returning day, renew those praises, which were last night interrupted. Accept my thanksgivings for all the mercies of the night past: for preserving me and my dear family from fire and thieves, from sudden death, and other calamities. I thank thee for thy great goodness, in vouchsafing to my dear husband a comfortable night, and raising him up with better health. O mercifully restore him, if it be thy good pleasure, and grant him a longer continuance in this world.

O blessed Jesus, the only Son of the most high God, the Divine Word by whom he created all things, the Lord, by whom, from the beginning, he has governed all creatures, the benevolent teacher of true righteousness, the Redeemer of mankind; receive, I beseech thee, the willing homage of a heart, which earnestly desires to devote itself to thy service; which seriously resolves to obey thy laws; to imitate, as far as human infirmity will permit, thy divine example. O Lord, look upon me with that compassion with which thou art wont to behold those who, with a truly penitent heart, turn unto thee. Grant me a comfortable sense of thy favour; accord me that grace, without which I am nothing. O gracious Saviour, every day's experience teaches me to set a higher value upon those inestimable benefits, which thou, by thy meritorious sufferings and death, hast procured for mankind: mercifully grant me an interest in them. Let me never lose sight of the glorious rewards, which thou hast promised to those who endeavour to do the will of thy heavenly Father. O Lord, thou knowest that I love thee! blessed Saviour, grant me thy benediction. Hold up my going in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not; and, finally, conduct me to thy glorious presence: as the hart panted after the water brooks, so longeth my soul for thee, my Saviour and my God!

Be with me, O Lord, this day, that I may be enabled to pass it in a proper manner. Let none

of these sacred hours, which ought to be devoted to religious duties, be wasted or trifled away. Preserve me, whilst engaged in the public offices of religion, in the house of my God, from all wandering thoughts and anxious cares for the morrow.

Oct. 3. I rose at a little after six, and began immediately the Paraphrase on St. Jude's Epistle, of which I wrote twelve verses; and now I will, before I engage in the business of the day, offer up my prayers, praises, and thanksgivings at the throne of grace.

O Lord God, heavenly Father! I return thee my unfeigned thanks for all thy mercies from time to time bestowed upon me, from the first moment of my existence to the present hour; but, above all, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory, afforded me through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ. I thank thee also for the mercies bestowed upon my dear husband and children. Grant them grace to acknowledge and improve them to thy honour and glory. I thank thee, O my God, for all the blessings bestowed upon this sinful land, for averting those heavy judgments which might justly be inflicted on it, and for preserving the life of our gracious Sovereign. Bless him, I most humbly beseech thee, with thy favour, and grant him in health and peace long to live. Bless the Queen and Royal Family, and grant them grace to know and serve thee. O Lord, I implore thy divine

pity and compassion for all who are in any kind of affliction, either of body or mind.

Eight o'clock. I have passed this day with tolerable tranquillity, and I hope I have not spent it idly : my conscience does not reproach me with any great sin or error, though I am sensible of great infirmity. My dear husband is still indisposed. O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee, preserve his life, restore his health, and enable me to give him comfort by a tender and sympathizing care of him. Mercifully grant, if it be thy good pleasure, that we may live together long enough to see our dear family settled and provided for. In the mean while vouchsafe us thy grace, that we may live so as to be objects of divine favour, and as becomes the servants of the blessed Jesus. O Lord, I beseech thee to take me, and all that belong to me, under thy protection : preserve us from all perils and dangers ; and, if it be thy good pleasure, add another day to our lives, that we may have further opportunity of serving thee upon earth ; or if it is thy blessed will to put a sudden period to the existence of any of us, O pardon our sins, and receive us to thy mercy, for our dear Saviour's sake, to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end.

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou, O Lord, who makest me to dwell in safety. In vain are all anxiety and care without thy blessing. Except the Lord keep the city, the

watchman waketh but in vain. It is in vain that those who have children awake early and retire late to rest, unless the Lord bless their industry ; but he will give to his beloved *sleep*, that kind restorer of exhausted nature. Lord, to thy hands I commit myself, my soul and body, trusting to thy fatherly care.

Oct. 4. I have passed this day with great serenity of mind : my dear husband's health is improved ; my children all well.

O merciful God, by whose providence I am brought to the conclusion of another day, receive my most humble acknowledgments of thy great goodness, in thus extending my life. O grant me thy grace, that not a minute of the future time thou art pleased to allot me, may pass without improvement. I praise thy holy name for all the blessings of creation, preservation, redemption, and sanctification. May I ever keep in mind that thou art the everlasting source of them ; that without thy creative power I should have been nothing ; without thy preserving power, I should have perished as soon as I saw the light, nay, before I was born into the world. Without thy redeeming love, I could have had no hopes of a happy and eternal life ; and without thy sanctifying grace, I could never have gained admittance to thy heavenly kingdom.

O Lord, my heart is willing to pray, but bodily infirmity and fatigue overpower my faculties ; I must seek that refreshment and repose which thou

graciously grantest to the weary. O guard me while I am lost in forgetfulness, whilst my natural powers both of body and mind are suspended. Keep me from all dangers, and grant me quiet sleep; vouchsafe to my dear husband a perfect recovery, and take my children also to the arms of thy mercy. O Lord, mercifully pardon the imperfections of my prayers, and save me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!

O merciful Saviour, whom my soul honours with the most profound veneration; whom, with the full consent of my reason, I acknowledge to be the divine word, the eternal Son of the eternal Father, God truly and essentially incarnate in human nature. O grant me the aid of thy Holy Spirit in that work which is designed to assist the young and ignorant in the knowledge of the Scriptures. The perusal of this holy volume continually makes my heart to glow with the delightful sensations of hope, joy, and gratitude. O open thou my mind, that I may fully understand what relates to thy divinity, and enable me to convey this knowledge to others. In this heavenly science mere human reason can go but a little way; by the aid of the Holy Spirit alone, can divine revelation be understood. With the humblest sense of my own inability therefore, O blessed Lord, I apply myself to thee, beseeching thee to vouchsafe me, in this important undertaking, the guidance of thy Holy Spirit. Grant that I may neither entertain erroneous opinions, nor propagate them in the

world ; and graciously give success to my labours, so far as they are consistent with the honour of thy holy religion. Make me an humble instrument of rescuing thy holy name from contempt. O blessed Saviour, with grief of mind do I hear it derided. With sorrow I view the attempts of weak men to derogate from thy glory, and level thee to the rank of mere mortality. O vindicate thy cause: change the hearts of those mistaken persons, and enlighten their minds, that they may know thee as thou art, whilst they have opportunity to repent before that awful day, when thou shalt appear in dreadful majesty, as the Judge of all the world. Mercifully grant, that I may constantly bear in mind the account which I must render at this dreadful tribunal ; and that when the last trumpet shall sound, I may joyfully obey its summons, to meet thee, my blessed Lord, in the air, and follow thee to thy heavenly kingdom, where thou sittest at the right hand of God the Father ; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Oct. 8. I had a comfortable serene night, and rose a little after six, and went on with the Paraphrase of St. John's Epistles. I am more and more convinced of the divinity of our blessed Redeemer.

O Lord, the eternal and ever-glorious God, who dwellest in the light which cannot be approached ; before whose awful presence the highest angel bows down with the profoundest venera-

tion: in what language shall a poor, sinful mortal address thee? O Lord, I am sensible of the imperfections of my nature, which I have still debased by sin, and should not dare so much as to lift up my eyes unto heaven, but that thou hast graciously invited me to come unto thee, and hast appointed a mean of rendering me worthy to approach thee. With the utmost gratitude I avail myself of thy grace, and cast myself before thee, imploring thy mercy and favour, for the sake of my blessed Redeemer. O merciful Father, save me, I most earnestly beseech thee, for his sake—let his merits and intercessions prevail in my behalf—wash me in his blood, cleanse me from all my former sins; and assist me, I humbly beseech thee, in avoiding a repetition of them.

Psalm 1st. O Lord, thou hast pronounced him blessed that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, neither standeth in the way of sinners. Grant me thy grace, that I may be able to obtain this blessing!

My delight is in thy law, and in thy law do I meditate day and night. Grant that I may be like a tree planted by the water side that bringeth forth his fruit in due season: let the effect of my meditation be good works.

Grant to me and my dear family, I most humbly beseech thee, such a share of worldly prosperity as is consistent with our interest in thy eternal kingdom: and make all things that are

done agreeably to thy Holy Will, to prosper in our hands!

Let us not be like the ungodly when the wind driveth them like chaff; neither let us perish in the Day of Judgment, but preserve us among the congregation of the righteous!

Psalm 2d. O Lord Almighty Father, I do not oppose the king whom thou hast set up on thy holy hill of Sion. I acknowledge thy Divine Son, I will serve him with fear, and rejoice before him with reverence all the days of my life. I am ready to pay him daily homage. O lay not the rod of thy wrath upon me, but bless me for I trust in my Saviour!

Psalm 3d. Lord how are they encreased, that trouble me, many are they that rise up against me. But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter up of my head. I cried unto the Lord with my voice and he heard me out of his holy hill. I laid me down and slept, and rose again for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of the troubles that surround me for Salvation belongeth unto the Lord, and his blessing is upon his people.

Psalm 4. Hear me when I call O God of my righteousness, thou hast often enlarged me when I was in distress, have mercy upon me now, and hear my prayer. I will not turn thy glory into shame by leading a life unworthy of my Christian profession. I will not love vanity, nor waste my precious time in idle pursuits.

I know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself. If I devote myself to his service he will hear me when I call upon him. I will stand in awe of him, and commit no presumptuous sin. I will commune with my own heart on my bed, that I may preserve my mind from turbulent passions. I will offer the sacrifice of righteousness,—a broken and contrite heart: this I will offer before the throne of Grace. I will receive the cup of Salvation, and call upon the name of my blessed Redeemer. In his merits will I trust—on the mercy of my God will I rely.

There be many that say, who shall shew us any good. Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us, and every gloomy thought shall flee away like dew before the sun. Thou by thy Divine Grace, and through the hope of eternal glory hast put joy and gladness in my heart more than the worldly minded could know in the highest tide of prosperity. I will lay me down in peace, I will arise with humble confidence, for whilst I serve the Lord he will assuredly make me to dwell in safety. Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation. Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God, for unto thee will I pray. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up: for thou art not a God that hast any pleasure in wickedness, neither shall any evil dwell with thee, I will therefore strive

to practise righteousness, that I may after this transitory life be admitted to thy glorious presence!

Nov. 19. O gracious God! accept my unfeigned praises and thanksgivings, for all thy mercies from time to time bestowed upon me and my dear family : particularly for the means of grace and hopes of glory. I thank thee for the pious dispositions of my dear children. O Lord, shower down upon them thy heavenly benediction, and grant that they may be thy faithful servants to the end of life, and in the world to come partakers of the kingdom of thy dear Son. Lord, bless us and keep us ; make thy face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us ! Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us and grant us peace. Amen ! O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, I will shew forth all thy marvellous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee, I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most high. O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider the heavens the work of thy hands, the moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him ?

Have mercy upon me, O God, consider my trouble, that I may shew forth all thy praise ; I will rejoice in thy Salvation. The Lord shall endure for ever, he will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble ; and they that know thy

name will put their trust in thee. In the Lord put I my trust. How say ye, then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill? I have trusted in thy mercy, my heart shall rejoice in thy Salvation, I will work righteousness, I will speak the truth from my heart. I will neither back-bite my neighbour, nor do evil to him, neither will I take up reproach against him. I will contemn vain persons so as to avoid the contagion of their bad example; I will honour them that fear thee. O Lord, I will strive to form myself to thy Divine Image, let me therefore abide in thy Tabernacle. Let me dwell upon thy holy hill! Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust; I will set thee always before me.

Nov. 22. O Almighty and merciful Father, who in thine infinite goodness hast this night blest me with quiet repose, and brought me to the beginning of another day; receive, I beseech thee, my humble praises and thanksgivings, for these and all thy other mercies bestowed upon me, my dear husband and family. O Lord, grant us thy divine protection, regard us as part of the family of our Lord Jesus Christ, and grant us grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. Look down with pity and loving kindness on me and all who are near and dear to me.

Nov. 23. O Lord, every day thou renewest thy blessings, and every day will I renew my praises. My voice shall thou hear betimes in the

morning, early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee. Praised be thy name, O Lord, for all thy blessings bestowed upon mankind in general; particularly for those of creation and redemption. Praised be thy holy name for the blessings bestowed upon this country, and our good Sovereign. Praised be thy holy name, for that share of them which thou hast graciously allotted to my dear family. Praised be thy holy name, for the particular mercies bestowed upon me in my own person. O Lord, give to all thy faithful people grace that they may be sensible of the benefits they enjoy and be thankful for them.

Nov. 25. Mercifully receive, O gracious and Almighty Father, this early tribute of my praises and thanksgivings, for thy preservation of me, my dear husband and children, from the perils and dangers of the night past; and enable us, by thy grace, to spend the present day to thy honour and glory.

Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of the Father! the everlasting Word! the eternal King! receive the willing homage of my soul. O Lord, I earnestly desire to be numbered with thy servants, to follow thy divine example, to obey the Father in all things; mercifully assist my weak endeavours, enable me to understand my duty, and give me grace to practise it.

Dec. 4. What a chasm in my Journal: various are my avocations, yet henceforth I resolve to keep a stricter account of my time. How those

days which I have missed have been passed I cannot perfectly recollect. This day it shall be my endeavour to raise my thoughts to God and to pass the Sabbath in an acceptable manner.

Praised be thy name, O God, for all thy unmerited benefits bestowed upon me and my family; upon the land we live in, and upon our good Sovereign. Shower down thy choicest blessings upon him, his Queen, and Progeny; and grant him peace all the days of his life.

O my soul, I will ever rejoice in thy Salvation; blessed Saviour, I am truly sensible of the inestimable value of those privileges which thou hast purchased for me, and to possess them is the highest object of my wishes.

“ Do I not love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
Would I not turn each idol out,
That dares to rival thee?

“ Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?

“ Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

“ Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

“Thou knowst I love thee, gracious Lord!
 But O ! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more *.”

I beseech thee, O merciful Lord, to assist me with thy Holy Spirit in the work I am now going to pursue, enlighten my understanding, that I may perfectly comprehend the truths and doctrines of thy Holy Religion, and teach me to communicate this knowledge to others. O Lord, look with pity upon the rising generation of youth, and rescue them from the dreadful effects of vice and infidelity, that this kingdom may be a holy nation devoted to thy service, and that thy Tabernacle may abide in it. Amen ! Amen !

Dec. 13. On Sunday I was not able to go to Church, my little girl being very ill. I regretted very much missing the Sacrament.

O Lord and Heavenly Father, I am fully convinced of the supreme excellency of our Saviour Jesus Christ, that he is superior to the highest of created Beings. I am ready to obey his Gospel as a heavenly call to faith and obedience. I look forward with hope and confidence to the eternal rest which thou hast prepared for thy faithful servants : mercifully grant me thy grace, that I may be preserved from the deceitfulness of sin, and ever retain the confidence of my hope. O Lord Jesus Christ ! the same yesterday, to day, and for

ever, receive the willing homage of my heart. O guide me, lead me, protect me, bless me! Take also my dear husband and children under thy divine guidance and protection; preserve us from all the perils of the approaching night, and raise us up again to praise thee! Praised be thy mercy, O my God! for that peace and serenity thou hast lately afforded me, graciously continue to me this invaluable blessing. Amen! Amen!

Dec. 18. From the day I wrote my Journal last, I have found no time to continue it, through close attention to the Paraphrase. I mean to restrain myself from too eager a pursuit of this work, for one duty must not supersede another. I do not recollect any particular folly or sin, but such as I trust will be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and pardoned for my dear Redeemer's sake.

Dec. 24. I was prevented from going to Church on Sunday morning, my little girl continuing very ill. I went in the afternoon to prayers, in the evening I wrote the Paraphrase, and read one of Jortin's Sermons to the family. The week has been a very busy one, I have had but little time for retirement, what I have had has been chiefly devoted to the Paraphrase, in which I have made some progress.

O merciful Father, with the humblest gratitude I renew my praises and thanksgivings, for all thy mercies bestowed upon me and my family, particularly for those of the last week, earnestly im-

ploring a continuance of thy grace and heavenly benediction. Blessed Jesus, I am resolved if my life be spared till to-morrow, to renew my baptismal vow at thine altar: be graciously pleased to prepare my heart by the influence of thy Holy Spirit, that I may celebrate this holy ordinance in an acceptable manner. O heavenly Father, to thy divine protection I resign myself, my dear husband and children, humbly trusting to thy providential care for our preservation from all the perils of darkness; mercifully pardon all those sins which have rendered us unworthy of thy favour, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Redeemer.

Dec. 31. In casting my thoughts back on the preceding year, I reflect with the utmost gratitude on the goodness and loving kindness of my heavenly Father. I desire, therefore, O gracious God, to close the year with an humble acknowledgment of thy unmerited favours to me, a poor, weak, sinful creature! I hope I have made some progress both in Christian knowledge and practice; yet, O Lord! how manifold have been my sins and infirmities! Thou hast mercifully afforded me a large portion of divine grace; but I have not improved in proportion to the advantages which I have possessed.

O Lord, I render thee hearty and unfeigned praises for all the mercies of the year past, for preserving the lives of me, and my dear husband and children; for continuing to us the use of our reasoning faculties, and all our senses; for supply-

ing us with the necessities of life ; for preserving us from all those evil accidents to which human nature is liable ; for relieving both our spiritual and bodily wants ; for the aid of thy Holy Spirit and the hope of eternal salvation. In particular, O Lord, I render thee my humble and most grateful thanksgivings for relieving my mind from the anxious cares which lately oppressed it, and granting me such peace and tranquillity as the world cannot give. O Lord, receive this my humble tribute, and continue to me thy grace and heavenly benediction, for Jesus Christ's sake ; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen !

Mrs. Trimmer was always much averse to reading books of controversy, and never liked to disturb her mind by them ; her reasons for avoiding them may be seen in the following letter, to a lady who had recommended to her perusal several works of that kind.

TO MRS. S——.

— — — — —
 — — — — — You certainly have a right,
 my dear Madam, to study divinity in the way most

satisfactory to yourself; and I am sorry I am obliged, by reason and conscience, to differ from you in so important a point; but the method you recommend is such as I can never adopt. Thus far I agree with you, that it is proper for persons in advanced life to think for themselves, and search the Scriptures in order to see whether the things they have been previously taught are so or not; but I do not think there is any need to call in *human aid*, to assist even a common understanding in *finding out* the doctrines of the Church of England, in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles; to my apprehension they are plain and obvious; nor did I read the works of orthodox divines for this purpose, though I acknowledge they have helped to establish the faith which I built upon the Scriptures, as the only sure foundation.

During my early years I relied upon the judgment, and took up the opinions of a parent, who had made Polemic Divinity his particular study, and who cautioned me against following his example in that particular, as he said it had at times greatly disturbed and perplexed his mind, though it ended at last in a firm belief of the doctrines of the Established Church. I saw this dear parent lead a life of exemplary piety, and I beheld him die the death of the righteous. Convinced that he had chosen the right way, I resolved to obey his injunctions, by avoiding those publications which he warned me against; and when I came to years

of maturity, instead of giving up my mind to researches into the various opinions of human beings, I set myself seriously to examine the principles in which I had been educated, by the Word of God. This I have repeatedly done with the most perfect satisfaction; and having no doubts, why should I seek to raise them? I have, it is true, read many books of divinity; but very few, that I can recollect, of a controversial nature. If I found it necessary to read one side of the argument, I should think it incumbent upon me to read the other; but surely what is requisite in merely worldly affairs, ought not to be extended to a subject in which we have an infallible guide—the word of God; on that word then, I choose to build my faith, in preference to any human authority whatever.

I hope, my dear Madam, that I set a due value on the excellent gift of *reason*; but I am fully persuaded, that it is inadequate, not only to the discovery of divine truths, but to the right understanding of them when revealed, without the especial grace of God. When therefore I study the Scriptures, it is my practice to humble my mind, and submit my reason to the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

I remain,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

SARAH TRIMMER.

About the years 1785 and 1786, many works were published derogatory from the divinity of our Saviour, and great attempts were made to spread Unitarian principles. This was a subject of deep regret to Mrs. Trimmer, and she used every effort in her power to counteract opinions which she considered as so erroneous. Yet it did not prevent her having the esteem and friendship of several persons *leaning* at least on that side; amongst which number may be reckoned the lady who has permitted the following extracts to be made from the letters addressed to her by ———, which but for this kindness could not have been brought forward, Mrs. Trimmer taking very rarely a copy of any letters.

TO MRS. M——.

“ I must, in spite of all the writers in the world, persist in *honouring the Son even as I honour the Father*; and as for the *subordination* that subsists in the divine nature of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I have not the least desire to comprehend it, because I do not think it necessary to my salvation to do so; and I can *believe* what the Scriptures say of each, on the credit of God’s Word.

“ I feel myself much obliged by your endeavours to set me right; and believe me, it is not because I depend more upon my own judgment than on yours, that I decline your offer of lending

me Ben Mordecai, but because I dare not trust to any guide but the Word of God in a matter of so much importance. I have already made a considerable progress in a work, wherein all my religious opinions will be laid before the world, and the principles on which they are founded ; till that appears, I beg you will suspend your judgment concerning them."

Again, in another letter to the same friend.

" You say, my dear Madam, that you confess the *divinity* of the Son ; but if he is not *essentially* God, how can he be a *Divine* Being ; if our Saviour is not God, what is he ? Not an *angel* surely, for to which if the angels said God at any time, thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee ? Who but a divine Being of the *same nature*, can be the express image of his Father's person and the brightness of his glory ? But I shall beg leave to suspend any further argument on this important point, till I have the pleasure of laying before you the whole of my faith, which will be minutely displayed in my Familiar Institutes ; and on them, if I live to complete them, I shall require your free remarks, to which I shall pay great attention.

" Far be it from me to depreciate *human reason* ; but in the study of divine truths we stand in need of a better guide, nor do I think there can be the least danger in submitting our reason to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, if we earnestly implore his aid."

In a subsequent letter she again says.

“ I now send you back the book, without having done more than run it hastily over. It is certainly extremely well written, and the author has taken great pains to investigate his subject; but pardon me for saying, he appears to me to explain too much; at least too much for such heads as mine to comprehend: and I hope you will excuse me for again declining to read Ben Mordecai. I am at present engaged in a very attentive study of the Scriptures, by comparing one part with another, and I wish, for a time at least, to avoid reading all human systems whatever, relating to the mysterious doctrines of Christianity.

“ I am glad that Mr. Jones’s book afforded you so much satisfaction. I think with you, that he has carried his types and metaphors too far in some places; but I do not recollect the passages you allude to as favouring too much the doctrine of election.”

Some years later, she expresses herself after the following manner.

“ I am far from taking offence, my dear Madam, at your not agreeing with me in all points; and to show you that I am not offended, have answered all your objections in the pages enclosed; but you must excuse my entreating you to consider them as the *last* I shall write by way of *controversy*. I have not leisure to give full consideration to every particular, so as to afford due weight to

every argument. Indeed it requires an extent of learning and capacity, far beyond what I possess, to do justice to so sublime a subject as the Incarnation of the Son of God. However, such notions as I entertain, I venture to publish, for the information of those who have still *less* leisure and knowledge than myself. I hope I have set forth no *unscriptural doctrine*; what Socinianism is, I do not exactly know, and am equally ignorant in respect to the peculiar tenets of the *Arian Heresy*. I have read the Scriptures very frequently, and hope to know them better and better every year; and I prefer reading the works of orthodox divines, because they help me in understanding the doctrines of the *Established Church*, that Church of which I now may profess myself a zealous member upon *principle*, if I was so originally by *prejudice* or *education*; for though I have not employed myself in reading *objections* against its *tenets*, I have examined all its *doctrines*, and find them agreeable to Scripture, and perfectly satisfactory to my reason and understanding."

The paper alluded to in the above is probably not in existence; it did not however convince her correspondent, as may be seen by the following extract, from another letter to the same friend.

"I am much obliged by the kind manner in which you received my last long letter, and not at all surprised at its having wrought no change in your sentiments; for we see the matter in dispute

in such different lights, that it can scarcely be expected we should convince each other. I only aimed at proving, that I neither advanced *new* doctrines, nor asserted things unauthorized by *Scripture*. If I live to finish two works, which are already pretty forward, you will see a fuller display of my opinions, than can be given in a literary correspondence; in the mean while you know our dispute, by mutual consent, is to cease. While I think myself *right*, I cannot but regret that we do not agree in our *sentiments*, as I trust we do in our practice."

In the year 1801, the discussion upon this subject with her correspondent was again revived on some occasion, as appears from the following letter, the last which will be produced on the subject.

TO MRS. M——.

" I can assure you, my dear Madam, that you are much mistaken in supposing that the difference of opinion which I conceive to subsist between us, on some *doctrinal points*, has lessened my esteem for you. On the contrary, I entertain a high opinion both of your piety and charity. But give me leave to remind you, that this difference of opinion is no new thing betwixt us. I cannot now point to the expressions which formerly appeared to me

to be exceptionable; but I recollect that your answer convinced me that we did not think alike on the point of our Saviour's *divinity*. I conceive him to have had an *eternal existence*. You speak of him as the *first of created beings*. Some remarks you afterwards made on my explanation of the Church Catechism, together with your answer to a long letter I wrote you at that time, convinced me, that neither did we think alike concerning our Lord's *human nature*. Of course it is not to be wondered at, that we should not perfectly agree in opinion respecting *the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*. Of the peculiar tenets of the Socinian Heresy, I must confess my own ignorance. The system of religion taught by the invaluable Catechism of that Church, into which I was received at my Baptism, appears to me, from a diligent study of the Scriptures, so perfectly accurate; that I have never found a doubt arising in my mind, that could lead me to have recourse to other systems for satisfaction; but I have always understood, from the references made to it in other books, that it is among the doctrines of Socinianism, that the *divine nature* (if that can be called *divine* which is not eternal) was instead of a *human soul* in Christ. The books you were so obliging as to send for my perusal (Ben Mordecai's Letters, and Hoadley's Book on the Sacrament) have always been represented to me as Socinian books. I could not therefore avoid the idea, that you had adopted those opinions in some degree,

and on the occasion which has lately occurred, it would not have been consistent with the sincerity I profess, or the full consent to the doctrines of the Established Church, which I avow, to have concealed my sentiments. At the same time I wish to avoid controversy, for my opinions have taken too deep root to be eradicated; and I know by experience (in the ill success of the letter I have alluded to) that it does not lie within the compass of my ability to convince you. We will therefore, if you please, end the subject here, and leave our cause in the hands of that blessed Redeemer, who, I trust, will convince us of our errors, and guide us in the right way, if we pursue our search after the truth with humility of mind, and a sincere desire to do the will of our heavenly Father.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your's, very sincerely,

S. TRIMMER.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1786.

Jan. 1. O Lord, with a heart full of gratitude I return thee my most humble and hearty thanks for thy great goodness in bringing me to the beginning of another year. Defend me in the same with thy most mighty power, and preserve me by thy grace from the commission of sin. Keep me and my dear family from all dangers, spiritual and temporal; consider us as a part of the family of our Lord Jesus Christ, for whom he shed his most precious blood, and regard us as thy adopted children for his sake.

O blessed Redeemer! I most heartily desire with the returning year to renew my professions of allegiance to thee, my King, my Saviour, and my God! Mercifully accept the offer of my best services, and strengthen me with divine grace to perform them! O Lord, open my mind to the knowledge of divine truths, that I may understand the holy Scriptures, and give a true exposition of

them to the world. Bless my humble endeavours to propagate thy holy religion, and grant to the rising generation a large portion of heavenly grace, that Christian virtues may flourish and abound, and that thy judgments may be averted from this sinful land. Particularly, O Lord, let the powerful influence of thy Holy Spirit root out of the minds of my own dear children all corrupt and sinful affections; and instead thereof do thou sow the incorruptible seed of thy grace; that they may become partakers of thy divine nature, and may bring forth in their lives the fruits of righteousness and true holiness. Defend them, O Lord, I beseech thee, against the evil world, and grant that they may never be led away by the wicked customs and examples, the lusts and vanities of it. O Lord, I beseech thee to send thy blessing upon my dear husband; give him length of days, if it be thy blessed will, and increase in him evermore the graces of thy Holy Spirit; and as we have for so many years lived together in love and affection, mercifully grant that we may continue to do so to the last moment of our lives: bind the band of affection still faster, that we may bear with each other's infirmities, and endeavour to promote each other's happiness, both spiritual and temporal. O make us faithfully to discharge our duties in this life, that when thou shalt be pleased to take us hence, we may dwell with thee in life everlasting.

O Lord, grant, that, as a mistress of a family, I may always consider myself as acting in subordination to thee, my heavenly Master. Let me imitate the example of thy servant Joshua, and resolve that both I and my house may serve thee; and mercifully grant, that I may have trusty, honest servants, and such as have a sense of religion in their minds.

Bless all my relations: give to my dear father-in-law, I beseech thee, peace in his latter days; and when thou shalt take him hence, receive him into thy kingdom.

Shed down upon this land thy choicest blessings, incline thine ear to the prayers of thy faithful servants, whether offered publicly in the congregation, or privately in retirement, and take not thy Holy Spirit from us!

Feb. 11. What a chasm in my Journal, but not altogether a voluntary one. I have had my dear friend, Mrs. — with me, whom I could not well leave. I have made a considerable progress in my Paraphrase on the Epistles, by rising early. Some of the time thus occupied, I might have employed on my Journal, but my mind was intent on the former.

O merciful and gracious God, who, completely happy in thine infinite perfections, canst not receive any addition of happiness from any one; yet hast a regard to that, even of the meanest of thy creatures; accept the unfeigned thanks of a heart deeply penetrated with a sense of thy good-

ness and condescension. O Lord, I cannot find words to express the gratitude of my heart, but that heart is open before thee. Whence, but from the fountain of thy mercy, can flow that peace and serenity, which I now feel. Every desponding thought gives way, when I think of thy divine promises, and of the fulfilment of those made to thy faithful servants. Thou wilt not leave me nor forsake me. I cast my care upon thee, O Lord, in full confidence that thou wilt relieve me. Turn not thine ear from my humble petition. O hear me for my Redeemer's sake!

Feb. 12. Blessed Jesus, I am this day going to renew my baptismal vow at thy holy table; to testify my allegiance to thee, my heavenly King; to profess my faith in the redemption thou hast purchased for thy faithful servants. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to assist me by thy Holy Spirit in this solemn act; keep me from vain wandering thoughts, raise my affections, animate my heart, and let me feel the efficacy of this divine institution. I love thee, my blessed Saviour! my heart feels gratitude unutterable, I yield myself to thy guidance. I wish to imitate that example, which as man thou gavest. O Lord, I look forward with confidence and hope to that eternal inheritance, which thou hast prepared for those that believe in thy name, and live agreeably to thy precepts. Look with compassion upon me, merciful Saviour: continue and increase that peace which thou hast accorded me!

April 17. Since I last continued my Journal, I have experienced a great deal of distress; my sweet little girl has been in the utmost danger; I have felt a mother's pangs, but, thanks to Almighty goodness, I have at the same time experienced a mother's joys. The amiable affection and attention paid by the rest of my children to the dear suffering babe, gave me the most heartfelt satisfaction. I have also felt the comforts of religion, and have been enabled, through divine grace, to resign my dear child with perfect submission to the will of God. O merciful and gracious God, the Author of all peace and consolation, praised be thy holy name for thy late mercies bestowed upon me. O what troubles and adversities hast thou showed me, yet didst thou turn and refresh me. Praised be thy glorious name for the hopes thou dost now afford of the recovery of my dear child. I have promised, and am steadfastly purposed to instruct her, if her life is spared, in the principles of thy holy religion. O Lord, bless my endeavours, that she may be a faithful imitator of our blessed Redeemer, and a bright example of piety to the world.

Praised be thy glorious name, O Lord, for the good dispositions thou hast been pleased to give to my dear children; cherish and improve each happy propensity in their hearts, by the secret influence of thy Holy Spirit. May they ever continue to love and serve thee, be united to each other by the bands of fraternal affection, and to their parents

by dutiful attachment. May they be useful members of society, and finally partakers of thy eternal kingdom.

Praised be thy glorious name, O Lord, for the blessing thou hast granted me of sincere and tender friends. Shower down thy choicest blessings in particular on her who has afforded me such seasonable and important assistance*. Keep alive in my mind the sense of gratitude so justly due to her, and enable me to show some proof of it.

Praised be thy glorious name, O Lord, for thy goodness to my dear father-in-law†. O, if it be thy pleasure to prolong his life, make the remainder of his days easy and comfortable to him. Or if it be thy will to put a period to it, receive him into the happy society of good men made perfect; and comfort his friends for the loss of him.

To thy divine guidance, my adorable Redeemer, I resign myself, humbly beseeching thy aid and protection from all enemies, spiritual and temporal. Let no consideration make me either ungrateful or uncharitable, but in every circumstance of my life, let thy blessed example be before me, and thy written word the law of my actions.

O my Saviour, I know more than ever the value of that holy religion, which thou hast brought to light. I am truly sensible of the benefit thou hast procured to mankind. I ardently long to pour

* Mrs. S——, who attended on my dear Annabella night and day.

† Who had been near dying.

forth my soul before thine altar ; to commemorate thy transcendant love to wretched sinners. To the end of my life, I will be thy faithful servant. Give me the aid of thy Holy Spirit. Grant me thy peace. Pity my infirmities, my Saviour and my God.

May 8. The hopes I had entertained of my dear child's recovery proved fallacious ; she was taken from this world the 24th of April, after enduring for a considerable time the most agonizing pains. I have found, and still find it very difficult to submit to the loss of her, though I thought I had fully resigned my mind to the will of God. The idea that she might have been preserved, had I seen her danger in time ; the apprehension that her case was mistaken, and her complaints aggravated by the means made use of for her recovery, torment my mind with many occasional pangs ; yet, upon the whole, I have been amazingly comforted ; my health and spirits have been greatly affected, but both are improved, and I have every night much comfortable repose. My elder children have borne this shock with truly Christian fortitude, and I have the happy prospect of seeing them likely to be, through the grace of God, imitators of our blessed Redeemer.]

O almighty and most merciful Father, I acknowledge, with the deepest humility, that I am not worthy of the least of all thy favours. Every day's experience teaches me my own insufficiency. I therefore receive with the utmost thankfulness

the mercies thou art pleased to bestow on me. Accept my sincerest thanksgivings for thy great goodness, in affording me consolation under the affliction which has lately befallen me. O Lord, if the loss of my child is intended as a chastisement to me, make me fully to know my secret faults, and grant me grace to amend them. If in mercy to her, thou hast taken her from this vale of misery, enable me to reflect on her happy state, and from thence to draw comfort. O Lord, mercifully grant, that I may for the future see the first beginning of danger in my surviving children, that I may have the comfort of thinking, should they be taken from me, that I have not omitted any of the means which thou permittest us to use for the recovery of the sick.

O Lord, give me strength and fortitude to sustain all the losses and disappointments which I may meet with in this transitory state; and keep my mind, through the influence of thy Holy Spirit, stedfastly fixed on that better world, in which the servants of thy dear Son will be happy to all eternity. O turn not away thine ear from my humble petitions. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me and mine. Make thy face to shine upon us, and grant us thy peace.

May 14. My spirits still continue very dejected. I cannot overcome my grief for the loss of my dear child. Every circumstance that occurs, every word that is spoken, recalls her to my mind. O my God, how comes it to pass, that I, who can

comfort others, cannot comfort myself: could I but divest myself of the idea, that she was lost through mismanagement, and want of early attention to her disorder, I could be happy and contented. Yet my conscience does not reproach me with carelessness; but I have relied too much on my own judgment. Never more will I do so. I have been too proud of my family, as if by my own skill I had raised such a number; but I am humbled. O Lord, I acknowledge thy justice in thus humbling me. Vouchsafe to comfort me by the consolation of thy Holy Spirit. Lift up my mind above this earthly state, and let me contemplate the glorious change which my dear child has experienced, from a world where sin and sorrow render the best people unhappy, to a world where there is nothing but immortal bliss. O Lord, reconcile me to the loss of her: she is not taken from me for *ever*, I shall (thy grace sustaining me) meet this beloved child, with my other sweet babe, who went before her, in my Saviour's kingdom, and enjoy their society for ever. O that those who now remain with me on earth may so conduct themselves, as finally to attain the same happiness! Let me wipe away the tears of sorrow from my eyes, let me calm the disturbance of my mind, and leave off to grieve for her, who is no longer an object of commiseration, but of envy to the most happy of mortals; and turn my care to those who survive, lest while I am indulging fruitless sorrow, and offending my Creator, the enemy plant tares

where I should be sowing good seed. O Lord, make me a good parent in the full extent of the word! O my God, my heart is full of zeal for thy service, may thy holy name be glorified throughout the whole earth, from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same! Prosper, I beseech thee, the endeavours of those who establish Sunday Schools for the instruction of poor children. Lord, were I possessed of affluence, with what pleasure would I devote a part of it to this excellent purpose. Accept my humble endeavours to contribute out of the talent thou hast committed to my charge.

Lord, I am this day going to renew my baptismal vow; I go to thy table with veneration and delight. It is one of my greatest pleasures to commemorate the love of my dear Redeemer. O that I could make myself deserving of it! but that is impossible. Receive me therefore such as I am, O merciful Saviour! a poor, weak creature, full of wants and infirmities, relying on thy merits for acceptance with my heavenly Father. Grant me an interest in the sacrifice thou hast offered for mankind. I have no better offering to bring for myself, but an humble and contrite heart: but this, O Father! thou wilt not despise. Merciful Saviour, grant me the aid and consolations of thy Holy Spirit: take pity on my infirmities, and heal my troubled spirit: let me never lose sight of the high prize of my calling. While I remain on

earth, grant me that Peace which the world cannot give. Amen! Amen!

June 4. My spirits are very low; for some days my mind was perfectly reconciled to the loss of my sweet Annabella, but for the last three days I have constantly lamented it. Blessed Jesus, I am going this day to thine Altar. My hearty desire is to join in the divine rite with composure and fervency; but my heart feels dead. O kindle I beseech thee, the flame of devotion; grant me the aid of thy Holy Spirit. I am thy devoted servant; I have repeatedly vowed to continue so till death. But notwithstanding my resolution I am often remiss in my duty. What a poor weak creature am I; how imperfect are my best services. Pardon, O Lord, my imperfections, clear away the cloud which at present obscures my faculties! O enlighten me with the beams of divine grace.

I beseech thee, O heavenly Father, to bless the endeavours of those who desire to promote thy honour and glory by the establishment of Sunday Schools, particularly in this place, and grant that all who are concerned in it may act, not with a design to encrease their own popularity, but with a sole view to the propagation of the Gospel.

Blessed Jesus, who hast commanded children to be brought unto thee, graciously accept those whom we are preparing to present; illuminate their minds that they may be capable of receiving religious instruction, and give them grace to forsake

all evil habits and to live according to thy blessed precepts and example !

June 11. O Lord ! eternal, infinite, and omnipresent God, how shall such a weak imperfect creature as I, address a Being of boundless perfection ! I am in thy sight a mere particle of matter having no intrinsic value, and yet O Lord, thou dost not despise me.

Bless, I beseech thee, the institution of Sunday Schools in this place, prepare the minds of the children for the reception of Christian knowledge, and assist the teachers in the communication of it. O Lord, accept my humble services, and make me an instrument in thy hands of good to my poor brethren, I would wash the feet of the meanest of thy disciples, I would give the milk of knowledge to the weakest of thy flock. O that I could be under the guidance of my Saviour, as a shepherd in thy pasture ! I will follow the steps of those who have this honour ; I will be thy faithful servant and handmaid unto death, thy grace assisting me.

July 2. On Sunday the 18th of last month, the Sunday Schools were opened. My attendance on them prevented the continuing of my Journal. It is a most interesting employment to assist in instructing the poor children. To see them hunger after spiritual food,—who would not exert his best endeavours for their benefit !

Accept, O gracious God, for my dear Saviour's sake, my unfeigned praises and thanksgivings, for

all thy mercies bestowed upon me from the first moment of my existence, but particularly for thy late goodness in restoring me to health, and reconciling my mind to the loss of my dear child. Praised and adored be thy heavenly name for all the spiritual blessings thou hast bestowed upon me and my family. What returns can we make for such unspeakable goodness. O Lord, accept our humble services in the instruction of the poor and ignorant for our blessed Saviour's sake. Assist our humble endeavours to feed them with the bread of life—the doctrine of the Gospel. O Lord, order every circumstance relating to these schools for the best, and grant that there may not be any disagreements among those who are concerned in conducting them.

Aug. 15. The Sunday Schools engross all the time I used to spend in my Journal, but I hope they will answer as good a purpose, since this employment awakens many religious thoughts, and keeps up the exercise of piety.

I am this day going to the table of the Lord, to renew my baptismal vow. O Lord, what thanks shall I offer to thee for thine unspeakable mercy in ordaining this holy ordinance. I will receive the cup of Salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. Blessed Jesus, vouchsafe to accept the willing homage of a heart truly and deliberately devoted to thy service; I had rather sustain the evils attendant on the meanest condition of life than forego thy favour; for all the riches and ho-

nours the world can bestow, could not recompense me for such a loss. O Lord, I have a hearty zeal for the propagation of thy holy religion; mercifully grant that my endeavours to promote it may be successful, and graciously receive this humble tribute from my hands as the best offering I can give. Continue, I most humbly beseech thee to bless the Sunday Schools, enable us who are the teachers, to give the children proper instructions, and do thou prepare their minds for receiving them.

O Lord, to thy merciful guidance and protection, I humbly commit myself and all who are near and dear to me, be thou our guide unto death, and may we rise to life eternal through thy power. When, O blessed Lord, shall I behold thy glorious Majesty, as it is seen in the heavenly sanctuary. O what are the trifling concerns of this world, when compared with the hopes of eternity. May I never lose sight of the high prize of my calling. Amen! Amen!

O Lord, when I reflect on the multitude of thy mercies my heart overflows with gratitude and thanksgiving. Continue to me I beseech thee, thy loving kindness, and give me grace to live agreeably to thy will. O Lord, teach me humility. Let me never lose sight of my own imperfections. What am I in thy sight, what am I in comparison of many of my fellow creatures, both with respect to knowledge and virtue. O Lord, continue to bless my dear husband and children, grant

to them inclination and power to perform every duty in a manner acceptable to thee. Guide them through life, and finally receive them into thy heavenly kingdom for the sake of Jesus Christ our blessed Redeemer.

Aug. 27. I had yesterday great pleasure in receiving from Mrs. Denward, a considerable donation for the relief of the sick and aged. After that I attended Mrs. K—— to Mary Pierce's and other poor houses. The pleasure I received from these circumstances fatigued my spirits, but I would not *but* have felt the sensations which so fatigued me for any consideration.

Almighty and merciful Father, I render thee humble and unfeigned thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to me and my dear family. O Lord, what manifold blessings dost thou bestow upon us. I praise and magnify thy glorious name for making us the instruments of good to our poor fellow christians. How wonderful are the operations of thy Providence in thus throwing into our laps a supply of money for the relief of the indigent, many of whom we should otherwise see without ability to comfort. O Lord, be graciously pleased to direct us in the disposing of these benefactions, and make us faithful stewards of that which is thus entrusted to us. Grant us thy grace and heavenly benediction to enable us to do our respective duties, keep our hopes fixed on thine everlasting kingdom, and mercifully grant that we may so pass through things temporal, that

we finally lose not the things that are eternal. Lord Jesus, receive I beseech thee, the willing homage of a heart truly devoted to thy service. O let thy spirit help my infirmities and rectify my imperfections. Give me an interest in the sacrifice which thou hast made for the sins of the whole world, and seal me for thy own. Hear me, O merciful Saviour, cast not away thy servant, who loveth thee. O Lord, look with compassion on those poor children whom we are endeavouring to teach to know and serve thee, incline their hearts to love and fear their heavenly Father, and to continue till death thy true disciples. To thy merciful guidance I commit myself and all belonging to me for time and eternity.

Sept. 3. This has been a week of mercies to us. I have felt great inward satisfaction from the success of the Sunday Schools and other circumstances; I have also experienced great pleasure in writing the "*Two Farmers*." My husband and children have enjoyed their health; in short the blessings afforded me are innumerable.

O eternal and ever blessed God, thou stupendous Being, who art the Creator, Governor, and Preserver of all things! To whom in all probability the praises of myriads of intelligent creatures are at this instant ascending from thousands of worlds, the work of thine Almighty hand. How shall I, a poor weak erring mortal presume to address thee. O Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all thy favours, but thou hast been gra-

ciously pleased to appoint a mean by which, even my imperfect services may become acceptable. Gracious Father, with joy and gratitude too great for utterance, I avail myself of this blessing, and humbly present my prayers and thanksgiving to thy glorious Majesty in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Vouchsafe, O merciful God, for his sake to pardon all my transgressions, and to regard me as thine adopted child. As such grant me an inheritance in thine everlasting kingdom. O Lord, I do not presume to claim this as my natural right, for I have a thousand and a thousand times, forfeited thy favour. But in humble confidence, I rely on thy promises made to a lost world through our blessed Redeemer. O eternal God! receive my morning sacrifice, let my prayers be unto thee a sweet smelling savour. Send thy heavenly benediction upon me, my dear husband and children, and upon all belonging to me, grant us thy grace. Defend us from all evil, and lead us into all good. Be with us this day and for ever, grant that we may daily improve in goodness and virtue.

Praised and adored be thy glorious name for thy great goodness, most merciful Father! in making us instruments of good to our fellow creatures. Thanksgivings a thousand times repeated, could not express the transports of my heart, which overflows with joy and gratitude when I reflect on the success of the Sunday Schools. O Lord, continue I most earnestly beseech thee, to bless

this happy institution, not only amongst us, but in all places. May the rising generation grow up in thy faith and fear. May Hosannahs to the Prince of Peace be repeated by those of maturer years, and echoed by the infant tongue! Blessed Jesus, thou searcher of hearts, thou knowest the present sensations of mine. It is open before thee. O Lord, receive my humble homage, I fly to thee my Saviour, O shield me and my dear family from all the darts of the wicked one. May he have no power to hurt or corrupt us. Gracious Saviour take me under thy guidance, direct my actions, regulate my thoughts, set a watch before my lips, and keep the door of my mouth; preserve me from pride and vain glory. Let me not be puffed up with the applauses of weak mortals, who judge by superficial appearances, but let me strive to approve myself in thy sight by humility, benevolence, charity, and piety! To the ever blessed and adorable trinity be ascribed all honour and glory for ever and ever.

Sept. 10. I have passed a very comfortable week, and am this day going to the table of my adorable Saviour. I have received another donation of ten pounds from Mrs. Denward, for the use of the poor, and a promise from Mrs. T—— of her bounty on any other occasion.

Merciful God, adored be thy goodness, in thus granting me by unexpected means, what my heart ardently desires, the power of relieving the distresses of the poor. May I never be discouraged by the ingratitude of some of them from continu-

ing my endeavours for their benefit. O graciously grant me such a degree of success, and inspire my mind with such pious resolutions that I may not faint in my duty !

O Lord, with what words shall I praise thee for thy goodness to me and my family ? What blessings dost thou bestow upon those that love thee, even in the sight of man ! But what are the greatest of those in comparison of the heavenly treasures thou hast in store for thy faithful servants in thy eternal kingdom. O keep my thoughts steadfastly fixed on these treasures, and suffer not any allurements of the world to draw me from thee. Keep alive in my mind, O gracious God, the flame of devotion which thou hast graciously kindled in my heart, and preserve me from wandering thoughts while engaged in the service of thy house. Merciful Saviour, be with me and my dear family this day and for ever. Amen !

Sept. 24. I have this day taken a new work, called the "*Two Farmers*" to the press. Bless, I beseech thee, merciful Saviour, my labours designed to promote the knowledge and practice of thy holy Religion : be pleased to direct my studies aright, and grant that not a word may escape my pen, that is contrary to the doctrine of thy gospel. Give a blessing to all I write, that agrees with thy divine instruction, and reward me by the heart-felt consciousness of acting as thy true disciple. Adorable Redeemer, I am jealous for thine honor ; I cannot bear to hear thee degraded. O send forth

thy holy Spirit upon this land, and clear away the mist which under the name of philosophy and free enquiry hides the truth from many.

O Lord, continue I beseech thee, to grant health and serenity of mind to my dear Father in Law, and crown his latter days with blessings.

Oct. 29. Another week has passed with very little, nay, I fear without any improvement. I have not been able to write, or indeed to pray with recollection of mind. I trust that I shall soon resume my pen, and employ it in the service of my blessed Redeemer.

O eternal, and most glorious Lord God, how infinite are thy mercies, how unbounded thy love to thy creatures! When I reflect on the provision thou hast made for the continual subsistence of all the various beings thou hast created, I am filled with astonishment and admiration. When I consider the supplies which thou hast afforded me from the beginning of my existence to the present hour, and how thou hast multiplied them as my wants increased, I am filled with gratitude too great for utterance. O Lord, vouchsafe to accept my humble thanksgivings, and by thy grace keep alive in my breast those sentiments which ought to occupy it towards thee my most gracious benefactor. O Lord, I wish to promote thy holy religion which is dreadfully neglected. I am desirous to save young persons from the vices of the age. Accept my services, and enable me to fulfil my fervent wishes. O Lord, I would willingly

instruct the meanest of my fellow creatures in the truth of the gospel. I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of the ungodly.

Blessed Jesus, my adorable Saviour, whom my soul honours with the highest veneration! my heavenly King, to whom my heart pays a willing homage, accept my imperfect services, regard me as thy true disciple, and assist me by thy Holy Spirit in teaching others to know and serve thee. Receive as a tribute of thanksgiving and of honor due to thy name, my last attempt to spread Christian benevolence amongst the poor, and let me enjoy the transcendant happiness of being instrumental in bringing many to righteousness; let thy good spirit direct all my thoughts, words, and actions, that they may be agreeable to the lessons I teach to the world. To thy guidance I submit myself, and all belonging to me. Be with us, O gracious Lord, both now and ever. Amen!

Nov. 19. I have this day had the unexpected honor of attending her Majesty, and had inexpressible pleasure in her sensible, humane, and truly Christian conversation. May her pious design of establishing Sunday Schools at Windsor, be put in execution.

Blessed Jesus, my adorable, my beloved Saviour, incline thy gracious ear to thy servant! O grant me thy grace and heavenly benediction! vouchsafe to regulate all the desires of my heart to guide my actions. Lord, without the aid of thy

holy Spirit, I am nothing ; hear me when I cry to thee for help.

To thee, O divine Spirit, I submit my reasoning powers, fully sensible that unless enlightened by thee, I shall be constantly liable to error. O that I could serve my God, in an acceptable manner here ! that I could effectually promote the knowledge of the Gospel among the poor. Accept and sanctify my humble endeavours, and grant me grace to teach sound doctrine, and to enforce it by setting a good example. Let me ever keep in mind the high prize of my calling, a crown of glory and everlasting happiness in the presence of my heavenly King ! Keep alive, I beseech thee, O merciful God, the flame of devotion which now glows in my heart ; may every fresh instance of thy goodness add vigour to my zeal, and may I be a faithful steward of the bounty of others which is committed to me. Blessed Lord, take not thy holy Spirit from me, leave me not to myself, but be with my soul now, and to all eternity.

Dec. 3. O Almighty Father, to whom all hearts are open, pity the infirmities of thy faithful servant. O Lord, thou knowest that by reason of the frailty of my nature I cannot always stand upright ; stretch forth thine hand I humbly beseech thee, to assist me in the performance of my duty ; O that I could serve thee as I ought to do. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Praised and adored be thy holy name, O Lord, for thy numerous blessings bestowed upon this

land, particularly for the succession of fruitful seasons which thou hast ordained this year, and for the plentiful treasure of grace which thou hast bestowed on the institution of Sunday Schools, by means of which thousands of poor creatures, who sat in the shadow of death, are brought to the light of the Gospel.

Blessed Jesus ! be pleased to regard with thy continual kindness all the children, who are thus brought unto thee. Lord, thou knowest that with sincere and fervent zeal, I engaged in the undertaking, and adored be thy Providence thou hast hitherto amply supplied the means of supporting it: continue to animate and encourage the endeavours of me and my family, to spread the knowledge of divine truth among the poor, and enable us by thy grace to set a good example. Adorable Saviour ! there is nothing upon earth that I so much desire as to be of the number of thy faithful servants, receive I beseech thee, the humble homage of a heart devoted to thy service. Praised be thy name for thy great goodness in helping my infirmity, O heal it entirely, and give me composure of mind, clearness of expression, and every requisite that I may excite my own sex to exertions in favour of the poor.

Dec. 31. I have neglected my Journal in order to go on with a work which has occupied my mind concerning Sunday Schools, and private benefactions. I have enjoyed great tranquillity of mind, and have been able to pursue my studies with

pleasure. Another benefaction has been sent from my good friend Mrs. Denward, so that I am treasurer for the poor to a considerable amount.

O merciful and eternal God, praised be thy holy name, for all the mercies of the year past; more in number than I am able to express. How bountiful is thy goodness, O Lord, I thank thee above all things for the supplies of thy grace, which thou hast vouchsafed to me and my dear family. With what delight do I behold my dear children daily improving in divine knowledge, and the practice of Christianity. What pleasure do we all receive from seeing the poor children's improvement! Lord, be graciously pleased to second our zeal by thy heavenly benediction. O God, our Saviour, accept my thanksgivings for all the mercies of the year that is past, and keep us in thy paths to the end of our days, that we may be partakers of a happy eternity. Amen! Amen!

As the lamentations of Mrs. Trimmer, for the loss of her little daughter, may probably have interested the reader a few more particulars relating to this amiable child, will not perhaps be displeasing.

TO MRS. M——

“ It is now some time since I had the misfortune to lose my dear Annabella, a most promising

child of five years old. She had from her birth a stomach complaint; but died of one of the most dreadful disorders to which infants are liable—a dropsy of the brain. The dear little creature was the darling and play thing of the house; her sisters had taken great pains in forming her mind; and I had the consolation of thinking, when she was gone that she was educated for a better world, though her stay, in a state of probation was but short.

“ Notwithstanding I used my utmost endeavours to reconcile myself to the loss of her; and was enabled to repress every murmur; my constitution sustained a dreadful shock; the idea of her sufferings possessed my mind, long after they were changed (as I trust) for the joys of Heaven. There is something particularly distressing to a parent in seeing a dear little creature suffer, without being able to describe its feelings, so as to give a good foundation for the physician’s opinion. I consulted several medical people, but they differed in their sentiments exceedingly.”

Mrs. B—— the lady to whom the following letter was addressed, was one of the earliest friends of Mrs. Trimmer. The friendship which subsisted between them was begun in childhood, when they were both under the tuition of Mrs. Justinier, and continued till the death of Mrs. Brutton, which happened in the year 1807. From the time of Mrs Trimmer’s leaving Ipswich, they had

but little personal intercourse ; but they occasionally met ; and kept up at intervals, a correspondence by letter. Of the letters to Mrs. Brutton, but few are remaining, and not one of these written before the year 1786.

It is needless to add, that there was a similarity of sentiments and opinions between Mrs Trimmer and her friend ; and that they retained the most lively interest for all that concerned the welfare and happiness of each other. Mrs. Brutton as well as Mrs. Trimmer, was blessed in no common degree in her matrimonial connection, but had not any family. During almost the whole of her life, she was a great sufferer from ill health, which she bore with the utmost patience and resignation to the will of the Almighty ; ever considering the advantages to be derived from sickness, and meekly submitting to it without repining.

TO MRS. BRUTTON.

Brentford, Aug. 1, 1786.

My dear Friend,

“ It is a long time since I have either received a letter from you, or written one to you ; the omission I fear is on my side, but I know you will be ready to pardon it, and therefore will not waste that time in apologies, which may be spent so much more agreeably to me, and I trust, ac-

ceptably to you, in assuring you of my constant regard and affection.

“ I was in hopes to have seen you here before this time. The Summer is not yet gone, and I hope your health will admit of the journey. I can promise you and your worthy partner, a most cordial welcome, and wish to introduce to you a set of young people, in whose favour you are already prejudiced for their mother's sake ; and who will, I hope, secure your good opinion by their own behaviour. A few months ago I could have shown you my sweet Annabella ! the darling of all our hearts ; but she I trust, is now a happy spirit in the presence of God. Yet such is my weakness, that the tear of regret will fall when I recollect the pleasure I am deprived of by losing her. Nothing could be more promising than her dawning virtues, which were cherished with the greatest care by my other dear daughters, who prided themselves in educating her. Never shall I forget a scene which gave me inexpressible delight even in the midst of such distress, as none but a parent can conceive. I saw my family bound together by the strongest bands of affection, yet submitting to the dispensations of the Almighty with truly Christian fortitude. The loss of this dear child was particularly afflicting to me, as her disorder had gained ground imperceptibly, and I think was mistaken at last ; however nothing can happen without the divine permission, and when it is the

will of God to put a period to our days, all human skill is vain.

“ Pardon me, my dear friend, for saying so much on a subject which will I fear pain your sensibility. My health and spirits have suffered greatly, but thank God, the former is perfectly restored, and the latter much mended. As soon as I was equal to the exertion, I had recourse to my pen, a never failing remedy to me against sorrow. Very fortunately for me Sunday Schools were set on foot amongst us, a few months after the death of my dear child, the chief management of which falls upon us, and requires a great deal of attention. They have employed my time and thoughts very much, and proved a most seasonable relief for diverting my mind from a subject I should otherwise have dwelt upon. Our schools at present consist of 37 boys and 122 girls, and are very promising. We have very good teachers, and all my family and three ladies, who are our particular friends, attend every Sunday to assist in instructing the children. We promise ourselves great satisfaction from this employment. It is very delightful to see with what readiness the children attend, how willing they are to receive instruction, and how greatly some improve. I wish you could see our schools; it is certainly one of the most interesting sights in the world, but perhaps you have some at Cullumpton.”

P. S. The little work entitled the "*Servants Friend*," was written partly in consequence of a hint given by the Monthly Review, which was lavish in the praise of my "*Fabulous Histories*" last March, and partly in compliance with a request from a charitable lady in Kent, conveyed to me by Mrs. Carter, who translated Epictetus. I intended to give instruction to the lower ranks of children respecting their treatment of animals, but got the book to the present size before I could introduce them; that remains to be done in the sequel, which is in great forwardness. I do not mean to drop divinity, I had made great progress in the Epistles before my little girl was ill, and shall renew the subject very soon.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 3, 1786.

" I must expatiate on the subject of Sunday Schools, because I am such an enthusiast in this matter, that I never know when to have done. They at present answer our most sanguine expectations, and our *young people*, and others in the neighbourhood, attend them with so much delight, that I think there is no fear of their continuance. We devote our Sundays to them, and it is an inexpressible pleasure to see the happy fruits of our labours; the poor children who were in a very rude state are now wonderfully civilized, and their

minds gradually imbibe instructions, which I hope will influence their conduct through life. For my part I am confident that the hand of God is evident in this institution: the minds of the poor seem to be disposed for the reception of divine truths, and nothing is wanting but the exertions of their superiors. — — — — —
— — — — —

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 1, 1788.

My dear Friend,

“ Your kind letter gave me inexpressible pleasure on a double account, as it has revived my hopes of seeing you in the course of a few months. If you use me as *you ought to do*, and stay as long as you can with me at Brentford, I may possibly, when I have learnt *to fly from home*, return your visit in Devonshire. I long to see you exceedingly; I still keep to my purpose of going on Monday next into Suffolk, but I will own to you, that the thought of turning my back on that home, where my joys have hitherto centered; and leaving the dear companion, who I am sure would not, from the motive of *pleasure* only leave *me* for a single day, depresses my spirits.—Is this a weakness? You will be glad to hear that I, and my dear girls are better; I long to introduce my family to you, a few of whom only you have seen, and those in a state of childhood: my heart assures me you will like them, but I must not indulge on this theme.

“ You are very good my dear friend, in permitting me to pour out my heart to you. I am *supremely blest*, and while I say so the tear of gratitude starts from my eye: I can say from experience, “ *O what treasures has God laid up in store for them that love him; even before the sons of man;*” but while my soul enjoys the pleasure attendant on the esteem of the good and pious, believe me, it has a more transporting joy in the hope of the acceptance of heaven. O that I could with unremitting labour employ myself in the delightful task of instructing the ignorant; but alas! the infirmities of human nature, press down the aspiring spirit, and I am obliged to submit to many hours of inactivity; for I make it a rule to lay aside my books and pen when I find my mind weary.

TO S——.

Aug. 18, 1788.

— — — — —
 “ I am very impatient to return to my own dear home, and my usual employments. I regret the loss of that time, which I hope I could employ to a purpose useful to society. I miss those dear friends I have left behind me; in short if I had not your sisters with me, I should be quite unhappy, notwithstanding the endeavours of my friends here to amuse me. A mother of a large family should certainly be stationary: let her wander where she may, *Care* will follow her.”

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1787.

Jan. 1. With a thankful and a grateful heart, O merciful Father, I acknowledge thy great goodness in bringing me to the beginning of another year; be pleased to continue to me thy loving kindness, and give me a heart sensible of all thy mercies, and ready to testify my sincere endeavour to do thy holy will. O how insufficient of myself am I to please thee! Accept, I most humbly beseech thee, my imperfect services, for the sake of my dear Redeemer.

Shower down thy blessing, O Lord, on this land. Spare it for the sake of thy faithful servants, who dwell in it; check the progress of infidelity and vice; prosper the endeavours of those who strive to preserve the rising generation from the sins of their fathers; and bless with thy choicest benediction our good Sovereign, the Queen, and the Royal Family. Bless all my friends and relations, make me grateful to my benefactors, and a faithful steward to the poor. Prosper our handy work! O Lord, prosper thou our handy work! Grant that all things which are undertaken for the benefit of the poor, may answer the ends of reformation, and afford them comfort.

Bless also the private affairs of our own family, and grant us such a share of the good things of this life, as may be enjoyed without drawing our thoughts and affections from a better world. Give us, I beseech thee, O Lord, health, peace, and competency, and contented minds.

O merciful and adorable Saviour, my heavenly King, receive the homage I willingly pay thee, of gratitude and love, accept my imperfect services. Vouchsafe to guide me to the end of my days, and then admit me into thy heavenly kingdom. Amen!

Jan. 17. A close attention to a new work, the *Economy of Charity*, has interrupted my Journal, but I cannot let the anniversary of my birth-day pass unnoticed.

Most merciful Father, be graciously pleased to accept my unfeigned thanksgivings for all thy mercies, from time to time bestowed upon me. O Lord, adored be thy name for all the blessings I at this time enjoy. O what troubles and adversities hast thou shown me, and yet didst thou turn again and refresh me. O Lord, be pleased to continue to me thy loving kindness, and grant me grace to improve in Christian knowledge and practice from day to day; that as my birth-days return, I may look back with comfort, and forward with hope.

Shed, I beseech thee, thy heavenly benediction on the various charitable institutions begun amongst us, and continue to defend the cause of the poor. Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance on me

and my family. Make thy face to shine on us, and grant us peace.

Lord Jesus, vouchsafe to guide and protect us now and for ever. Amen! Amen!

Jan. 24. O merciful Father, thou Searcher of all hearts, thou knowest my imperfections, thou knowest also my love for thee, and my adorable Saviour, vouchsafe, I beseech thee, to grant me thy grace, that I may understand all my errors, and O be pleased to strengthen me to correct them. Lord, I acknowledge my manifold sins and infirmities, I have no merits to plead in thy sight, my whole trust and dependance are on the merits of my blessed Redeemer.

O merciful Saviour, pity my weaknesses, vouchsafe to guide and direct my pen, that while I am striving to excite others to piety and charity, I may not expose thy holy religion to contempt and ridicule. Fortify my mind against the discouragements I meet with, and defeat the malice of the Devil, that his arts against the institution, which promises reformation to the poor, may not prevail. Blessed Jesus, adorable Saviour, accept the willing homage of a heart sincerely devoted to thee. Accept my humble services, and enable me to offer thee better. Grant me the aid of thy Holy Spirit, for without thee I am nothing.

Feb. 23. I have lately enjoyed much peace and tranquillity of mind, and innumerable blessings besides. Though I have applied very closely to my pen, I have had good health and spirits.

O Lord, thy holy Sabbath is again returned, mercifully grant that I and my dear family may pass it in a manner agreeable to thy gracious design in appointing it. Particularly, O Lord, vouchsafe us thy grace, that we may give good instructions to the poor and ignorant, and awaken in their minds a proper sense of religious duties. Grant to them the same grace, that they may receive the seed of thy word in good ground, and finally bring forth the fruit of everlasting life and happiness.

Vouchsafe, O blessed Saviour, to guide and protect my dear husband and children. Hold up our goings in thy paths, that our footsteps slip not. Hear me, adorable Saviour. Merciful Father, accept my humble petitions, for the sake of my dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen!

April 22. I have enjoyed much peace and comfort since I last wrote my Journal, and have been able to make a tolerable progress in the Second Edition of my Sacred History. The esteem of good people, which my works procure me, adds much to my happiness, and animates my zeal.

At this time last year I was weeping over a dying child; the thoughts of her at this moment awakens my sensibility. Tears again flow. Now she is gone, why should I grieve? I shall, I trust, go to her, though she will not return to me. And is then my sweet Annabella, after a few short years of an innocent life, exalted to the presence of her God and Saviour? And shall I, through

the merits of my Saviour, follow her to the same blessed place, if not hindered by my own sins? Delightful, comfortable thought!

O Lord, I am more and more sensible of my weaknesses and infirmities, and of the necessity of divine grace: vouchsafe to me, I beseech thee, the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that I may please thee in all things, and finally obtain the felicity I hope for!

May 28. I have not been able to continue my Journal; my avocations are so numerous, that I have not leisure for this exercise. The schools go on very well: the success of them adds greatly to the happiness of my life. I have a considerable portion of that inward peace, which passes all understanding. My husband and children are in good health. In short, my blessings and comforts are innumerable.

I yesterday experienced one of the greatest pleasures this world can afford, in hearing the praises of my great Redeemer sung in the most exalted strains in Westminster Abbey. Nothing was wanting to complete the enjoyment, but the idea of its being an office of general devotion, instead of a mere public amusement. To myself, and I doubt not to hundreds besides, it was an act of fervent devotion, Blessed Jesus, thou knowest with what heart-felt satisfaction I lifted up my thoughts to thee. Lord, I now acknowledge, and it is the joy of my life to repeat the acknowledgment, that thou art worthy to be praised. Ho-

nour, and glory, and power, be unto thee for ever and ever ! I am going to morrow to commemorate, in thy holy Sacrament, thy love to mankind : vouchsafe to be present with me.

O merciful and gracious Father, I most humbly beseech thee to have compassion on my manifold infirmities. I acknowledge, Lord, my own unworthiness ; I am not deserving of the least of those numberless favours, which thou, in thy great goodness, hast showered down upon me. O Lord, it is my earnest desire to be thankful for them, and to make the best return in my power, by discharging every Christian duty in a manner acceptable to thee.

Mrs. Trimmer was so much occupied during the year 1787, and the two following years, in the establishment of Sunday-schools, and Schools of Industry, that she had but little time to continue her Journal ; and of the little she did write, scarcely any now remains. The applications made to her for instructions relating to those institutions, were very numerous ; but she was delighted to assist in so good a cause, and rejoiced at the opportunity, thus given her, of being extensively useful. Some of the various letters written by Mrs. Trimmer upon this subject, and a few of those from her correspondents, are brought forward to show what her exertions were upon the occasion, and how

greatly she was instrumental to the formation of those schools in the kingdom. The following extracts are from letters to the same lady with whom she had a correspondence concerning the divinity of our Saviour.

TO MRS. M——.

Aug. 8, 1787.

“ I am very happy in the approbation you express of my *Œconomy of Charity*, and am certain you will take pleasure in hearing, that many ladies of rank and fortune have been influenced by it to become visitors of Sunday-schools, and to establish Schools of Industry. Scarcely a week passes in which I have not an account of new ones, under female direction.

“ My idea of Sunday-schools exactly accords with your's, where the children depend entirely on the instruction of the masters and mistresses; the real religious knowledge acquired by them can be but little, and the advantages you mention are all that can be expected from them; but I have great reason to hope, from the communications I have received from many quarters, that persons of superior abilities will lend their ready assistance.

“ The improvement of those who go to the Sunday-schools only, has been as great as could be expected: some of them from not knowing a

letter when the School opened in July 1786, now read very well in the Testament ; and considering what they *were*, and what *parents* many of them have, they are really wonderfully civilized.”

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 25, 1787.

“ I mentioned in my last, that many ladies did me the honour of consulting me respecting Sunday-schools ; and I am happy beyond expression in being the humble instrument of *awakening* their attention to the poor. It is a frequent complaint with those who are well disposed, that they know not what to say to the children. My scheme therefore is, to compose a book which shall point out a series of instruction for different classes of children, for every separate Sunday in the year ; and as it is my wish to render the Sabbath-day as pleasant to the children as possible, I shall endeavour to convey this instruction in the most pleasing form.

“ As you express your approbation of the *Œconomy* of Charity, I will give you a little history of the occasion of my writing it. Some time in the last autumn I received a message from the Queen, desiring me to attend her at a certain hour ; and I accordingly waited on her Majesty, who received me with the most condescending kindness, and told me she had heard of the success of the Schools

under my inspection; and being very anxious for their establishment at Windsor, desired to have information from me on the subject. I was honoured with a conference of two hours. It is impossible to do justice to the charming manner in which the Queen expressed the most benevolent sentiments, and the tenderest regard for the happiness of the poor. My *Œconomy* was written in consequence of this interview, and I was allowed to dedicate it to her Majesty.

“ It is a great satisfaction to me to see so many persons who have ability to relieve the distresses of the indigent and ignorant, stepping forward with this benevolent view.”

TO THE SAME.

Sept. 24, 1788.

“ I returned from my excursion about three weeks ago, from which I received great benefit, and had the happiness of leaving my dear girls behind me much better than when they began their excursion; and found all I left at home extremely well. A month's relaxation brought me an accumulation of business. I have had a vast deal to do since my return.

“ I made it a great point to enquire after Sunday-schools wherever I went: the only one I had an opportunity of seeing, was at ———, in Norfolk, where they have been established three years. The

children are remarkably *clean* and *orderly in their behaviour*, and *apparently attentive at Church*. After divine service I visited the Schools, and found the girls with a mixture of little boys in a small room, where they were crowded together so, that I could not find a space to sit down, and it was intolerably hot: however, I stood and heard two or three of them read, which they did very fluently. I had the clergyman, and several ladies and gentlemen with me, and was fearful if I examined them in my *own way*, it would appear *officious*, so I did not ask them any questions; but when I came into the boy's room, which was more spacious, I took courage, and after one of them had read very properly the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel, I asked him whose words those were that he had been reading. He stared at me a little while, and then replied, "*They are in my book, Ma'am.*" I desired him to read the first verse over again: he did so: I then repeated my question, to which he answered right. I then asked him, if he knew *who Jesus Christ was?* He replied, *our Saviour*. I then heard another boy read the 11th chapter of St. John: when he had ended it, I asked him if he knew the meaning of the word *resurrection?* he considered a little while, and then answered, "*No.*" I bid him go to his seat a little while, and consider with himself, while I heard another: he did so; and I observed him looking at his lesson, and consulting with the boy who sat next him: so as soon as I was disengaged,

I went up to him, and asked him once more, what *was meant by a resurrection?* He said as before, *he did not know.* I asked him what would become of him when he died? whether he was to lie for ever in the grave? He said, *he did not know.* I enquired whether he could repeat his Creed? He said, he knew it every word. I asked him if he did not profess to believe in the *resurrection from the dead*, and the life everlasting? He said, "*Yes.*" I begged of him to get himself well informed of those important things; and would have explained them to him, but that I was obliged to go away. I cannot say but it hurt me much to see so fine an opportunity in a manner lost; for the children are remarkably attentive and well disposed, and may be taught any thing. I mentioned to the company my wish to see the minds of those poor children opened to religious truths, and hope a different plan will be adopted.

"I agree with you entirely respecting the orders of the Sunday-school Society, they are too circumscribed, and yet I cannot think of banishing the Scriptures. They are the birth-right of the poor, as well as the rich; and I think we may trust to the *grace of God*, for making them beneficial. It is the business of the visitors to open their minds to understand them; and I do not think it a difficult task. The girls in my own class, in two different schools, have obtained a considerable portion of religious knowledge. God grant they may make a proper use of it!"

TO THE SAME.

Oct. 23, 1788.

“ The honour I receive in consequence of my exertions to promote the knowledge of that religion which is the joy of my life, I most humbly ascribe to him, who has made me an instrument in his service.

“ I have not time to tell you at present what my thoughts are respecting putting the *entire* Scriptures into the hands of the Sunday scholars. I will only say, that the more I reflect on the subject, the more I am convinced that it is not right to *supersede* the *figurative* stile in which they speak of *God and divine things*, my opinion is, that whoever attempts to teach the truths of divine revelation, should follow the *method* of the *inspired writers* as nearly as possible. This will be my endeavour in prosecuting my plan of the Sunday-school Catechist. It is certainly a most laborious task, to open the minds of the lower kind of children in general; but most people are surprised with the ready answers which many of them make, and I do not despair of their attaining a very competent knowledge of Christianity, so as to be able to profit by reading the Scriptures *at home by themselves*. I say this under a strong confidence, that *divine grace* will accompany our zealous endeavours.”

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 19, 1789

“ I fear I have expressed myself too freely in respect to my idea of your opinion concerning the parts of Scripture proper to be read by the young and ignorant; or I may possibly have misunderstood you. The children of the poor apprehend the truths of Scripture in figurative language very easily, with a little help. For instance, John xv. I am the true vine, &c. I tell the children that our Lord compares himself to a vine, and those who believe in him, to branches, in order to give them a notion of the near relation which those who believe in him, bear to him; and in what manner God will deal with them, according as they lead good or bad lives. I then question them after the following manner. What does our Lord here compare himself to? What does he compare God the Father to? Who are the branches of Christ? What is meant by the fruit of these branches? What does God do to the branches which bear no fruit? What does he do to the branches that bear some fruit? I then say, if Christians do no good works, they will be cut off from Christ, they will not be regarded as belonging to him, I suppose? If they are cut off from Christ, can they expect to be saved for his sake, &c. &c.

“ Indeed I cannot help thinking, that it is the business of the teacher to explain the figurative language as soon as possible; and I own, I have never been able to find any words so intelligible to the lower kinds of people, as the words of Scripture. If the Creator condescends to speak of himself and his attributes under familiar terms, it cannot be an offence to him to follow the same method; and it is reasonable to suppose it must be the very best that can be. The greatest part of our Lord’s discourses were addressed to the lower orders of people, and we cannot doubt his having been understood by the generality of his hearers, though he appeared obscure to such as were under a judicial blindness. Nor do I think their power of energy less than when he delivered them; as he sends the Holy Spirit to open the understandings of all who are willing to learn; which can certainly effect more than the utmost efforts of human learning can accomplish. Far be it from me to depreciate *human reason*, I hold the invaluable gift in high estimation; but in the study of divine truths we stand in need of a better guide; nor do I think there can be the least danger in submitting our reason to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, if we earnestly implore his aid. I would not however recommend an indiscriminate use of the Sacred Volume, there are many parts which do not concern the generality of people; but I would rather make *selections*, and explain them, instead of teaching divine truths in common language.”

TO MISS P —.

Brentford, June 8, 1787.

Dear Madam,

I return you many thanks for your kind attention in sending to Mr. Gainsborough's the ticket, which her Majesty had the goodness to give me for the Abbey. I was very fortunate in being seated agreeably to my wishes, and need not tell you that the entertainment far exceeded the highest idea I had been able to form of it.

I feel myself particularly happy in the honour her Majesty does me in desiring to have the plan of our Brentford Schools adopted at Windsor. Every day's experience convinces me more and more of the great *national* benefits which may be expected to arise from this mode of giving religious instruction to the poor; and as her Majesty has graciously condescended to become a patroness to the institution, in the place of her own immediate residence, it would be a public misfortune should it fail *there*, through want of vigilance in the conductors of it; the only circumstance, I think, that can render it ineffectual. Whenever it is convenient to you, Madam, I shall be happy to see you; and if you can point out any way in which my humble services may be useful in promoting the accomplishment of her Majesty's benevolent wish for the success of the Windsor Schools, I

shall gladly embrace the opportunity of exerting them. I have the happiness to see the powerful efficacy of royal example, in the flattering attention paid to my Œconomy of Charity. Numerous applications have been made to me since the publication of it, by ladies who are blessed with the means of doing good, for information respecting the plans proposed in it; and, as far as I have had opportunity of observing, a general joy prevails among the conductors of Sunday-schools, that her Majesty deigns to give an additional proof of her tender compassion for the lowest of the people, by noticing the institution. I was yesterday at St. Paul's Cathedral, to hear the Sermon at the Annual Meeting of the Charity-children in the different parishes of London, and its environs; and had, in the course of the day, some conversation with the Dean of Lincoln, and other members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; from whom I had the pleasure to hear, that the charity of Sunday-schools makes a rapid progress, and promises to become general throughout the nation. I beg your indulgence, Madam, for troubling you with so long a letter; but on a subject so near my heart, I cannot be so concise as I should otherwise think it necessary to be, in writing to a lady to whom I am but little known.

I am, dear Madam,

Your much obliged, humble Servant,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. —.

Brentford, June 2, 1788.

Madam,

I understand from my friend, Mrs. S——, that a Rev. Gentleman, who is about to establish a Sunday-school, does me the honour of wishing for some information from me on the subject. As a little work of mine, entitled the *Œconomy of Charity*, has been, through the indulgence of the public, very widely dispersed, it is most probable that your friend has seen it. I mention this book, because I have in it not only used every argument in my power to induce ladies to become visitors of Sunday-schools; but have, in an Appendix, very circumstantially described the method used in this town for establishing and conducting our Schools. And I afterwards published the Appendix by itself, at the desire of a respectable patron of Sunday-schools, who flattered me, that it might prove useful. To this tract I must beg leave to refer; and in addition to that, I have the satisfaction to say, that we have pursued the plan at first adopted, with very little variation, and with as much success as could reasonably be expected in such a town as Brentford. The subscription has been extremely liberal, and therefore we have not found it necessary to limit the number, and have on our list at this time upwards of 300 children.

In the beginning we rejected all under six years of age; but since the children at first admitted, have been reduced to tolerable order, and brought pretty forward in reading, we have taken in a number of little creatures not more than four or five years old, who are exceedingly fond of coming, and give us but very little interruption. We wish to have them at as early an age as possible, before bad habits have taken root. I think it would be advisable to collect these little ones into a separate school, under a *cheerful, good-natured mistress*; but am not certain that this method would answer better than our own, as the great girls help to instruct the little children.

Our Sunday scholars, who were at first ragged and dirty in the extreme, are now in general very tidy, chiefly through the exertions of the parents; but we have distributed a good many articles of apparel among the girls. The boys have occasionally, for two months together, been allowed two-pence in the shilling towards their new clothing, which has had a wonderful effect.

I can think of nothing more to say at present, Madam, that is not contained, either in the tract already referred to, or in one which I am going to publish very shortly. In the latter, I have attempted to point out a more extensive mode of instruction than has hitherto been adopted. I cannot, in the compass of a letter, give you a full idea of it; but if you will favour me with a direction to your Rev. Friend, I shall be happy to pre-

sent it to him as soon as it is out of the printer's hands. I am very sorry that I have not one of the pamphlets by me, and that the time will not admit of my sending to the booksellers for one; but if you will, when in town, take the trouble of enquiring for my *Account of the Sunday-Schools in Old Brentford*, I dare say you may get it at any booksellers. You may be certain of having it at Mr. Johnson's, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-yard.

I am very sensible of the great compliment paid to me in this application, and should be extremely happy to be able to give any useful hints; and if there are any particular questions, which experience may enable me to answer, and your friend wishes to propose, I beg he will honour me with a letter, and I will answer them to the best of my knowledge. I am myself an enthusiastic advocate for Sunday-schools: the more I see of them, the more I am convinced of their utility; but I cannot omit saying, that without *visitors*, little good can be expected from them: at least in this place they would soon fall to the ground without the most vigorous exertions. I have had the happiness of meeting with most excellent colleagues in Mrs. and Miss S——, and the Miss B——'s.

The papers which accompany this letter, may perhaps be acceptable. The sheet of Lessons is designed to be cut to pieces, and pasted upon cards: this is an economical scheme to save books. I have given leave to Mr. Newbury to

print some of them, of whom they may be had, if approved, at a very trifling expence.

I have many apologies to make, Madam, for this hasty scrawl, but I could not find time to write accurately, and was unwilling that a request of so pleasing a nature should not meet with due attention.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

S. TRIMMER.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1788.

Oct. 27. I have for some months been prevented from continuing my Journal, by the constant employment in which I am engaged. This year, as far as it has passed away, has been a year of great blessings: the troubles and cares to which humanity is ever subject, have been mixed with them, but they have been small in comparison of what we have suffered in former years: with gratitude to God for his grace and mercy through Jesus Christ, I can now say, that I feel much less affected than formerly with worldly evils: they agitate me with apprehension for a little while, and then give way to the peace of God, which takes possession of my soul: very often in the midst of perplexities, I feel an inward assurance that no harm shall happen to me while I persevere in the ways of holiness: this kindles a resolution to continue to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and a trust in God for the performance of his promise, that he will never leave or forsake those who so trust in him. What can this be but the operation of the Holy Ghost the Comforter!

“O merciful Father, I acknowledge with gratitude, too great for utterance, thine abundant and repeated mercies. I have the most perfect reliance on thy goodness : I plead no merits of my own, but I trust in those of my blessed Redeemer. I most humbly beseech thee to continue to me and my dear husband and children, thy providential care and fatherly protection. O shield me from all evil, and graciously grant us such a share of worldly blessings as shall enable us to serve thee with quiet minds. Lord, not our will, but thine be done !”

“Blessed Jesus, my adorable, my beloved Saviour, not those disciples who were eye-witnesses of thy miracles, could have a stronger belief in thy divine power than I have. O Lord, I am fully persuaded, that in the power of the Father thou canst do all things. Extend to me and mine, I beseech thee, the aid of thy Holy Spirit : enable us in our several relations to do the will of our heavenly Father, and to submit to all the dispensations of his Providence, without murmuring or discontent. Let every adverse circumstance carry our thoughts on towards that land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. O Lord, make us satisfied with what our heavenly Father shall see fit to allot us. Endue us with the graces of humility and resignation.”

Mrs. Denward having been already mentioned in the Journal of 1786, our readers may possibly be desirous of hearing some further particulars relating to this venerable lady. The acquaintance which was accidentally begun between her and Mrs. Trimmer, through the medium of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, grew into a friendship which was never remitted during the remainder of the life of Mrs. Denward, and was a source of great satisfaction to both parties.

It is much to be regretted, that most of the letters from Mrs. Trimmer to her respected friend, were destroyed by the executor of that lady: two or three only remain, which are sufficient to make us lament the loss of the others. Had they all been preserved, we should probably have had a most interesting detail of the rise and progress of Sunday Schools and Schools of Industry, and likewise many little anecdotes relating to the various publications of Mrs. Trimmer. Perhaps she was more indebted to Mrs. Denward, than to any individual, for encouragement in the exercise of her talent for writing instructions suited to the comprehension of the poor. The extraordinary benevolence of that lady, and her intimate acquaintance with the manners and habits of the lower orders of the people, made her take peculiar pleasure in those writings of Mrs. Trimmer, which were designed for their improvement, and induced her sometimes to point out what was wanted for that

purpose. When she ventured to suggest any thing of this kind, it was with so much modesty and humility, and such deference for the judgment of the author, whose writings she admired, that it was impossible to be otherwise than pleased with her advice.

In consequence of a hint given by Mrs. Denward, that the poor stood in need of being set right with regard to their treatment of the brute creation, Mrs. Trimmer began a tale designed to convey this kind of instruction to them; but her mind being much occupied at that time with Sunday Schools, she was drawn from her first intention, and wrote the "Servant's Friend." She however took up the subject in a second part, entitled the "Two Farmers," in which was introduced all that Mrs. Denward had advised on the treatment of animals. The writing these two books probably lead to the composing of the "Instructive Tales," which were first published in the "Family Magazine," and also to the description of the horse and other animals in that work, and to the fables in the "Charity School Spelling Book."

Nor was Mrs. Denward less happy in the encouragement she gave to Mrs. Trimmer, with respect to her plans for the establishment of schools for the instruction of the poor. Her introduction of the spinning-wheel, mentioned in her letters, was the origin of a School of Industry in Brentford, which, though at present under a different form, has flourished between twenty and thirty

years in that place, and has proved a standing benefit to the town. Numberless schools were formed upon the model of this, as ladies were induced, by the description of it in the “*Œconomy of Charity*,” to found similar establishments.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

*Chapel-street, Curzon-street,
May Fair.*

Madam,

The enclosed letter was lately sent me by a friend of mine, to whom it was addressed. How far the proposal may be reasonable or agreeable to you, I cannot tell, as, I speak it to my shame, I never read the work to which it refers. But I could not forbear transmitting it to you, as the account which I have always heard both of your character and of the excellent application of your talents, would not suffer me to be easy in the omission of what might possibly give you an opportunity of rendering them more extensively useful. You will be the more inclined to favour this request from being told, that Mrs. Denward, the lady who makes it, is pious and charitable to a remarkable degree.

Though I have not the honour of being personally known to you, my acquaintance with your good father and mother, will, I hope, induce

you to forgive this liberty which I have taken.

I am, with great regard,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

ELIZ. CARTER.

P. S. I must beg leave to trouble you to return me Mrs. Denward's letter.

The letter of Mrs. Denward's, alluded to in Mrs. Carter's, which does not appear, was probably containing a hint for a book, which afterwards made its appearance in the world, under the title of the Two Farmers. The work mentioned in Mrs. Carter's letter was the "Fabulous Histories," and the proposal to which she alluded was, that Mrs. Trimmer could be enduced to write a book for the poor upon the same plan, in order to convey to them instruction relating to the treatment of animals.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Madam,

Though my eyes will scarce permit me to write a line, I should be guilty of ingratitude if I did not attempt to make an acknowledgment for your very polite letter, and for the pleasure you have given me from your condescending to comply with a request, which, from a sense of my own

insignificancy, I could not have ventured to ask. But my friend, to whom I applied, wrote to the excellent Mrs. Carter, who is one of the first and most respectable characters in England. Nothing is more important than a religious and proper education, nor does any establishment deserve equal attention and encouragement, we cannot entertain too high an idea of the merit and great advantage of Sunday Schools: your lessons, Madam, are excellent for the occasion, for certainly short lessons, and the truths which they inculcate, made sensible by examples and comparisons, and adapted to the capacity and condition of those who are to be instructed, must undoubtedly be the best, for long dry lectures only puzzle and tire the understanding of little children, which is weak. Your history of the Two Farmers will come in so pleasing a dress to them, that I am sure it will be of infinite service. As they will listen to it with relish, so they will retain those sweet and benevolent sentiments it abounds with.

But I am intruding too long on that time which you, Madam, are employing to the noblest purposes, by instructing, with your pleasing and pathetic pen, the rising generation, and alluring them, as it were, naturally to the paths of virtue.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient,

And much obliged, humble Servant,

E. DENWARD.

Hardies Court, May.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, Aug. 9, 1786.

Dear Madam,

When I came home yesterday, I saw your polite letter had found its way to my solitary habitation; for I have some time taken up my residence in a corner of an old ruined mansion, adjoining to a church-yard; and from an old gallery, where I daily take my walk, I view the spot where lie mouldering in the dust the remains of those who were most dear to me in life; and from my advanced age, I daily expect to be numbered with them, and it is to me a pleasing reflection.

It will be much pleasure to me to hear your compositions read (for I cannot see to read myself, my eyes are so defective); for I must say, without flattery, that you have the happy talent of instructing and pleasing at the same time. Both the old and the young may be benefited by your productions.

Though I have not the happiness, dear Madam, of being personally acquainted with you, I am sure you have an excellent and benevolent heart, and I hope God has been pleased to give you an affluent fortune. I shall be much obliged to you if you will order a parcel of the books to be sent to me by one of the Canterbury machines, directed for

Mrs. Denward, Hardies Court, to be left at Mr. Finch's, linen drapers, Canterbury, and I will take care to send the money.

I am, dear Madam,

Your much obliged and humble Servant,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, Aug. 24, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I was charmed with your description of your amiable family, happy parents! happy children! God grant that peace of mind, health, and competency may be their constant attendants during their existence in this transitory state, and eternal happiness in that which is to come!

I have received the single book (and yesterday the parcel); it has been read to me, and I received much pleasure. I am sure the work will be of great service to the poor children in this neighbourhood.

So far I had written the day after I received your favour, but was called off. I was afterwards taken so ill as to find it necessary to send for a physician. I am now, I thank God, much recovered, but very weak.

I was lately recommended to read a dissertation on the Duty of Mercy, and Sin of Cruelty to Brute Animals, by Doctor Primate: it is an excellent treatise, too much cannot be said in praise of it; the Doctor is a powerful and pathetic advocate for the poor helpless brutes: I am sure he is a good Christian; I wish his sentiments were universally adopted.

Children cannot be trained too early in life to acts of mercy and benevolence; and to allure them to search the wretched out, we should make them our little almoners, a tear silently gliding down the cheek of a young person at the sight of misery, gives a more beautiful lustre to the whole frame, than the most brilliant diamond, for it discloses the beauty of the mind.

I have taken the liberty, dear Madam, of enclosing a little note on a banker; and when the books are paid for (and, by the by, I should have been glad of a few more) I shall be much obliged if you will permit your dear little ones to distribute the remainder to such poor, sick, and aged objects as they think proper.

Ever since the failure of my eyes (about three years) I have every night taken one pinch of Rowley's herb snuff, and believe I have found much relief; it is a dazzling only, not the least appearance of soreness, the white quite clear: fixing my eyes on paper, a thousand zigg zaggs appear, so hope you will excuse this wretched scrawl. My good

wishes ever attend you, and all your amiable family.

I am, dear Madam,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

E. DENWARD.

TO MRS. DENWARD.

Aug. 1786.

Dear Madam,

You have conferred a singular obligation, as well as honour, upon my dear children, by appointing them your almoners: they beg me to convey their thanks, and at the same time to assure you, that it will give them extreme satisfaction to dispense your bounty agreeably to your benevolent intentions. The neighbourhood being very populous, and the proportion of poor very great, the frequency of application often exceeds our ability, and therefore your donation is a valuable acquisition, particularly at this time, as the late establishment of Sunday Schools has required exertions for the benefit of the young, which rather interfere with the interest of the sick and aged. It is astonishing to see the success of these schools in this place, and I cannot help attributing it to the great attention of young persons who regularly attend three times a day, and assist the teachers in instructing the poor children. Delighted to be thus

noticed by persons of their own age, whom they regard as so much their superiors, the scholars are emulous to improve in every respect. Instruction given in this way operates in a two-fold manner on those who give, as well as those who receive it. In order to encourage the girls to be cleanly, and dress suitably to their station in life, the young ladies make caps and handkerchiefs, which they with their own hands put upon those who deserve rewards. It is really very pleasing to hear them, when assembled together, contriving little schemes for the advantage of their pupils, and expressing their wishes for the return of Sunday, instead of regarding that holy day as the interrupter of their joys.

I know not whether it is usual for young persons in other places to attend the Sunday Schools; if I thought it were not, I would address them publicly on the subject, because I am confident, were the practice general, it would have a happy effect on the higher as well as lower orders of children, who certainly should be taught to regard each other as fellow-christians.

I am happy to find, Madam, that you approve the *Servant's Friend*; you will now understand that the Sunday Schools turned me out of the path you before prescribed me: however, I shall endeavour to say every thing you wish me to do in favour of animals, in the *Two Farmers*.

I hope you will allow me the honour of dedicating this little work to you. You may trust me,

Madam, for you will not find me a flatterer, and it would afford me great pleasure to give a public testimony of my esteem for you.

I am, dear Madam,
Your obliged and obedient Servant,
S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Sept. 1, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I am very ill, and by no means fit to write, yet I could not neglect thanking you for your kind expressions of esteem for me, and for the honour you intended me in a dedication. I am truly sensible of the compliment you designed me, but give me leave to say *it ought not to be*, for in matters of public utility, the advantage of the cause is the first thing to be considered; now a treatise on the great advantage of Sunday Schools, written by your pathetic and pleasing pen, may be productive of infinite good; but without presuming to dictate, give me leave to hint, that the work should be dedicated to some lady of dignity, suppose the lady of the Archbishop of Canterbury; in her exalted station she may be a powerful patroness, and I hear the Archbishop is a great advocate for Sunday Schools.

Your plan for the young ladies to preside over the Schools in their respective neighbourhoods, I am much charmed with, there they will find the

most heart-felt satisfaction, and the noblest employment for their superior stations. What are gay equipages, glittering dresses, balls, routs, &c. but superficial pleasures that sicken and fade away in the enjoyment, and little better than fantastic dreams.

The Rev. Dr. Horne* has a very large Sunday School at Canterbury, to which he gives vast attention; his children all sing hymns delightfully, I am told; I suppose your's all sing Psalms and Hymns.

Before I conclude this scrawl, I am sure I ought to ask your pardon, for saying so peremptorily *it ought not to be*: the reasons are these: I am a being much too insignificant to be noticed. Born and bred in the shades of life, living always recluse and unknown, except to the little remote village adjoining; the widow of a clergyman unpreferred, except a laborious curacy of 25l. a year. He would have made a most excellent parish-priest, he was an admired and edifying preacher.

My best wishes attend all your amiable family. I was extremely glad to find, that your dear daughters took so politely and in good part the mite I sent for their poor neighbours, that I have herewith enclosed another mite for the same purpose.

I am, dear Madam,
Your much obliged, humble Servant,
E. DENWARD.

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich,

TO MRS. DENWARD.

Dear Madam,

I should not so long have deferred acknowledging your obliging favour, but that I was fearful my correspondence would be troublesome to you, while you were so much indisposed. You have had my constant wishes for your recovery, and I hope to have the satisfaction of hearing of it, but beg it may be by another hand; for believe me, dear Madam, the idea of your writing to me with so much pain to yourself, gave me a great deal of uneasiness, and considerably abated the pleasure I should otherwise have received from the fresh proof of your good opinion of me and my family.

I have at length completed the tale of the Two Farmers, into which is introduced, I hope, all Dr. Primate's sentiments respecting mercy and cruelty to brutes, that are level with the capacities of the lower ranks of people, and as much religious and moral instruction as I could well add without making the work too grave. I shall put it into the printer's hands to-morrow, and he promises to print it without delay. It is a great disappointment to me not to be allowed to dedicate it agreeably to my wishes; but I would by no means draw you from the retirement you seem to delight

in, and therefore yield the point to your better judgment, yet I cannot help repeating that I would not have hurt your delicacy by flattery.

I am much obliged by your kind hint respecting the Archbishop of Canterbury's lady; but as I have not the honour of being known to her, and I question whether she has ever heard of my name, I do not like to ask the favour, lest she should rank me with *mercenary* authors; and I have reason to hope, from the great sale of the "Servant's Friend," that this little work will make its own way without the patronage of the great, which would be more agreeable to me, unless I was sure of their good opinion also. Do not call yourself an insignificant being, my dear Madam, if you can perform such acts as you have done me the honour of making me witness to, you by no means deserve such an epithet. Wherever you have been born or bred, you are possessed of that spirit of universal benevolence which would ennoble a rank much *inferior* to that of the widow of a respectable clergyman.

My daughters return their respectful and grateful thanks for your last deposit, which they will take care to distribute in such a manner as to answer your kind intention.

I am sorry to say our Sunday scholars do not yet sing Psalms or Hymns; the boys are beginning to learn, but the generality of the children did not know their letters when the schools opened, which was about 16 weeks ago; they are greatly

improved in reading, &c. and begin to make a very decent appearance. Their attachment and respectful behaviour to us who teach them is flattering. My best wishes, with those of my whole family attend you.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your obliged, and obedient,

Humble Servant,

SARAH TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Hardies Court, Oct. 5, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I was favoured with your kind enquiry after my health, I am, I thank God, much recovered, and am going in a few days for change of air. I am very glad your last letter came before I set out, otherwise it might have lain here a month or more, and of consequence I should have been much lowered in your esteem; an event which would give me much pain. This stamp act is very inconvenient to persons far in the country; I cannot get one without sending five miles; but we must accommodate ourselves to inconveniency for the good of the public. I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble by my negligence;

I ought to have remembered to mind the stamps ; for last year I owed a neighbour of mine £162. I gave him a draft, and calling upon him two or three days after, unluckily at the very time the draft was returned to him, he flew at me in so violent a passion, that I thought he would have *stamp* me into the earth ; I was glad to get out of his sight as quick as I could, and send him a proper draft. Please to present my kindest compliments to all your most amiable family.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, Nov. 8, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I was favoured with your's, and it is really a heart-felt pleasure to me to be esteemed by the good and the wise, in which number you most certainly are, though self knowledge which to me is very humiliating tells me you are too partial to me.

Your book has been read to me, and I am highly pleased with it, and am convinced it will be of infinite benefit. Dr. Horne, the Dean of Canterbury,

who is one of the best and most benevolent men in the world, is exceedingly pleased with your "*Servants Friend*," and has given each of his servants one, and I am sure he will be delighted with this.

I met the other day with an account in the newspaper, of a spinning wheel, so constructed that eighteen small children might spin at the same time, which twists the threads of itself at the pleasure of each spinstress. It was invented about twenty years ago by the late Mr. Bernard Barton, of Carlisle, mentioned by Pennant, in his *Travels*, it cost at first only five pounds, and is very seldom out of repair ; now dearest Madam, you are so prone to do good, that I will make no apology, but wish you to get one of them, and present it as your own gift to the poor of your parish. I think it will be of infinite service as it will inure them early in life to industry. I have therefore taken the liberty of enclosing a little draft to purchase the spinning wheel.

My eyes,—but I must not complain of them, with God's permission they have been my friends for more than seventy years, and we cannot be too grateful to God for the great blessing of eye sight.

Please to remember me most kindly to all your amiable family.

I am,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 23, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I should long since have thanked you for your very friendly letter, but waited to receive the parcel which did not come to hand until late last night, owing to my not thinking to send to the hoys. I am exceedingly glad to find that you approve of the spinning wheel, and that you so benevolently undertake to countenance it; I have herewith inclosed the paragraph which was in our newspaper about a month ago; I ask a thousand pardons for not sending it to you at first, for I should have considered that our newspaper was not universal. I herewith inclose the little draft; and must desire the favour of one of your amiable daughters to buy flax to set the school agoing, and also to employ for a short time a clever expert spinstress to instruct the little children, for I know by experience, that the best instruction, even in spinning is of importance. Some years ago I wished to learn to spin, being determined to spend one hour every day in that useful employment. I foolishly engaged one to teach me, who was a mere bungler, and I was myself a bungler ever after, for I never could attain that easy slight of hand, which makes the thread so even, and the work so pleasant, owing to bad instruction at first.

A thousand thanks to you, my dear Madam, for the sweet prints, they will be a most pleasing and instructive ornament to the humble school here, justly may the reviewers style you the good, the ingenious Mrs. Trimmer.

You most kindly, dear Madam, enquire after my health, I should be ungrateful to Heaven to complain, for God has granted to me for near seventy years, an excellent share of health; I scarce knew what it was during that period to suffer an hour's illness; but since the loss of a beloved sister my health, my strength, and frequently my spirits fail me.

My kindest, best wishes attend you and your amiable family, and believe me, &c.

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Ramsgate, Dec. 13, 1786.

Dear Madam,

Your favour rejoiced my heart, for I look on her Majesty's sending for you as a most happy circumstance. Your abilities, the excellency of your heart, and your zeal for promoting virtue, are such that no one could be more judiciously chosen. I hope in God, our beloved Queen, will be the patroness of Sunday Schools; it is an event most devoutly to be wished, her example will cause

them to be universal ; they will soon be extended over the whole kingdom. Instead of that profligacy which now so much prevails, we shall see piety and gratitude to God, innocency of life, honest industry with every moral and social virtue take place in the rising generation ; how many poor souls have been sadly neglected, for certainly if the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice, had been early implanted in their tender minds, they would rarely if ever have strayed from the path of virtue.

I imagine good Mrs. Emington is dead, for a heart so benevolent as her's would have rejoiced at giving you information. Would you have me send to the printer of the Canterbury News, for more particulars concerning the wheel? I am I own very anxious for the success of it, for if your's answers, I shall then get one here for the poor girls, who are too often idle for want of employment ; as to the boys they spend two or three hours every day in gardening, agriculture, hedging, digging, &c.

I have been very ill since I wrote last, and am advised to the sea air, so I am now at Ramsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, so please to direct to me there when your favour me with a letter, at Mr. Smith's.

Our excellent Dean was much pleased with your "*Two Farmers.*"

I hope all your amiable family are well, to

whom, my best and kindest wishes, and believe me to be, &c.

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Ramsgate, Dec. 26, 1786.

Dear Madam,

I should not again so soon intrude on your time, but for two reasons; the first to return you my most hearty thanks for your truly friendly, polite, and kind invitation; this proof of your good will towards me makes me very happy, and sure nothing more pleasing than to enjoy the society of such amiable beings; but I must tell you how I am circumstanced. I have a nephew lately married, they are gone to settle in Wales, and have importuned me to pass the winter with them; but before the day fixed arrived, I was taken too ill to take so long a journey, and advised to the sea air, from which I have found much benefit, but if I am alive and well enough, I have promised to wait on them in the Spring; taking the Oxford road, I can then call for a few hours, on my good friends at Brentford, whom I so highly esteem and respect.

My second reason for intruding on you is this, the wheel is daily in my thoughts, and on reflection I think I have been niggardly, as at first

setting off unforeseen expences will occur, the wheel I suppose will be large, which with the addition of twelve girls, will require a spacious room, dry and airy for their health's sake, I therefore have enclosed half a note, and will send the remainder another time, wishing you to procure a store room, or some out building in a garden for the purpose.

You have much trouble, dear Madam, in this matter, but if it should answer your expectation, I am certain the trouble will vanish, and pleasure will succeed to one of your benevolent mind.

My kindest, best wishes attend all your truly amiable family; may Heaven prolong your valuable life for the good of others, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Madam,

Your much obliged, and affectionate,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Ramsgate, Jan. 8, 1787.

Dear Madam,

If it please God, that I should be an inhabitant of this world next April, and my strength permit, I purpose my journey to my nephew; your most kind and hospitable invitation to lodge the

pilgrim on the road, is a temptation too pleasing to be resisted, but I must not depend too much on it, it is long since I passed the age of man, the Royal Psalmist gives us a melancholy description of life after that period, and I daily feel the force of it.

It gives me great pleasure to hear we are to have more of your productions soon, you are so pleasing, and so useful a writer, and make so excellent a use of the talent Heaven has bestowed on you, that you should never be long dormant. Now as the poorest little insect may occasionally be of some use, give me leave to offer you a hint or two.

Do you not think a spinning wheel would be particularly beneficial in sea port towns, in most of them there are great numbers of poor children, some few indeed are put to school, but the greatest number pass their childhood in rags and idleness, having no employment but mischief until they are old enough to go to sea, they are then launched into life, totally ignorant of their duty to God and man. Is not this the cause that the British sailors, though very brave, indeed are very profligate, profane, and immoral?

Second hint. The inhabitants of almost every parish complain of the high rates of their poor sesses: if they would be at the expence of erecting one of the ingenious Mr. Barton's wheels in every parish, would they not soon find their account in it; for if the poor children earn but 2d. or 3d. a day each,

it would be an object at the year's end, sufficient to clothe them, or at least to find them in linen; they can never want work, as spinning can never be out of fashion, and in the sea port towns spinning coarse thread for sails would be a continual employment for them.

I have spun out this scrawl to a good length, if my dear Madam, you have patience to read it through, I must beg the favour of you to put it in the fire, as I hope you do all my other scrawls, for really I am not fit to correspond, quite superannuated, but my zeal for the cause, and your unbounded goodness will I hope plead excuse for the defects of dear Madam,

Your affectionate, humble servant,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

*Abergavenny, Monmouthshire,
Feb, 24, 1787.*

Dear Madam.

I thank God we got safe to our journey's end without the least accident, and found the two servants at the inn, where they arrived the day before; the roads in general good, but in some places tremendous, at least to me, who for a long time past have travelled only by my fire side.

I could not pass through Ross without visiting the tomb of the excellent Man of Ross, and when I walked over his grave, I thought of you. I there heard an instance of gratitude, which charmed me; a poor boy educated in the charity school there, being industrious, was successful in life, and dying a few months ago, left a noble benefaction of £200. a year for a charity school there; so they have a second Man of Ross.

This is a small ill built town, the lodgings bad, and very dear; but the country romantic and pleasant. I expected in a town so remote from the capital, and surrounded with mountains, to find the inhabitants plain and simple, and rather in the pastoral style, but it is not so, they are as attentive to the modes of dress as in London, and have a succession of assemblies, routs, and card parties; thus engaged in these little scenes of fugitive pleasures, life insensibly glides away. Here are no Sunday Schools, and sure in no place are they more wanted; it is indeed grievous to see the poor neglected ragged children; the minister has great property of his own, besides good preferment. What an important office is that of a parish priest! and how delightful to a good man to lead his little flock to Heaven! here is but one church, the parish very large, and many very rich families. I am resolved, as soon as I can with any degree of propriety, to introduce your book; it is an excellent production, and does ho-

nour to your heart and pen, and may possibly be of great use.

Here are coal pits near the town, and one daily sees hundreds of poor little half starved horses, so unmercifully loaded that their little legs bend under them, and their unfeeling drivers, who are scarce better than savages, knocking and worrying them to death. They are remarkably cruel here to the brute creation; the children have nothing to do but mischief, and the young men very riotous.

My nephew is gone to Bristol for his wife, and his harpsichord; he is a sweet musician, judges think him a capital performer. I believe he is not long for this world, but had a fancy to try the air of these mountains, and entreated me to come with him; I could not refuse. He has taken a house here, but it will not be fit to occupy this month.

If you think, dear Madam, that a subscription for a spinning room would be proper, I will most readily give twenty guineas, as from a *person unknown*. My kindest, best respects to your amiable family, and believe me to be,

Your obedient, humble servant,

E. DENWARD.

P. S. A lamentable scrawl, I cannot see to read it.

TO THE SAME.

Abergavenny, March 26, 1787.

Dear Madam,

The favour of your's gave me great pleasure, and I was delighted with the account you gave me of the progress of Sunday Schools. I am sure it would grieve your heart to see the vast number of poor, neglected, ragged, ignorant, idle children, with which this place abounds. My heart is so warm for the promotion of Sunday Schools, that when there is the least prospect of success, I would do my utmost; but, alas, what can be done by a stranger in my humble walk of life, and in a place where there are so many opulent families. The Church is crowded with elegant dressed ladies, and many genteel equipages at the porch. They cannot avoid seeing these forlorn babes: the minister is a sensible man, but he does not seem to be much acquainted with Sunday Schools.

When I left my venerable walls, I fully intended, if it pleased God to continue my life, to return home by the end of March: some unexpected events have happened which detain me here, and will deprive me of a pleasure long expected, of a visit from Sir Richard and Lady C——, in their return from France, in April: he is one of the most benevolent of men, and delights in doing

good offices to his fellow-creatures. Having been abroad some years, he may possibly not have heard of the Sunday-schools and the spinning-wheel, both of which I am sure he will establish in —, (where he has a large estate) when they are explained to him. With this hope I have taken the liberty, dear Madam, (as I know the goodness of your heart, you will not be angry with me) to desire them to call on you, as I suppose they will make a short stay in London.

I have, with much difficulty, got so far in my scrawl, and have enclosed what I mentioned; for if the subscription does not take place for a room, the children will be pleased to have linen of their own spinning.

I am often here reminded of the old adage, that “home is home;” but my nephew’s partiality to this place, and my wish to contribute to his happiness, will detain me, I fear, too long: a want of proper firmness sometimes leads us into errors; but I could not resist the importunity of a nephew, who, to all appearance, is not long for this world. My kindest, best wishes, to all your family.

Dear Madam,

Your’s, most affectionately,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Abergavenny, April 16, 1787.

Dear Madam,

You will, I fear, think me very impertinent in troubling you so often with my scrawls ; but I am anxious to tell you a piece of news : the ladies here are determined to establish a Sunday School. This good intention of their's, so happy for those poor forlorn children, is, I really believe, owing to your "*Æconomy of Charity*," which has circulated among them for some weeks past, and called forth their tenderness, which I hope now will be exerted according to their abilities, and many here have it much in their power. Even the Vicar is your convert. I hope in time the spinning-wheel will be introduced. Here is no manufactory ; the poor, who are the bulk of the inhabitants, are the most idle, ragged, and profligate people I ever saw, owing to a total neglect of education : the rising generation will have cause to bless the memory of you and Mr. Raikes. I hope in God the ladies will persevere in their present good disposition. I scarce ever take a walk without being hurt by the wanton cruelty I perceive in the children towards poor animals ; therefore, my dear Madam, I wish you would spare a few of your precious hours, in writing a few pathetic fa-

bles by way of dialogue ; for example, the poor old horse worn out with age and ill usage, entreating his unfeeling master for his past services, to give him the corner of his meadows, to rest his poor bones, and nibble a little grass ; but if that boon is denied, he entreats an easy death. The fish and poultry entreating the unthinking cook-maid, since they are doomed to die, not to put them to the torture.

The patient ass, who scarce ever finds an advocate: the butterfly, tormented by an innocent little child, who is not sensible that he hurts the poor animal: the faithful, grateful dog, who looks up with a speaking eye to man for his protection, turned out to starve, because he has lost his beauty, to make way for another, who will soon experience the same fate. A few dialogues on this plan, from your pleasing pen, I am certain will be of great service to restrain cruelty, and allure poor children to be sensible of the enormity of a vice that hardens their hearts, and leads to all manner of barbarity.

My nephew's stay here depends on circumstances ; so that it is uncertain when I can get away, but I hope it will be in a few days. My dear Madam, I hope you will excuse this wretched scrawl, and this nonsense. May the choicest blessings of Heaven attend you and your's, is the wish of your much obliged,

humble servant,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Whitchurch, May 24, 1787.

My dear Madam,

I thought before this time I should have had the pleasure of waiting on you for a few hours in my way home; but I am detained here on my nephew's account, waiting the arrival of his little boy.

We stayed at Abergavenny some days longer than we intended, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the poor children make their appearance for the first time at Church, and indeed it gave me heartfelt satisfaction. There were about eighty of them, boys and girls. What a pleasing change! many of them, who the week before were in nothing but rags, now made a decent appearance; their parents being ashamed to send them quite ragged, did their utmost, and indeed this will engage them to be industrious. Some of the ladies had helped them out, with caps, handkerchiefs, and shoes. The children were delighted, and behaved with great decency; and the Minister, to his honour, made a very good discourse on the occasion. The subscription is so very slight, that the ladies will not feel it; only a few yards of ribbon less on their hats, and so change a fantastic pleasure for a real one.

I was delighted with your account of the spinning-wheel; if it please God that I live to return to Hardies, I will build a room adjoining to the little humble school there, and place one in it. The ladies in Abergavenny talk of having one another year; your "Economy of Charity" has awakened in their minds all that benevolence which before lay dormant. Your memory, and that of the worthy Mr. Raikes, will ever be retained there with the highest respect.

I am at present in a pleasant little village called Whitchurch, near Ross, in Herefordshire; how long I continue here depends upon my nephew's affairs: from the inhabitants I receive many civilities pleasing to a stranger. That every happiness may attend you and all your family, is, dear Madam, the sincere wish of,

Your's, most affectionately,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Soho Square, June 5, 1787.

My dear Madam,

My brother and niece going a tour into Yorkshire, wished me to be of their party: I hurried up to London on that account, and we are to set off to morrow morning. I much wished to wait on you, and all your amiable family, for whom I

have a great affection; but the shortness of my stay would not permit me that satisfaction: however, I shall hope to see you at my return.

I have a hundred things to say and to consult you about; indeed, my dear friend, I am quite sorry time will not permit me to wait on you, or my eyes to add a word more, than I am most affectionately your's,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, Sept. 4, 1787.

Dear Madam,

I was very much delighted with the account you gave me of the King and Queen's approbation of the wheel, and their condescending and truly benevolent behaviour to the poor little children: they surely will never forget the happy day. I was with you in idea at the time I thought you were all assembled at Kew, and heartily wished success to the wheel.

You are excessively kind, in bestowing a few moments on me, moments which are so precious to you, and which you so wisely employ.

Sir Richard and lady C—— are now at their seat in ——, where he is very attentive to Sunday Schools. They were very sorry it was not in their power to wait on you, their stay in London

being so short. My kindest, best regards, to all your amiable family, and believe me to be,

Your much obliged

And affectionate Servant,

E. DENWARD.

P. S. Thank God I got safe home; I made two days of it, for I find I am not so good a traveller as I was fifty years ago. My compliments, if you please, to the good old gentleman your father-in-law.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 13, 1787.

Dear Madam,

I have left Hardies Court, and am at present at my brother's, in Soho Square, where it will give great pleasure to my niece and to me to see you. I propose going soon to Kensington, and to wait on you.

When you write to good Mr. Raikes, please to present my respectful compliments, and tell him, that in passing through Gloucester, I waited on him; he was from home, but I took the liberty of leaving five guineas for the poor children at Abergavenny, and shall be much obliged to him if he will send it to Mrs. Page, at Dr. Tudor's, in Abergavenny,

to be disposed of as that lady thinks proper among the Sunday scholars.

Your's, dear Madam,

Most affectionately,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 8, 1787.

Dear Madam,

I hope I shall soon be able to wait on you, not only to enjoy the pleasure it always gives me to see you, but to explain the reason of my leaving Kensington so suddenly, as not to wait on you, which at present has the appearance of want of attention: I should be very sorry to be guilty of the least shadow of disrespect to a character I so highly and so justly esteem.

I forget whether I told you that Sir Richard and Lady C—— passed a few days at Hardies Court, in their way to France: they lamented that it was not in their power to wait on you, but they made no stay in London, so they must defer the pleasure of waiting on you to a future day. He mentioned not a word of the lottery tickets; and as the balance was in my favour, I thought it would be impolite in me to mention it. As I paid 30l. for the ticket, that 10l. you see is mine, and the

best way of disposing of it will certainly be to lay it out on the poor children this approaching Christmas, in the manner you think proper, and then I am sure it will be right.

I am, dear Madam,

Your's, most affectionately,

E. DENWARD.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, Feb. 7, 1788.

Dear Madam,

My eyes are very dim, every thing is in a mist; but I could not resist scrawling out my thanks to you for your very kind and comfortable letter. I have at the best but weak spirits, and my nephew's misfortunes and disorder have affected me much: I ever had a maternal affection for him. Great affections are great afflictions; but for all that I should be very sorry to have the disposition of a Stoic. Things may come round again; we must do what we hope is for the best, and leave the event to Heaven.

I find a heart-felt satisfaction in the reformation of the poor children here since the establishment of this little humble school. There was a time when they were ragged, idle, ignorant, and full of mischief: now they are orderly, decent, and well

behaved, and attend their master twice a day to divine service on a Sunday. The churches are two miles from each other, and they sing Psalms and Hymns admirably well. When the afternoon service is over, there is a good fire in the school room; and the master and mistress, to their credit, give their time the rest of the day to instruct all children who are disposed to come from the neighbouring parishes, to read, and sing Psalms and Hymns; so that the Sundays are spent innocently and pleasantly, and I hope profitably: indeed they all seem to think so, finding by experience, that Religion and Virtue produce the truest pleasure.

Your Family Magazine is an excellent plan; I shall constantly send for it, and have it read in this little school. I am highly obliged to you for what you sent to these poor little ones. It is not yet come to hand, but may be at Canterbury, as I send but once a week. I shall be very glad of the machine for garters. What an excellent man is the good Bishop of London: I hope in God his truly christian and benevolent example will have due weight.

I can compare myself only to an old snail, that lies dormant in a crack of an old ruined wall, during the winter season; and in the spring, when the glorious sun revives all nature, she leaves her unenvied habitation, and glides forth to partake of the fruits of the earth; so if it please God that I live to the spring, you may see the snail glide

to Brentford, where she has been so kindly invited.

My kindest regards and good wishes ever attend all your fire side, not forgetting the good old gentleman.

Your's, most affectionately,

Dear Madam,

E. DENWARD.

P. S. My poor old dog, who is totally blind, was in extacies of joy when she heard my voice. She ranges the house, being used to it; but whenever she is strayed out of her knowledge, she stands still and barks until some one comes to her assistance.

I hope you will excuse my freedom. Suppose you fill a few pages of your useful Magazine on Agriculture, Gardening, Planting, Cattle, &c. particularly the noble horse, and the useful and patient ass, animals of so much real service to us, and so greatly injured! If the owner of these animals can once be convinced that it is for his *own* interest to use them well, it may have more weight than any other argument.

TO THE SAME.

Hardies Court, March 1, 1788.

Dear Madam,

I have been favoured with both your parcels, and am highly obliged to you for your kind present to the poor children and me: I can, without flattery, say you have made us all wiser and better, and consequently happier. I am much pleased with your Magazine; it was a happy thought in you; your plan is such as will make it particularly useful in remote villages. Your humility in asking for some hints from me, may, I fear, make me impertinent: it puts me in mind of a gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, long since dead: he was a very good and wise man, and would ask advice in matters of moment, not only of his friends, but of his menial servants, and call up his coachman, his groom, &c. separately, for he said he had from the most uncultivated minds, and the meanest capacities, received hints which had not occurred to him. In that light only I may now and then venture to give you a hint. Your "Servant's Friend" was so much approved, and has been of so much service, that I wish you would be the cottager's friend, and fill a few pages with rurul œconomy. One often sees the ground about a cottage dreary and barren, and the eye pre-

sented with nothing but weeds and broken hedges, a sure indication that distress and poverty inhabit these forlorn walls: now this we must not always impute to laziness, but to ignorance, books of agriculture and gardening being out of the reach of the poor, and no kind neighbour to instruct; for who would endure hunger and poverty when they might so easily and so honestly enjoy plenty and comfort. I really think two acres of land, well and properly cultivated, would almost entirely support a man, his wife, and three or four children. From such a space they might have great plenty of vegetables, and a hemp ground. The rubbishy potatoes and other leavings would support a hog or two, besides apple trees and rows of gooseberries and currants, not forgetting that sweet little chemist, the bee, who I wonder is not more encouraged here, as bees are very profitable, very pleasant, take up but little space and little expence to keep; but I must stop my pen, or you will have cause to think me as troublesome a correspondent as Obadiah Prim.

I rejoice that you intend to take up your pen in favour of those much injured Africans. Sure now those scenes of cruelty are come to light, they will never more be permitted to go on. To hear of so many thousand immortal souls being annually sacrificed, that a few individuals may abound in riches, strikes me with horror. Wealth gained by oppression and cruelty can never carry a blessing with it, or give pleasure to the possessor! They

regard not the royal Psalmist when he says, "a small thing which the righteous hath, is better than great riches of the ungodly." In an old Review that was read to me the other day, there is a sweet pathetic letter from Sterne to an African, for Nov. 1775, No. V. of Vol. LIII. My best wishes ever attend you, and I am,

Dear Madam,

Most affectionately your's,

E. DENWARD.

The letters from this period are none of them in the hand-writing of Mrs. Denward, her eye-sight soon after the writing of the last letter failing entirely; but she continued her regard and affection towards Mrs. Trimmer, and kept up from time to time some intercourse with her till her death, which happened in 1806, at the advanced age of 96.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Brentford, April 19, 1787.

Dear Madam,

It has long been my wish to entreat your acceptance of the little works to the publication of which you were instrumental; but I was restrained by the fear, that they were too trifling for your acceptance. However, I have at last summoned up

courage enough to send them, accompanied by an address to ladies, which is honoured by the patronage of her Majesty.

Your benevolence, Madam, will be gratified, when I inform you, that the letter you were so kind as to convey to me from Mrs. Denward, has been the mean of procuring *me* a most valuable friend, and the *poor* of this town a liberal benefactress. By Mrs. Denward's bounty, I have been enabled to establish such Schools of Industry as are mentioned in the *Æconomy of Charity*; and have every reason to expect, that they will shortly support themselves, and yield a surplus for clothing the girls, forty of whom are now constantly employed.

I was in hopes of having the happiness of seeing you yesterday, but flatter myself, that through the kindness of Lady Charlotte Finch, or Mrs. Newton, I shall very soon have the honour of being introduced to a personal acquaintance with a lady, whose character and writings I so highly esteem.

I am, Madam,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Chapel Street, April 20, 1787.

Dear Madam,

The very valuable and obliging present, which I had the pleasure of receiving from you yesterday, demands my sincerest thanks. The very respectable application of your talents, and your uncommon usefulness to society, renders such a mark of your attention a real honour. I dare not arrogate the flattering character in which I have been represented to you as “practised in every branch of charity.” I too well know my own deficiencies and want of activity in this point: and can claim nothing more than the honest joy which I feel in every instance of the excellency of others. It is some consolation, under the mortifying sense of my own insignificance, if I have been in any degree instrumental in procuring any assistance to your benevolent designs, by the friendship of Mrs. Denward.

It will give me a very great pleasure whenever Lady Charlotte Finch, or Mrs. Newton, will have the goodness to procure me a meeting with you.

I beg the divine blessing on your most noble exertions, for the virtue and happiness of your fellow-creatures; and am, with the most perfect esteem,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged,

And faithful, humble Servant,

E. CARTER.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1789.



Jan. 2. From the best retrospect I can take of the last year, I think it has been, upon the whole, one of the happiest of my life. We have been blessed with prosperity, and I humbly trust I have made some progress in Christian duties: at least I can say, that I have less attachment to this world, and more ardent desires after the next than ever. It is my greatest delight to do the will of my heavenly Father; but, alas, I am subject to great infirmities!

Jan. 11. I have this week been sadly perplexed with dispensing a gift to the poor*: it hurts me to refuse assistance to the indigent; and were I furnished with the means of relieving them, not one should go away empty; but the multitudes

* The gifts here alluded to were parish gifts, entrusted to the distribution of Mrs. Trimmer, by the respectable Vicar of Ealing, the Rev. Mr. Sturgess, of whom future mention will be made.

that apply to me for relief is a burden too heavy for me to sustain. O Lord, be graciously pleased to increase my power, and I will pursue the delightful task with renewed vigour. My heart feels for the misery, which has sought to me for succour; O that I could effectually redress it! O that I could feed all the hungry that ask of me their bread! that I could make the hearts of all my miserable fellow-creatures to sing for joy!

— — — — —

The following letter proved the mean of introducing to the acquaintance of Mrs. Trimmer a most amiable and agreeable lady, with whom she had occasionally intercourse, both personally and by letter. Mrs. G——— always treated Mrs. Trimmer with the same marked and delicate attention expressed in this letter; and when in affliction, looked up to her as better able than any other earthly friend to administer comfort to her.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

London, Feb. 22, 1787.

Madam,

Before I enter upon the important matter that suggests this address to you, permit me to

say, that I am an entire stranger to your situation in life; and if my wishes respecting you should in any degree derogate from your station and circumstances, I shall extremely regret having offered any thing like a slight, where my feelings would dictate the highest respect. In short, Madam, the benevolence and uncommon abilities so conspicuously displayed in your labours to serve that part of your species, which of all others are the most helpless, naturally led me to look up to you in the present distress of a most valued friend. Not many days since the hand of death deprived him of a much loved wife, who has left him five lovely infants, the eldest six years old, the youngest six weeks. As four of them are girls, and their ages much too tender to receive any instruction from under his roof, were he even a friend to boarding-schools, which he is not, he can form no plan that promises them so much advantage as the putting them under the care of an elegant, accomplished woman, not younger than forty, who will likewise undertake the management of his family; one who is well acquainted with the world, but who is not so much attached to it, but that she could relinquish its allurements, and dedicate her time to the forming the minds and manners of his children. He would think himself most happy in finding such a character, either in a single woman, or the wife of a married clergyman, who could at the same time instruct his son in every thing his years may admit of.

The gentleman's fortune enables him amply to reward the person that shall undertake the important trust; and as the having it properly performed is the first object of his life, his inclination to render their situation in every respect agreeable, would at least keep pace with his power.

He has at present a house in town, but as it has been the scene of all his sorrows, he is determined to quit it, and take one within such a distance of the metropolis, as will admit of the attendance of such masters as may be necessary for his children.

The opinion I have formed of your mind and principles, Madam, I must confess inclines me very earnestly to hope, that *you* may find yourself so circumstanced as to make it eligible for *you* to become the guardian of these little innocents: if not, I have only to entreat your pardon for the errors of my wishes, which have arisen from an entire ignorance of every thing relating to you, except your works, for which the world are so much indebted, and for which I, as a mother, gladly pay my tribute of gratitude.

Should this offer be incompatible with your plans, it is possible the circle of your acquaintance may afford such a character as I have named. Your pointing it out would be esteemed a singular favour by me, and I trust you would at the same time render an essential service to your friend.

I flatter myself that this address, though without a name, will not be disregarded by you, but

that you will have the goodness to return as speedy an answer as suits your convenience, directed to ———, at Mr. ———, Greek Street, Soho; and should your answer meet my wishes, you shall hear immediately from your sincere, though unknown,

ADMIRER, M. G.

TO MRS. G——.

Madam,

I would not, even for a single hour, have deferred answering your obliging letter, but that I hoped by taking a little time to consider and inquire, I might be able to do it with some degree of satisfaction. Believe me, Madam, my heart is most sensibly affected with your account of the sorrows of your friend, and the misfortune of his beloved family, and it would give me inexpressible pleasure to be instrumental to his comfort, by procuring for them such a guardian as their tender years require. Many women much more elegantly accomplished than I can pretend to be, would joyfully embrace so advantageous an offer, as for myself, I must decline it; having not only a beloved husband to attach me to my own home, but ten good children, for whose instruction I first became an author, and it has pleased God to bless us with the means of supporting them. But though I am not in a situation that makes it necessary for me

to seek a provision, I esteem it a great obligation that you should think me worthy of so important a trust. Far from viewing your proposal, Madam, in a degrading and humiliating light, I consider the compliment paid to my understanding, and principles by a lady of such delicate and refined sentiments, as the most honourable distinction which could be conferred on me, and hope to be indulged with a knowledge of the person to whom that gratitude is due, which my heart so sensibly feels.

It is probable, Madam, that your rank in life may be such, that an invitation to my humble dwelling would be indecorous; but if I may not solicit the honour of seeing you at Brentford, I flatter myself you will allow me to pay my personal respects to you, at your own house; in the mean time I will make all possible enquiry among my friends, and should I be so fortunate as to hear of any person properly qualified, and worthy of confidence, I will immediately inform you of my success. You have undertaken a most benevolent office, Madam, and I trust that divine Providence will prosper your endeavours, and support the mind of your afflicted friend under the heavy calamity which has befallen him.

I cannot conclude without expressing the high satisfaction I have in the favourable opinion you are pleased to express of my writings. Happy to an uncommon degree in my own children, I regard it a debt which I owe to society, to contri-

bute my best endeavours to the instruction of others, and find a most pleasing reward of my labours, in the approbation of the worthy and the good. I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your obliged, and obedient servant,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Dec. 12, 1787.

Madam,

By the neglect of the person to whose house your favour of the 30th of November was addressed ; I had not the pleasure of receiving it till a few days ago. It was then necessary for me to communicate its kind contents to the friend who was the chief object of them. His being in London, has occasioned an additional delay in my replying to you, Madam, and greatly increased my uneasiness, in being obliged to appear regardless of the benevolent attentions of one, to whom I feel so infinitely indebted. Happy should I have been, could my friend have availed himself of your recommendation, as I think, the lady you mention would in all probability have come nearer the

character he is in search of, than any he has yet met with ; but though the lady under whose care his children are at present placed, does not approach that standard of *human perfection*, which he has erected in his own mind, and which he conceives he *once possessed*. Yet, her unfitness for the station she fills, is not such as to justify his dismissing her without some more substantial reasons than he has to urge. He must, therefore, decline your friendly offer at present, but is deeply sensible of your goodness to him, and his helpless family.

It is impossible for me to express the gratitude I feel for your indulgence to me, in pardoning the liberty I have taken, in intruding on your feelings, a tale of woe, that deeply afflicted me. I will confess, Madam, that your heart appeared to me a proper receptacle for such a deposit, and your abilities and judgment promised me that relief I stood in need of. The humane interest you have taken in my distress, convinces me I have not been deceived in my opinion, and I flatter myself that the *knowledge* of the person, who has used this freedom with you, will not deprive her of that esteem, with which you at present honour her.

Whenever the Parliament meets after Christmas, I shall return to London, and hope I may then be permitted, personally to express my gratitude, and to request the happiness of adding to

your acquaintance, and to the number of those who respect, and emulate your virtues, the name of,

Your most obliged,

M. G——.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 22, 1789.

Dear Madam,

It is indeed a high gratification to me to find that I still live in your remembrance, and that I have not (by a silence which must appear very extraordinary to you) forfeited that share of your esteem, which I so much value. To give you *all* my reasons, for not availing myself of your permission to write to you, would be entering into a detail of many anxious and distressing circumstances, which I have experienced since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and occupying a greater share of your time and attention, than I feel myself entitled to do. I shall only at present say, that a little before Christmas I was suddenly called to London, to attend Mr. G——, who had gone thither on his parliamentary duty, with an intention of returning to me in ———— for the holidays. I found him in a very alarming situation; but, in the course of three or four weeks, he was so much better, as to

be able to bear a journey hither, where he has, thank God, recovered daily, and as we have staid the usual time of drinking the waters, (that is, six weeks) we now think of returning home, and hope to reach town on Saturday or Sunday. It is, I flatter myself, unnecessary for me to say, how happy I shall be to receive a visit from you, whenever it is convenient to you to give me that pleasure.

I am truly sorry that your domestic comfort has received any interruption, from the illness of your family.

The winter has been remarkably severe upon invalids; I have experienced its effects upon my weak frame, but these waters have set the machine in motion again, and I trust I shall have some months of tolerable health. The recovery of our much loved Sovereign must fill every good mind with the most lively gratitude to the Supreme Author of all good! What a lesson does his Majesty's illness hold out to the vain part of mankind! but, alas, I fear, the admonition will lose its effects where it is most necessary.

You took so kind a share in the distresses of that friend, to whom I am indebted for the happiness of your acquaintance; that I am sure you will sympathize very sincerely with him in the afflicting loss he has just sustained of his only son, a lovely child of about eight years old, of the most angelic disposition. He died of the measles a few days ago: his four sisters have recovered, not-

withstanding the youngest was under inoculation at the time. This sad event very much imbitters my prospects in going to town. I dread to see him, for I know this child had such hold of his heart; that I think he can scarce sustain the loss. I ought to beg pardon for wounding your feelings with my sorrows, but I know you will forgive me.

I beg to offer my kind compliments to that part of your family, which I have the pleasure of being known to, and be assured, that every connection which is dear to you, partakes of the good wishes and esteem of,

Your grateful, and

Affectionate friend,

M. G——.

TO THE SAME.

March 12, 1791.

My dear Madam,

It is impossible for me to tell you how much I have been relieved by your kind letter. Conscious of the strange light in which I must appear to you, I had given up every hope of your retaining one kind idea of me. The painfulness of this reflection you cannot judge of, unless it were possible for you to look into my mind, and to know the high estimation in which I hold your good opinion, and how much I had prided myself in

possessing a share of it. To find that I am still an object of your recollection, and attention, has indeed gratified me greatly, and given a degree of comfort to my mind which it has not experienced for some time.

To account for my seeming neglect of so valuable a friend, I can only at present say, that a succession of painful duties have distracted my mind and engrossed my time, with very little intermission, since I had the happiness of seeing you. I was obliged to take two journeys to the sea with my daughter; since which she has had the jaundice. A much loved and only brother, has been two months in a very dangerous state; and, only last Saturday, I had the dreadful expectation of losing Mr. G——. He had a sudden nervous attack, which, Dr. Turton, was of opinion, must end in a paralytic stroke: but thank God! my anxieties on that head, are for the present removed.

I long to converse with you, and to hear the particulars of your uneasiness, which, I am truly sorry to find, has been of so serious a nature.

It will be a very great indulgence to my daughter and me, to pass a day with you, but I fear it cannot be before Easter. If Mr. G——'s health will permit, he will go into the country for a fortnight at that time, and I shall then feel myself quite at liberty, and I assure you the first, and

most agreeable use I can make of it, will be to wait upon you.

I am obliged to conclude sooner than I intended, I beg my best respects to Mr. Trimmer, and the rest of your family, and that you will believe me with the most perfect and unalterable esteem;

Your affectionate, and

Obliged friend,

M. G——.

The annexed letter is introduced in order to shew with what humility Mrs. Trimmer attended to any errors pointed out to her, in her books, and with what readiness she made such alterations as were reasonable.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MOORE.

Rev. Sir,

If I could possibly have found leisure to write to you, your obliging letter of the 23d. of Feb. should not have remained so long unanswered, but my avocations and correspondences are become so very numerous, that I am often under the necessity of appearing for a while neglectful of persons whom I truly esteem.

I am much pleased that my humble performances appear deserving of your good opinion, and

am very sorry any part of them has drawn your censure upon me. You do me but justice in supposing, that I entertain the highest veneration for the *Laws of God*. I assure you, I would not *myself*, willingly break them for any consideration. But, my good Sir, such is the present state of the world, that many poor creatures near London especially, *must* work on Sundays, or lose their weekly bread. I apprehend their case to be somewhat similar to those, who are in a country of *Heathens*, and who are like David, *constrained to dwell with Mesech, and have their habitation among the tents of Kadish*; and I still think, that such persons may *sanctify* their work in some degree by the method I recommended through Farmer Simpkins. Our merciful God, accepts of the best services in our power to offer, and will I doubt not admit the homage of the heart, where that of the body is not practicable. I hope to live to see the day, when the change of the market day, from Monday till Tuesday, shall preclude the necessity of robbing the poor of their most valuable privilege; that of keeping the Sabbath-day holy, agreeably to the divine institution. The crime in the case above alluded to, seems to me to be chargeable to the master, not to the workman. However that I may not, by allowing too great a latitude, give offence to any serious Christian; I will when a new edition of the *Farmers* is called for (which I expect very soon) endeavour to make a proper alteration; the great and unexpected at-

tention, which these little books have met with, call upon me to use my utmost efforts to render them as unexceptionable as possible.

I remain, Rev. Sir,

Your obliged,

Humble servant,

S. TRIMMER.

The Rev. Sir Richard Kaye, some time Dean of Lincoln, the writer of the following letter, was one of the earliest promoters of Sunday Schools, and indefatigable in the establishment of them.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

*St. James's Hotel, Jermyn-Street,
Jan. 18, 1788.*

My dear Madam,

I should have returned the enclosed valuable MSS. much sooner, if I had not been in hopes of delivering them into your own hands; but a succession of business and illness prevented me from returning to town last year, and I am only here at present for a couple of days. I am even precluded from paying my duty at St. James's, by some remains of gout; but have employed the day on objects not altogether foreign to the atten-

tion due to it, in revising the enclosed, and in writing to you and Mr. Raikes, on a subject which possesses her Majesty's approbation.

I must beg you will persevere in the idea of completing, and as soon as possible, the enclosed plan. The judicious simplicity of which, I am persuaded, will fully answer the excellent end you propose; and I wish to consult you on the subjects of rewards, which seems the most difficult line we have to take, in the management of our schools.

Lord Guilford, who has established Sunday Schools in his parishes, in Bedfordshire and Kent; desired to have my opinion, as to the best mode of distribution, but I told him I must consult you, and Mr. Raikes, before I could form my own decision satisfactorily. I have had several other letters on the same subject.

You will I am sure have pleasure in knowing that the seven principal towns in Nottinghamshire, Nottingham, Newark, Mansfield, Shetford, Tuxford, Worksop, and Southwell, have established Sundays Schools with great liberality and zeal; and several of the smaller parishes have followed their examples: I really consider these schools as the most important archdeaconal charge I have, and I must beg you will be my coadjutress, from time to time, in regulating and animating it. During my residence for the last half year at Southwell, I visited one school each Sunday, and all the schools

returned my visits, and eat buns with me on Christmas Day.

The inhabitants express a very grateful sense of the effects already produced in the manners of the people, and I have similar accounts from the several other towns in which they have been established.

I shall only add that I think myself much favoured, with the confidential communication of the enclosed, and am, with a very cordial regard for yourself and family.

My dear Madam,

Your most faithful, and

Obliged humble servant,

R. D. KAYE.

TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON*.

Brentford, July 11, 1788.

My Lord,

The condescending notice with which you were pleased to honour me at the late confirmation at Isleworth, and your very obliging commendations of my humble labours, have convinced me, that you do not think any publications beneath your attention, that have for their object the in-

terests of Religion and morality. Under this conviction, I presume to offer to your Lordship's acceptance, two little books, which were composed with a view, of leading the lower classes of children towards a more comprehensive knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity, than is in general thought necessary for them; but which appears to me highly requisite, to perpetuate the benefit of Sunday School tuition, and prevent their being corrupted by infidels, or misled by enthusiasts. I shall be very happy if my plan meets with your Lordship's approbation, and have no doubt of your making every candid allowance for my defects in the execution of it. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, most

Obedient, humble servant,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Fulham-House, Aug. 6, 1788.

Madam,

I return you many thanks for your two books, and the obliging letter, which accompanied them. There cannot be a more useful and important

object, than that of endeavouring to render religious instruction, easy, intelligent, and pleasant, to young minds. It is a work of much greater difficulty than is generally imagined; and I know no one that has succeeded in it so well as yourself. From the specimens I have already seen of your talents, in this species of composition, I have no doubt but the books you have sent me are excellently well adapted to the benevolent purposes you have in view; and I shall strongly recommend them to the schools we have lately established in this place.

I am, Madam,

Your obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

B. LONDON.

TO THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Brentford, April 25, 1789.

My Lord,

After having been honoured with such repeated proofs of your condescension to my humble labours, I will not take up your time with apologies for presuming to offer to your acceptance,

another literary trifle, but shall beg leave to acquaint your Lordship, that in composing it, I had the great cause of *orthodox Christianity* in view. Dr. Watts's Divine Songs for children, though he was a Dissenter from the Established Church, are admirably adapted to this end; and I believe, they are more widely dispersed, than any other book in the English language, excepting Bibles and Prayer Books. They are the delight of all children, and approved by Christian parents of every denomination. On these accounts, the *Unitarians* have seized the book as a vehicle for conveying their erroneous doctrines. They pretend that the good Doctor died a Unitarian, and under this pretence have published successive editions of this favourite book, from which they not only exclude every expression that ascribes *Divinity* to the *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*, but substitute others calculated to lead the young mind astray from the paths of truth.

To counteract the evil effects which may arise from such publications appears to me an *important concern*, and was the motive which induced me to attempt securing a preference to Dr. Watts's *own work*, by making it thoroughly understood.

I requested my good friend, Mr. Sturges, to present my thanks to your Lordship for the very obliging letter, you did me the honour to write sometime ago, which I should have answered had I

not been scrupulous of intruding too much on your
kind indulgence. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's,

Most obliged, and

Obedient servant,

S. TRIMMER.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1790.

Jan. 1. The various employments to which I find it necessary to attend, so entirely occupy my time, that I cannot keep a regular Journal. I could wish to note the minutes as they pass, and correct from day to day what has been amiss; but this is impossible. Let me, however, take a retrospect of the last year; thanks to Almighty goodness, it has been a prosperous, and upon the whole a happy one, and I trust, I have made some progress in Christian virtue; but alas! I still fall greatly short of what many have attained to; but I resolve for the time to come to use my best endeavours to do the will of my heavenly Father; to honour my blessed Redeemer, and to obey the dictates of the holy Spirit. Every day's experience convinces me more and more, that there is an over-ruling Providence. I have been led to see it in numberless instances, both in my own

family, and in public occurrences. I have the most lively faith in all the revelations of divine things contained in the holy Scriptures; and clearly see the necessity of divine grace, and the fallibility of human reason. I as firmly believe in all that is revealed concerning a future state, as if I beheld these glorious things with my eyes, and I acknowledge the infinite goodness of God, in revealing them. I esteem above all that this world can give, the high prize which is set before me, I contemplate with love inexpressible, the goodness of my Saviour in dying for mankind, and I trust in his merits alone for Salvation.

O Almighty Father, I am now brought by thy good Providence to the beginning of another year; before I proceed to act in worldly affairs, let me with a grateful thankful heart, acknowledge thy bountiful goodness in that which is past. O Lord, how greatly hast thou provided for our temporal wants; how merciful hast thou been to our spiritual necessities. Lord, I bless thy holy name, for the share of health thou hast afforded to me, and my dear family, for the success thou hast been pleased to give to the industry of my dear husband and sons, for the blessing thou hast given to my humble labours for the instruction of my fellow creatures, and for every other instance of thy loving kindness to me, and all who are near and dear to me.

Lord Jesus, my adorable, my divine Lord and Saviour, whom my soul honours with the highest

veneration, accept I beseech thee my unfeigned thanksgiving for thine infinite love and compassion to sinful men, and for thy tender pity shown to myself, in particular, in numberless instances. O Lord, when I cried unto thee for help, thou didst lend a gracious ear to my humble petitions.

O blessed Lord, it is my desire to follow thy divine example, as far as the infirmities of human nature will permit, and to continue thy faithful disciple till death. Thou knowest that I put not my trust in any thing that I do, my reliance for mercy, my hopes of eternal life, are founded on thy merits. O Lord, keep me thine evermore ! O hear thou in Heaven thy dwelling place, reject not my humble petitions ; Lord, I desire to devote to thy service a large portion of my time ; not for the indulgence of vain desires do I covet leisure ; but I ardently wish to maintain thine honour in this degenerate age, and to teach the rising generation to know thee as thou art. Lord, I am also desirous to turn the hearts of my poor neighbours towards the ordinances of my God ! I am jealous for the honour of thy house. O Lord, guide, direct, and bless me in these pursuits ! without thee I can do nothing. It is thou, O Lord, who hast inclined the poor to attend to my remonstrance. Thou alone who canst awaken them from sin. O Lord, now that these scattered sheep, are collected and brought to thy flock, let not Satan pluck them out of our hands.

O adorable Saviour, receive my petitions, also in behalf of my own dear family. Grant my dear husband health, and every other temporal blessing, and guide him in the way of holiness by thy good Spirit. May he encrease in faith and knowledge, and may we after a life of piety and charity, dwell together in thy heavenly kingdom. O Lord, bless my dear children, preserve from the dangerous allurements of this world, him who is now about to leave the paternal roof; and teach him to prefer things spiritual to things temporal. O divine Saviour, to thee I address my petition, for how can sinful mortals have access to an all perfect God but through a Mediator, who has himself borne their infirmities? O may these humble petitions of a contrite sinner, of a servant conscious of numberless offences, omissions, and defects, find acceptance at the throne of Grace! Merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, hear me! Leave me not to myself! O how my heart pants after heavenly wisdom—how ardently do I desire to do the will of my heavenly Father, and to promote on earth the honour of my Saviour! Lord, thou hidest thyself from those who esteem themselves wise and learned, but revealest thyself unto babes. I desire to humble myself as a little child, I submit to thy guidance!

April 23. Another chasm in my Journal! occasioned in the beginning, as I think by my fullness of employment, and since by indisposition.

April 26. I find myself better this morning, but still far from well. I trust, I shall to-morrow be able to pursue my studies. O blessed Lord, praised and adored be thou for all thy mercies bestowed upon me, particularly for those of the day past. Grant me a quiet and comfortable night, and if it be thy good pleasure, raise me up in health to-morrow, that I may pursue my delightful task. O Lord, I am very sensible, that in respect to thee, I am an unprofitable servant, and that thou couldst raise up others more capable than myself of benefiting their fellow creatures; yet as thou hast been pleased to bless my weak endeavours so far as to make them in some sort useful, I humbly entreat thee not to take the talent from me. Lord, I would willingly improve it to the utmost. I would not be a slothful servant. I am desirous that whenever my Divine Master comes, I may be found watching, and doing my duty. All the trivial pleasures of the world I would gladly resign, to employ my portion of time in asserting the honour of my Saviour. O blessed Jesus, strengthen me for this purpose.

I will trust in the Lord, and do good, so may I expect him to bless me with all things necessary for the sustenance of this mortal life. I delight in the Lord; I prefer the pleasures of religion to all that this world can give. I aspire after heavenly joys. The Lord, if I faint not, will grant the desire of my heart. I commit my ways unto the Lord, with firm trust and confidence, that he will

order all things for my eternal welfare, and am full of hope, for my confidence is not in vain.

The Lord knoweth the way of the upright, and hath provided an eternal inheritance for them. They shall not be ashamed when they stand before his Judgment Seat at the last awful day. O Lord, hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not ! I am desirous to depart from evil, and to do good evermore. Teach my mouth to speak wisdom, and my tongue to talk of thy judgments that I may instruct the poor and ignorant. O Lord, thou art my Salvation, thou art my help in time of trouble.

May 6. Thanks to Almighty goodness, I have had another comfortable day, and have been able to pursue my work with pleasure and alacrity. I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, I will shew forth thy marvellous loving kindness. I will be glad and rejoice unto thee, O thou most highest ; I will endeavour to walk uprightly, and to work righteousness ; I will speak the truth from my heart. I will not backbite with my tongue, I will not do evil to my neighbour, or take up a reproach against him, I will shun the company of wicked persons, and honour them that fear thee ; I will perform my vows and promises even to my prejudice. O Lord, grant me thy grace to keep these resolutions, then shall I abide in thy Tabernacle, I shall be safe under thy protection, I shall dwell in Heaven with thee hereafter !

Psalm 18. I will love thee, O Lord, my strength:

The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer. The sorrows of death compassed me. In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me out of his holy Temple; my cry came unto him, even unto his ears. He sent from above, he took me out of many waters; not for my righteousness, but for his mercy's sake hath he preserved me. I will henceforth strive to keep the ways of the Lord; I will not willingly depart from my God; I will keep his judgments before me; I will not put his statutes from me; I will endeavour to keep from iniquity, then will the Lord light my candle. He will enlighten my darkness. As for God, his way is perfect; he is a buckler to all those who trust in him.

O Lord, I will lay me down and sleep, and take my rest, for it is thou only that canst keep me and mine in safety, which I trust thou wilt do.

I close the week with thanksgiving for all thy mercies. A joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

May 10. I have had a quiet comfortable night, and find myself rather better. O Lord, I render thee humble and hearty thanks for all thy mercies. Lord Jesus, help my infirmities; it is my earnest desire to submit to the guidance of thy holy Spirit, O leave me not to myself. Prosper, I beseech thee, the business I am going about, not on the physician's skill, but on thy blessing is my dependence. It is God that wounds, and he alone can heal. O speak the word, blessed Lord, and

my child will be healed, and my infirmities be removed *. O mercifully grant, that while I live I may be the instrument of thy Providence. O Lord, never would I lay my talent by in a napkin. O that I could encrease it a thousand and a thousand fold, for the benefit of my fellow creatures ! Lord, I wish, most ardently wish, to be among the number of those to whom thou wilt say, at the last day, *Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.* May I be found at thy coming with my lamp ready, and my loins girded ! O Lord, send thy blessing, I beseech thee, this day on me, my dear husband, and children. Have compassion on my dear father-in-law, and if it be thy good pleasure heal his sickness, and grant him a longer continuance with us, make his last days happy, and receive him finally into thy heavenly kingdom.

May 19. I have been very uncomfortable all day, and unable from indisposition to settle to writing, my hopes are transferred till to-morrow. O how fallacious is hope in respect to the pursuits of this life. Happy are those who have a sure foundation for it, in the promises of God respecting another world !

* During great part of this year, Mrs. Trimmer was much indisposed, and unable to pursue her studies ; this was a great source of vexation to her, as she had some works in hand, by which she hoped to improve the rising generation, and assert the honour of her Saviour, whose divinity about that time was attacked by many subtle and artful assailants.

May 20. I have as I apprehended, been unable to write to day ; it is a great mortification, but without doubt it is for the best, and my part is submission. I ought to make myself easy under every disappointment, because none can happen without the divine permission. My services are not necessary to the Almighty, he has thousands of others whom he can render more capable than I am of effecting the purpose which I have so much at heart. Yet, O merciful Saviour, reject me not. O cast me not off in displeasure !

May 23. To day is Whit Sunday, and it is my design to receive the holy Sacrament. I hope to see there, two persons whom I persuaded to go, one of them is a girl, who has been in the Sunday Schools ever since they were established. I trust, she is well acquainted with the fundamental principles of religion.

Blessed Jesus, I am this day going to thine Altar. I go as a sick person, who stands in need of relief. O heal mine infirmities, I most humbly beseech thee. Friend of my soul cast me not off. Behold how I mourn in my heart, and am vexed, because I cannot shew my love to thee as I wish to do. O that I had been of that blest number who ministered to thee during thine abode on earth : Lord look down from Heaven on me thy faithful servant.

May 24. I received the Sacrament yesterday with great comfort. I rose early this morning, but feel such a lassitude about me, that I fear I shall

not be able to write much. However I will do my best, and that will be accepted by my heavenly Father. I most ardently desire an increase of grace, and it is my resolution to follow the commands of God; but alas! however willing the spirit, the flesh is very weak.

May 25. I could not settle myself to write all day yesterday, but fortunately I had a good deal of employment with the poor in the morning, and that took off the distressing idea which torments me when I am not capable of writing, of being useless in the world, and losing a portion of that time, which it is my earnest desire to employ profitably.

June 3. Blessed Lord, with unspeakable gratitude, I beseech thee, to accept my thanksgivings for the mercies of the day past. O Lord, I acknowledge myself to be unworthy of the least of all thy favours; the longer I live, and the more I study thy holy word, the more sensible I become of my own deficiencies. O let *humility* be accepted instead of *merit* for my dear Redeemer's sake. Lord Jesus, vouchsafe to accept my humble services. Enable me, I beseech thee, to propagate thy Gospel in some degree. To prove myself thy faithful disciple, is the highest honour I aspire to, but I am a poor, weak, imperfect creature: let me never forget my infirmities, neither let me forget that I am of that sex which ought to be subordinate to those whom thou hast placed at the head of the creation in this world. I cannot

be thy *minister* ; I am content to be thy *hand-maid*. Nay, I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly.

June 4. This is the birth day of our good King. O Lord, what mercy didst thou shew to the nation in restoring him to the anxious prayers of his people? Thou hast been favourable unto our land ! The King hath rejoiced in thy strength, O Lord, exceedingly glad has he been in thy Salvation. Thou hast given him the request of his lips ; thou hast prevented him with the blessing of goodness, thou hast set his crown firmly on his head. He asked life of thee, and thou hast spared him : for the King trusted in thee, and through thy mercy he was restored to his throne. O Lord, thou wilt not suffer him to be moved. Send thy choicest blessing upon him, O merciful God.

June 6. It is an observation of Dr. Johnson's, that few people die without affectation. I cannot accord with this sentiment. I believe it is a common thing for those who have led a good life, to take pleasure in expressing the inward consolations which the holy Spirit, and the testimony of a good conscience give them ; and to desire to support a good character to the last. This surely is not to be called affectation. I often think I should like when dying, to set an example of fortitude to my friends, and to express to them, what I hope I shall then feel, the joyful expectation of seeing my dear Redeemer.

June 23. I had a very comfortable day yesterday; for notwithstanding the weather was most intensely hot, I was able to pursue my darling employment with zeal. Thanks to Almighty goodness, I think I am now restored once more to health. O may I make a proper use of this inestimable blessing, and fulfil the resolutions I have made during my illness.

O Lord, what an honour is this which I am now enjoying, holding converse as it were with my Maker! I lift up my heart to thee with humble adoration and thanksgiving, and trust thou lookest down upon me with complacency and love. O that I could fulfil the will of my heavenly Father as the angels do! May I, after this life is ended, be admitted into their blest society! May I see my Saviour! adorable Jesus! whom my soul honours with the highest veneration, accept my humble services! Enable me by thy Holy Spirit to assert thy divinity, and help me to establish thy true faith among the young and ignorant. I devote myself to thee. I desire to offer up myself to thy guidance. May thy grace, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with me, and all who are near and dear to me, this night and for ever. Let us close our eyes in peace, and rise with renewed strength to perform the duties of our respective stations.

June 25. This day, O Lord, is thine; let me not prophane it by casting a gloom over that season which thou didst design for the refreshment

both of body and mind. O may thy grace assist me to pass it properly ! I will go and instruct the poor. I will offer up my prayers and thanksgivings in the congregation. O make me joyful in thy house of prayer. Lord, I am willing to turn my foot from the path of worldly business and pleasure. I esteem the Sabbath a delight, the holy day of the Lord honourable. I wish to honour thee, my Creator and Redeemer. I desire to follow thy commandments, to find pleasure in thy service, to speak thy word. Let me delight myself in thee, for so hast thou promised !

O vouchsafe to take me, my dear husband and children, under the protection of thy good Providence while on earth, and finally, bring us all to thine everlasting kingdom in heaven. Blessed Jesus, accept my humble services, and render them effectual to the propagation of thy holy religion. Take not thine holy spirit from me !

O Lord, I am truly sensible that I am unworthy of the least of all thy favours, for I am a sinful creature, and at present a very useless one in the creation ; but thou knowest all my infirmities. Blessed Jesus, whom my soul honours with the highest veneration ; adorable Saviour, whom I love beyond the power of utterance ; look down with complacency on me, thy humble servant. O thou who lovest the humble and meek, look with compassion on me. ; Lord, I have not any high thoughts of myself. On thy merits alone I rely for pardon and happiness. Grant me thy peace.

Look with thy wonted favour upon me. Lord, if I know my own heart, I am more desirous of doing the will of my heavenly Father, and of proving myself thy true and faithful disciple, than of all the riches and honours this world can bestow. Blessed Saviour, thou knowest how firmly I believe all the truths of the gospel; how highly I value the salvation which thou hast purchased; how ardently I desire to secure the inheritance which thou hast purchased for me in thine eternal kingdom. O divine Lord, grant me while on earth a share in that peace which thou didst leave as thy last legacy for thy disciples; and call me from the grave at the last day, to join that holy train who will meet thee in the air when thou comest to judge the world in righteousness. Lord, it is my desire and most fervent wish to be guided throughout life by thy Holy Spirit. But through the corruption and weakness of my nature, I too often go astray. O henceforth hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not. O how mortifying to look back upon the last six days, and see how little has been done! Lord, if I had *strength* equal to my *zeal*, at midnight would I rise to pursue *thy work*, as I presume to call it. Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst strengthen me. Speak the word, and thy servant shall be healed! Praised and adored be my heavenly Father for the innumerable blessings bestowed upon me and my dear family in the course of the last week! Honour,

and glory, and praise, be unto the Son and Holy Ghost!

O Lord, my resolution is to endeavour to do thy blessed will, and to set a good example not only to my family, but to the world, as far as my sphere of action extends; and to excite my family in particular to serve thee truly. But what can I do towards fulfilling this resolution, if left to myself? I am a poor weak creature. To thee, O blessed Jesus, I flee for succour. Friend of my soul, vouchsafe with tender compassion to regard me, thy faithful though frail servant. O Lord, grant me fresh supplies of grace; my heart is open before thee, thou knowest all my sins and infirmities; teach *me* to know them also. O aid my endeavours to promote christianity in the world. Give thy Holy Spirit to me, and all my dear family. Grant us thy peace, that we may do our respective duties with quiet minds. My heart is now full of gratitude, hope, and confidence, too great for utterance. O Lord, confirm this trust in thy divine goodness!

July 5. Lord Jesus, benevolent, compassionate Saviour, look with pity on me, thy faithful servant. Accept the adoration of a heart devoted to thee. O Lord, thou knowest that I love thee; that I feel the sincerest gratitude for the benefits thou hast procured for lost mankind, and for myself in particular. I indulge with delight unspeakable the hope of dwelling with thee in thine eternal king-

dom. I desire to follow thy blessed example on earth—to feed thy lambs. O strengthen me to do my duty, that I may finally obtain my inheritance in Heaven. There is nothing I desire so much as to do the will of my heavenly Father, and to prove myself a true christian. Vouchsafe me fresh supplies of grace, that I may discharge every duty in an acceptable manner. Let thy Spirit rule the hearts of me and mine, and may we be perpetually under the care of thy Divine Providence. May thy grace, O blessed Jesus, the love of the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us now and for ever. Amen! Amen!—With reluctance I leave this delightful employment to attend to worldly concerns. How do I long for that happy state where there will be no interruptions!

O merciful Father, I desire, with an humble and grateful heart, to offer unto thy divine Majesty my morning sacrifice of thanksgiving. O Lord, I acknowledge that I have in many instances fallen short of my duty, and am unworthy to offer unto thee any sacrifice. O pardon me for my Saviour's sake. Lord Jesus, in thy merits are all my hopes fixed. Grant me an interest in that redemption which thou hast purchased with thy most precious blood. Grant me, I beseech thee, fresh supplies of grace, that I may be enabled to perform my duty in a proper manner. Enable me, I beseech thee, to adopt such measures as will be most profitable for the schools, and most

likely to be permanent when I am taken away, or disabled. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I love the poor ; that they look up to me as a friend. Strengthen me to execute the purposes of my heart.

July 11. O my Soul, is it possible that an infinite and eternal Being, who fills the universe, could have such regard for an atom like thyself, as to have provided an eternal inheritance for thee? How transporting, how amazing is the thought ! O Lord, how can I express my adoration and gratitude ! O adorable Saviour, I am this day going to thine altar, to commemorate thy dying love ; vouchsafe to be with me by thy spirit, that I may perform this service in a proper manner. Let the same spirit guide and direct my instruction to the poor children, and rule my heart in all things. Without it I can do nothing. O that I could root out of my soul all that renders it unfit for the habitation of so holy a guest. But this I cannot do ; I have defiled and polluted this temple, and the Holy Spirit alone can cleanse and sanctify it. O that I could perform the will of my heavenly Father on earth as it is done in heaven ; that I could testify my love to my Saviour by following his example ! Merciful Father, forgive me for his sake. Adorable Saviour, pity my infirmities.

August 8. I am this day going to receive the sacrament. I have such delight in this holy ordinance, that I long for the return of that day on

which the sacrament is administered. What a heavenly communion !

O Lord, I am sensible of numberless sins and follies since my last approach to thy holy table ; and I could not again appear before thee, were I not encouraged by thy tender compassion to repentant sinners. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, though I so often err from thy ways. O vouchsafe to receive the willing homage of a heart sincerely and earnestly devoted to thee !

Psalm 105. I will rejoice in the holy name of the Lord, for he has said, let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. I will seek the Lord and his strength ; I will seek his face evermore. I will remember the marvellous works that he has done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth ; for the children of Abraham, his servant, for the children of Jacob, his chosen. He is the Lord God ; his judgments are in all the world ; he has always been mindful of his covenant and promise that he made to a thousand generations. Even the covenant that he made with Abraham, and the oath that he swore unto Isaac, and appointed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting testament. He will also be mindful of the covenant which he made through his son Jesus Christ. He will give to his faithful people an heavenly Canaan. To that, O my soul, lift up thy thoughts, and be not troubled by the transient perplexities of a short life, which passeth away like a shadow. O give thanks unto the Lord,

for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever. Who can express the noble acts of the Lord, or shew forth all his praise? Blessed, says the Psalmist, are they that always keep judgment, and do righteousness. Alas! where can the human being be found who does this? How greatly do *I* fall short of this perfection! But thanks be to the infinite mercy of the Father of Heaven! Thanks be to the love of the Son of God! This has been done for me—what human nature could not do, the Redeemer has done—he has fulfilled all righteousness—to him then let me fly. Adorable Jesus, divine Saviour, grant me, I beseech thee, an interest in the redemption purchased with thy most precious blood. Remember me, O Lord, according to the promise thou hast made unto thy servants. O visit me with thy salvation, that I may feel while on earth the felicity of thy chosen, that *peace* which thou didst bequeath to them, that I may rejoice in thy gladness, and give thanks with thine inheritance!

I have sinned as well as my forefathers; they provoked thee to anger many a time, yet when thou sawest their adversity, thou hadst compassion on them, and didst hear their complaint. Thou thoughtest of thy covenant, and didst pity them, according to the multitude of thy mercies. Deliver me, O Lord, I beseech thee, from my spiritual enemies, that I may give thanks to thy holy name, It is a joyful and a pleasant thing to be thankful,

August 22. I have neglected my journal, and can scarcely tell how the week has passed. But let me acknowledge to my God and Father all the sins I can recollect, and implore his pardon for my dear Redeemer's sake. Alas ! O Lord God, even the remembrance of these sins is fled from me. I was conscious of them at the time, and felt compunction for them immediately. May I hope that thou hast in mercy blotted them from thy book ! O if there are any unrepented of, recall them to my mind, that I may express my contrition for them ! Lord, I would not willingly offend thee. My earnest desire is to do thy will in all things ; but such is the frailty of my nature, that I cannot always, even for a day or an hour, I cannot stand upright. Grant to me strength and protection against all my spiritual enemies. Keep my mind from corrosive cares. Lord, thou knowest that I hunger and thirst after righteousness. Satisfy me with the plenteousness of thy goodness and truth. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, my God and Saviour. Vouchsafe to accept my humble labours for the propagation of thy holy religion. Adorable Saviour, when I read of the glorious visions which some of thy servants have had, how do I wish that I could see the heavens open, and behold thee at the right hand of God. But these transporting sights are not for common mortals like me. I can, however, behold thy glory in the scriptures. I can, with the eye of faith, behold the Saviour of

the world, the Son of God, healing the sick, curing the leper, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, raising the dead, and, above all, bringing salvation to a lost world. O merciful Redeemer ! I believe most firmly in thee. Not a word that is recorded as proceeding from thy gracious lips, do I doubt the truth of. I believe thee to be all that the prophets foretold of the Messiah, and give entire credit to all that the apostles asserted of the crucified Jesus. O continue to dwell in my heart by faith ; leave me not to myself ; teach me to trust more firmly in my heavenly Father ; to cast my care upon him, relying on his good Providence. Thanks to the goodness of Divine Providence, I have abundance of blessings, but in the midst of them, I sometimes fancy myself sinking, and am ready to cry out, *Lord, save me, or I perish*. I am afraid to tread on the waves of this world. O stretch forth thy hand to sustain me.

Sept. 12. I am now upon a plan of restraining myself in respect to contemplation and self-examination ; but I am not thoroughly satisfied with it. O Lord, thou knowest that I have no arrogant thoughts, I have no proud looks. I would willingly humble myself in the dust before thee. I would pour forth the tears of contrition for every separate offence. But I will rely on the merits of my Redeemer, and rejoice in the strength of my salvation. I will reflect on thy goodness rather than on my own unworthiness. I will cherish the consolations of the Holy Spirit.

Sept. 19. I have this week kept pretty closely to my pen. At intervals I have been reading Williams's Lectures upon Education, and am grieved and shocked to see good abilities perverted to the impious purpose of propagating infidelity, under the pretence of reforming the corrupted morals of youth. I find my zeal increased for endeavouring to promote the religious instruction of the rising generation. May my knowledge increase in proportion !

Sept. 20. To-morrow is the anniversary of that day which gave me one of the best of husbands. I hope I have fulfilled my matrimonial vow. I did not enter the holy state unadvisedly, but I hope reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and soberly, and in the fear of God. I hope my dear husband and I were united together as God's word allows. He has done his part faithfully I really believe. I think I have not been guilty of any breach of my vow, and I hope I shall obey him, love and honour him, till death do us part. The Lord has graciously blessed us as he blessed Isaac and Rebecca. He has preserved and kept us ; he has given us the means of maintaining a numerous family, and filled us with spiritual benediction ; and I trust my dear husband and I shall pass an eternity together.— When I hear the wedding psalm occasionally read or sung at church, my heart glows with delightful sensations. I hope it is not presumptuous to apply the blessing to ourselves.

O Lord, I have feared thee, and endeavoured to walk in thy way ; and so I trust has my dear husband. Thou hast bestowed on us the promised reward. We have eat of the labours of our hands. Thou hast blessed our honest industry with success. We are in a prosperous state, and happy as the lot of mortality will admit. I have been like a fruitful vine ; and my children are like the olive branches round about our table. What unspeakable blessings are these children to us ! What rewards hath the Lord provided for them that fear him ! O if it be thy good pleasure, may we see our childrens' children, and peace in our Israel ! O Lord, be merciful unto us, and bless us, and shew us the light of thy countenance, and be merciful unto us. May thy way be known upon earth thy saving health unto all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God, yea, let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

O Lord, I look forward with delight to the ages of eternity, in which I may indulge to the utmost the desire which I already feel to occupy myself with the contemplation of thine infinite perfections ; when I may hold communion with thee without being hindered by the infirmities of the flesh ; when I may see my adorable Saviour, and join with the blessed Spirits that surround thy throne in singing

the praises of the Lamb ! O that I could cast out of my heart every thing that is offensive to my God ! Lord, thou knowest how ardently my soul pants after perfection. O that I could fulfil every duty, that I could do the will of my Father, as it is done in heaven. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee : conscious that I do, I lay hold on thy promises : I trust in thy goodness.

Oct. 3. I am grieved to see by the Reviews, that Unitarian books multiply continually. I am afraid that poison spreads itself : O that I could furnish an antidote to it. Lord Jesus, convinced as I am of thy Divinity, I am zealous to maintain it. Thou hast no need of such weak instruments as I am, yet I beseech thee to accept my humble services. O Lord, strengthen me to do the work in which, above all things, I delight.

Oct. 9. I have made considerable progress in my Comment on the Epistles, and a delightful task it is.

I experience, as I am studying the Word of God, that kind of pleasure which I conceive the two Disciples felt when their hearts burnt within them, while our blessed Lord, on their way to Emmaus, opened to them the Scriptures. I am as fully convinced of the divine original of these sacred truths, as if I had heard them immediately from heaven, or from our Saviour's mouth.

O Lord, I beseech thee to have compassion upon my dear father-in-law, now sinking under the infirmities of age. Lord, make his latter

days comfortable, and spare him to us as long as he can enjoy life. O send him the consolations of the Holy Spirit!

Dec. 6. As usual, when troubles afflict me, I fly to my God : and to whom, O Lord, should I go, thou art my strong hold, whereunto I will always resort. It is now some days since I took up my pen for this purpose ; and, thanks to Almighty goodness, they have been days of serenity and comfort.

My dear father-in-law declines daily. O may it be my endeavour to cherish him as far as is in my power. I owe him large returns of love and gratitude, for the kindness he has ever shown me. Let me never be deficient in my duty towards him.

Dec. 7. I trust my confidence in God is much greater than it used to be ; but I fear it will not be what it ought, before death closes the scene upon me. I hope I shall then, even with all my infirmities, be reckoned among the faithful servants of my blessed Redeemer. Though I have enlisted myself under his banner, though I have been signed with the sign of the cross, I have not fought manfully. I have often fallen, but the Captain of my salvation, who knoweth that I would die rather than desert, has raised me up. O that I may stand, and withstand better for the time to come!

Lord, look with tender compassion upon my dear father-in-law, now in appearance drawing

towards that awful period, when time ceases and eternity begins. Vouchsafe to keep him from agonies, and give him an easy passage. O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit to purify his soul from the defilement of sin, and reward his piety with a crown of glory, for his dear Redeemer's sake. O may those, whom he leaves behind, follow the example of his patience, resignation, benevolence, and kindness.

Dec. 19. O merciful Lord, receive, I most humbly beseech thee, my thanksgivings for thy preservation of me and my dear husband and children, from all the perils of the night past. Continue to us, O merciful God, thy favour and protection. Blessed Jesus, whom my soul honours with the highest veneration; accept the willing homage of a heart sincerely devoted to thee. Lord, I am jealous for the honour of thy name. May it be magnified upon earth, and may it be my blessed, my *honourable* office, to teach some of the young, both rich and poor, to honour thee, even as we honour the Father.

Lord, if I know this heart of mine, I would lay down my life rather than deny thee to be the Son of God. O Lord, dwell in my soul according to thy promise to thy faithful servants. Purge me as a branch belonging to thee, the true vine; but let me not be cut off, and cast into the fire. I am this day going to thy Father's house. I am going to feed thy lambs. Be with me, O gracious Sa-

viour, on both occasions, and keep me from wandering thoughts.

Dec. 25, Christmas-day. I have been, upon the whole, very comfortable since I wrote last, excepting that I have had some alarm upon my dear John's account; but it has pleased God to bless the means I have made use of for his recovery, and I trust he will soon be well again.

On Thursday morning, about four o'clock, we had the most tremendous storm I ever remember, accompanied with thunder and lightening and hail; in the beginning of it, there was a most uncommon gust of wind, such as I have read of when there has been an earthquake. I never was so terrified by a tempest in my life, and very awful it certainly was. Thanks to Almighty goodness, we were all preserved from its fatal effects, and I hear of no material mischief in this neighbourhood. O what an idea does such a scene give of the power of God; and how thankful ought we to be that he shows his power most chiefly in acts of mercy and compassion to us sinful mortals, whom he could strike dead with the blast of his lightning in an instant.

This morning is very wet, and I think I shall not be able to go to the School; indeed I hope the poor children will not be there; but I will at all events go to Church, that I may receive the Sacrament on the anniversary of my blessed Redeemer's nativity. I have been reading Nelson on this Festival, and, with some exceptions, I am

pleased with his reflections upon it. I am this day going to commemorate, with my fellow-Christians, the infinite love of my heavenly Father, in sending his only-begotten Son into the world to take our nature upon him, that he might save us from our sins—a mystery too great for the comprehension of the human mind! but I most firmly believe it, and will to my latest breath, God's grace assisting me, acknowledge Jesus to be the Son of the most high God. Lord Jesus, I receive with gratitude and joy inexpressible, the glad tidings of the heavenly messenger, which in the Gospel have come down even to me. Peace on earth; good-will toward men! A Saviour born into the world, who is Christ the Lord: and with the celestial spirits, I say glory to God in the highest. Lord, though thou wast born in a stable, I confess thee to be the King of Glory, the Son of the Highest; I have devoted myself to thy service. It is my pride to be esteemed thy faithful disciple. I had rather be the humblest of Christians, than the greatest potentate upon earth without the knowledge of thee. I am jealous for thine honour, O divine Redeemer. I am more hurt at hearing thee and thy blessed doctrine derided, than by any personal reproaches and insults I could receive. O cleanse from all infirmities the heart that is devoted to thee. Make it the constant abode of thy Spirit. Leave me not to follow the foolish dictates of my own weak mind. O Lord, thou knowest my heart better than I do myself; help me to

search its inward recesses, and to cast out whatever is offensive to my heavenly Father.

Though the lady to whom the following letters were addressed, and Mrs. Trimmer had never the pleasure of any personal intercourse, a sympathy of sentiments attached them to each other, and the mutual plans of benevolence in which they were frequently engaged cemented the friendship. Mrs. Trimmer always felt for this lady the greatest esteem and regard, and she on her part, treated her venerable friend with an attention and affection almost filial. In a letter to a daughter of Mrs. Trimmer's, soon after the death of her much regretted correspondent, she thus expresses herself: " Yes, my dear Madam, I had heard of the event which I must deplore while I live. I feel myself bereft of a guide, the most able and judicious, a friend, the most tender and sympathizing ! What she has been to me I cannot think of, without the most poignant regret and fervent gratitude. What a powerful motive was her approbation to my half formed purposes of benevolence ! I endeavoured to follow her precepts, to conduct myself by her rules ; I earnestly pray this influence may still direct me. Being dead, may she still speak to me ; and though denied personal access to her here, may we be united in regions where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes."

TO MISS H—.

Brentford, June 5, 1788.

Dear Madam,

It is impossible to express the exquisite delight which I felt on the first perusal of your charming letter. I regard it as the picture of a mind replete with Christian graces, as a present of the highest value. You have, by your friendly detail, repaid me for many hours of toil: you have animated me to pursue my labours with increased assiduity; and given me cause to rejoice (with the profoundest gratitude to Heaven) in being the humble instrument for conveying important instruction to those, who devote their best days to the service of their Creator and Redeemer!

I am sincerely glad to hear, that your pious discharge of filial and fraternal duties, meets with so happy a return; and I hope every future exertion you make, for the improvement of the dear objects of your tender solicitude, will be amply rewarded. There is no fear but that this *will* be the case: *every thing* may be expected from such amiable dispositions, since you have so properly chosen *piety* for the *foundation* of your plan.

In answer to your obliging enquiries after my present pursuits, I shall take the liberty of informing you, Madam, that I have been projecting a

plan, for conveying a knowledge of the principles of religion, to the young and the ignorant, in a more *comprehensive* manner than has been hitherto attempted. A specimen of this scheme will soon be published, under the title of the *Sunday School Catechist*. When I have a little more leisure, I mean to make an experiment of the same kind, for the *higher classes* of children, in hopes of inducing governesses of schools to pay more attention than the generality of them now do to the *one thing needful*.

You gratify me exceedingly, my dear Madam, by desiring my acquaintance. Nothing could be more pleasing to me than a *personal* interview with a young lady, whose virtues I so highly esteem, excepting the accomplishment of your benevolent and pious wish, respecting *futurity*, which is the most *grateful compliment* I ever received. Perhaps you come to town sometimes: if you do, I must entreat the honour of a visit. I shall have a great delight in introducing you to a set of young women, whom I flatter myself you would not think unworthy of your friendship: and who, though it has pleased the Almighty to spare their mother to them, have for several years performed a task in some measure similar to your's. In order to relieve me of fatigue, and give me leisure for writing, my elder daughters have chiefly educated the younger children. My family is very numerous. Though *two* branches have been *cut off*, my olive tree still affords *ten*, which surround my table

every day. Five of my children are sons, the other five, daughters; and I have the happiness to say, that they are all at present *blessings* and *comforts* to their parents.

I am charmed, my dear Madam, with the spirit of humility which is displayed in your letter. While you have that diffidence of yourself, there is no fear of your acting wrong; and as you have formed so just an estimate of the comparative value of *sublunary* and *eternal* joys, there is little danger of your preferring the former. It is a great advantage for you, however, to have an early knowledge of the temptations peculiar to your station. *Life* is a *warfare* undoubtedly, and no one can remain in perfect security, who is not always upon his guard against the enemy, and constantly seeking the protection of God. When I received the favour of your letter, I was enjoying the company of Miss Hannah More, with whose writings I make no doubt you are well acquainted. I could not forbear showing it to her, as she was witness to the delight it afforded me. It would appear like flattery to repeat all she said of it; but I must not omit to present her compliments to you, which she enjoined me to do. She is a very sensible and amiable woman. I suppose you have seen a little book, entitled "*Thoughts on the Influence of the Manners of the Great,*" but perhaps you do not know that she is the author of it. Your approbation of the "*Ladies Calling,*" encourages me to

recommend this also: not as advice which you stand in need of, but as a work you will approve. It is universally read in polite circles. God grant it may have its proper effect!

I ought to have *begun* with an *apology* for not returning an earlier answer: I really had it not in my power to write before. I hope my want of punctuality will not deprive me of the pleasure of your correspondence: perhaps you will allow me to employ a *deputy* sometimes to answer for me. My daughters beg leave to join in respects to you, and I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obliged and obedient,

S. TRIMMER.

P. S. Pray present my kindest compliments to the young ladies who do so much honour to my works.

TO THE SAME.

Brentford, Oct. 9, 1788.

My dear Miss H——,

I can with sincerity assure you, that it has given me no small degree of concern to appear so neglectful of you; but I have excuses to offer, which, I trust, will acquit me in your opinion of any intended slight. For some time after I received your last favour, I was very much engaged

getting my literary matters forward, that I might allow myself the time to attend two invalid daughters, in an excursion which was thought necessary for them to make, for the benefit of change of air; and during that excursion, my attention to them, and a number of friends whom I had not visited for twenty-six years, left me no leisure for any correspondencies, excepting with the anxious family I left at home. I had a very pleasant tour in Suffolk and Norfolk, and one of my dear girls is much better; the other, I fear, is not so; though I was induced to leave them behind by an appearance of amendment in both. I returned home about five weeks ago, but can scarcely give you an idea of the continual hurry I have been in ever since; not occasioned merely by my writings, and family business; but by correspondencies relating to schools, &c.: and I have had company staying at my house besides, who have just left me. I will say no more by way of apology, but put an end to my long and tedious detail.

I think myself highly honoured by the confidence you repose in me, and am very glad you have been enabled to act with such propriety in circumstances so trying. You seem to me to have adopted the resolution of holy Job, "*my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.*" God grant you may be able to keep it to the end of your life! There is a little work sold by Marshall, in Aldermary Church-yard, called "*Dramatic Pieces,*" calculated to exemplify the mode of

conduct which will render young ladies amiable and happy, when their school education is completed. Give me leave to recommend this to your perusal. I have an idea, that it will please you. There is a good *Jemima*, who is exactly what, in her situation, my dear Miss H—— would be. Those Dramatic Pieces were written by an unfortunate lady, of whom you may perhaps have heard, Mrs. ——. They passed through my hands to the press.

I greatly admire your diffidence of yourself; it is, my dear Madam, the greatest security for rectitude of conduct, because it will naturally lead you to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, without which, the wisest of mortals are liable to continual errors; and with which, the meanest will act with propriety.

I am very glad you are blest with such excellent friends; their precepts and examples will be additional advantages to you. I shall be very happy to be known to your good aunt, when opportunity offers, or to correspond with her, when her inclination leads her to honour me with her letters; in the mean while, she has my best wishes for success in all her laudable undertakings.

Your opinion of Mrs. Chapone's Letters perfectly agrees with my own: they contain admirable advice.

In respect to Natural History, it is a most delightful study, which, as you live in the country, and have so much leisure, I would by all means advise you to cultivate; but I cannot very well

assist you in the plan; for though I was always an *observer* of the works of nature, I never pursued the study scientifically. The books I recollect to have derived my little knowledge from, were "*Nature Displayed*," "*The Religious Philosopher*," and "*Denham's Astro and Physico Theology*;" but there are many valuable modern works on this subject, which I never saw. I purchased Buffon's Natural History for my family some time ago, but found so many improper descriptions in it, that I could not put it into their hands. Whether the same objection holds good, in respect to *Pennant's Works*, I cannot tell.

Is there any chance of our having the pleasure of seeing you this winter? I hope you will not come to London without giving us the favour of your company. We have a bed at your service, and I shall be very happy in introducing you to my young people, who already reckon you among the number of their friends. Pray present my respectful compliments to your aunt, and believe me your sincere and obliged friend,

S. T——

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 25, 1788.

Dear Madam,

I am exceedingly glad to hear that your mind is relieved from the distressing apprehensions you

must naturally have felt for so affectionate and amiable a sister. I hope by this time you are happy in her perfect recovery. I am sincerely delighted at hearing she is to live with you again: it would be a pity to part you.

I have lately been, and still am, under great anxiety, on account of one of my daughters, who has for some time been very ill, and is now under the care of Dr. Turton, whom I look upon to be one of the first physicians in the kingdom. Another of my daughters is rather an invalid; but in so large a family, the tenderness of a mother is almost always in alarm for one or other. Great blessings cannot be enjoyed in life without alloy!

I hope you will long enjoy health to follow your very laudable pursuits. Depend upon it, you will find more real pleasure in comforting the afflicted, and relieving misery, than can be found in scenes of dissipation. It gives me particular pleasure to find, that you are a patroness of a Sunday School. You do me but justice in supposing, that my esteem for good people is not confined to those of the Established Church. I live not only in *friendship*, but *intimacy* with the Dissenting Minister's family in this place; his daughters are excellent visitors in the school I go to of a Sunday evening, conforming to the rules of our School, and even teaching the Church Catechism. The Dissenters are large contributors to the institution.

I thought to have written you a longer letter, my dear Madam; but to own the truth, I am quite weary. This is the thirteenth letter I have written to-day: some of them long ones. I am sorry to send such an incoherent scrawl; but I fear I shall not get another opportunity of writing for some time, as I am likely to be much occupied.

I remain,

Your affectionate, humble Servant,

S. T——.

TO THE SAME.

Brentford, June 4, 1794.

My dear Miss H——,

When I think of your great indulgence to me, I am quite ashamed of my apparent neglect of your correspondence, and am particularly hurt that you should so long have been kept in expectation of an answer to a *case of conscience*, which you paid me the compliment of submitting to my consideration, on a point which (as I am led to suppose from circumstances impressed upon my memory) nearly concerns *your own happiness*; for I conclude, my dear young friend, that the union of hearts between you and the young Clergyman, whose character you formerly represented

to me in so amiable a light, still subsists, and that all scruples have given way, excepting that which your last letter mentions.

I am afraid, that I am not able to give an *impartial judgment*, for I certainly am most zealously attached to the *Church of England*; yet believe me, I am not such a *bigot* as to entertain illiberal prejudices against those who dissent from its peculiar tenets: on the contrary, I frequently read with pleasure and edification, the works of good *Dr. Watts*, *Doddridge*, and other nonconforming divines; and have long lived in habits of friendship with persons of the *Presbyterian persuasion*, who, both by faith and *practice*, do honour to the Christian Religion. At the same time, give me leave to say, I am so fully persuaded of the *superior excellence* of our mode of public worship, that I cannot help wishing there were no *dissentions* among us: consequently I cannot suppose any one will risque either their own salvation or that of their children, by such an acquiescence as the lady in question is requested to make, nor would this lady, I should suppose, possessed as she is of good sense and candour, and marrying a clergyman, persist in desiring to educate any part of her family as *dissenters*, if she would attentively examine the Church Service, and weigh the arguments in favour of the Church Establishment. But supposing even that the tenets of *Nonconformists* were *preferable in themselves*, the cause of Christianity must unavoidably suffer, where one

part of a family is educated to *conform*, and the other to *dissent*, nor do I see how a *Minister* of either persuasion could properly consent to have any one of his children educated in principles in some respects inimical to those, which he has solemnly engaged to inculcate on all within his influence; nor should I think it consistent with the *marriage vow*, for the wife of a Clergyman or Minister, to exalt herself above her acknowledged head, by training their *joint offspring* in religious opinions different from those her husband has *bound himself* to teach.

That there have been *tolerably* happy marriages, in which the parties were of *different persuasions*, and educated their children according to a previous agreement, some to the Church, and some to the Meeting, I will not deny; but I will take upon me to say, that the *family harmony* would have been more *complete*, had the parents *united* in communicating the same principles and sentiments to every one of their offspring. Indeed I, who have perhaps experienced as much domestic harmony as any one, cannot form an idea of its *subsisting* where *one regular plan* is not pursued; and my advice would be, that the young lady I am writing about, should not only consent to have *all* her children brought up to the *Church of England*, but that she should also *conform herself*. For what has she to give up? Not *PRINCIPLES* essential to her salvation, but *opinions* only, relating chiefly to *externals*. Were she required

to resign her *faith* in the *Trinity*, in the *Divinity* of *Christ*, the *atonement* of a *crucified Redeemer*, the *necessity* of the *sanctification* of the *holy Spirit*, of the *Sacraments* of *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper*, &c. &c. it would be highly criminal to hesitate a moment; but there certainly can be no danger in a woman's giving up those points which separate *Presbyterian Dissenters* from the members of the Church of England, a Church which Dissenters themselves have called "*a glorious sanctuary of the Most High; a true temple of the Lord of Hosts; where God's Israel do worship in spirit and in truth him that sitteth between the Cherubims* *." And let me add, *where due honour is paid to the Redeemer and the Sanctifier*.

As the gentleman whose cause I am pleading is a *good divine*, it would be impertinent in me to enlarge upon this topic: I will only say, that I think the lady may very *safely listen to his arguments*; and that I hope he will be able to prevail on her to be, not only *almost*, but *altogether* such *as he is*, in respect to religious opinions; and that they may for many years enjoy the blessings and comforts which arise from the mutual discharge of domestic duties, where a union of souls subsists, and religion is constantly in view.

Before I proceed to the remaining contents of your obliging favour, allow me, dear Madam, to

* Preface to the translation of the Common Prayer, &c. of the Canton of Zurich, in Switzerland.

offer my excuses for the long delay of my answer, which has really been occasioned by indisposition. I deferred writing from day to day merely from a sense of inability to perform the task you required of me, and I fear I have not now done it to your satisfaction. However, you will receive with kindness what I now offer, as it is written with *sincerity*, though not with that judgment your partiality expected.

I rejoiced to hear, that in the long interval of our correspondence, you had experienced so highly the only valuable kind of blessings in life; and that your dear sister affords you so much comfort. I understand Miss Harriet still goes to a school near London, and that she passes Brentford at the vacation. It would make me very happy to see her at any time, and the friends who accompany her, particularly my dear Miss H——, who I suppose sometimes goes to town.

In answer to your kind enquiries after my family, I have the happiness to say, they are all at present in health. I have been very indifferent myself, and have not been able to write so much as this letter contains, for several weeks, on any subject that required exertion of mind. You will on this account pardon all defects and inaccuracies. My family desire to join in respectful remembrances to yourself and amiable sister, and I am, &c.

S. T——.

TO THE SAME.

Brentford, July 23, 1794.

My dear Miss H—,

It really hurts me to begin every letter to you with an apology for neglect; but believe me, I have been so greatly occupied with preparations for my dear son's marriage, added to my usual avocations, (some of which you know to be urgent) that I could not find leisure to write to you before. Let me tell you, as I can with the greatest sincerity, that I was charmed with the excellent sentiments you expressed, and cannot but highly approve the noble and prudent resolutions you have taken, to be guided by duty rather than inclination. A time may yet come when you may with propriety give your hand to the man your heart so highly approves; at least you will be fully reconciled to the disappointment, and I may venture to say *recompensed* by some blessing or other, which Providence has in store for you. Marriages without the consent of good parents, seldom prove happy ones; in short, the consciousness of such a blameable act is sufficient of itself to imbitter life, and to damp the sweet hope of receiving comfort from the dutiful behaviour of children. I hope you will not think I have been guilty of a breach of confidence, in reading your letter to my two

daughters, who are at home with me, concealing the gentleman's name ; for indeed it shows your character in so exalted and exemplary a light, that I could not restrain the impulse I felt to communicate to them, what was so highly pleasing to myself : the natural effect was, an increased desire to know the amiable writer, and to possess her affections.

I have been writing letters these four hours, and at present find myself so much fatigued, that I must beg your excuse for an abrupt conclusion. My daughters unite in kind regards, and I am, very affectionately your's,

S. T——.

JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1791.

Jan. 2. It was my intention to begin a new year, by taking a retrospective view of my Journal for the last year, but the prodigious anxiety of my heart on account of my dear John's alarming illness, rendered me entirely incapable of it. So greatly is my bodily frame shaken by the agitation of the unquiet inhabitant of it, that I can make no exertion. However, I humbly trust, he who knows my formation, will in his infinite goodness make allowance for those infirmities.

As soon as I am able, I will read over my last year's Journal, and I trust, I shall find that I have made some progress in Christian virtues. I think that upon the whole, my trust in divine Providence is greater than it used to be; I do not mind little things so much as I did, but I am still unable to encounter what are real trials with that patience and resignation which become a child of God, a disciple of that Saviour, who set an example of the

most perfect resignation to the divine Will, and commanded his followers to possess their minds in patience, and to follow his steps. How unwillingly do I take up the cross, how bitterly do I groan under it! To thee, O Lord, my frail heart is laid open, nor do I desire to dissemble, or cloak my sins before thee my Almighty Father. Thy pity to me, exceeds, infinitely exceeds, even that which I feel for the dear object of my present solicitude, and thou art more ready to pardon my offences, than I to forgive those of my beloved children. Lord, in full confidence, or at least with the best confidence I could assume, I have cried day and night unto thee, and I trust, thou hast inclined thine ears to my humble petition. O Lord, with the returning morn I renew them, and most earnestly beseech thee to behold with thy favourable kindness the distress of my heart, and the sufferings of my dear child. If it be thy blessed will, restore him to perfect health; if not, enable me, my dear husband and other children to submit as we ought to do. But, O Lord, I hope thou wilt spare us from this heavy affliction; O if it is meant as a chastisement to me, enable me to understand my errors, that I may confess and amend them. Blessed Jesus, adorable and compassionate Saviour, have mercy upon me. Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst heal my child, cast me not away in displeasure when I cry unto thee. With gratitude, and humble thanksgiving, I acknowledge that thou didst hear me when I be-

sought thee in behalf of others of my dear family, in whose health I have now cause to rejoice ; may the same mercy be extended towards me at this time. O that I could serve thee with a quiet mind.

Jan. 14. I have not been able to continue the register of my heart for some days. I do not think that I have been greatly disposed to do it, and now that I sit down to recollect my past sins, I find such a faint trace of them upon my memory, that I cannot acknowledge them as I ought.

I received the Sacrament on Christmas Day, but not with that fervency of devotion which I hoped to feel. The next day I received it with a sick person, and since that at church again ; and both times with tolerable satisfaction to myself. I should like to partake of it every week, for it is to me a feast of good things, I regard it as an invaluable treasure, and humbly trust, I am not an unwelcome guest to my divine Redeemer, though my soul is not attired in every grace which should adorn it when it goes to the Lord's table.

My dear son is, I hope, advancing in his recovery, though he mends but slowly ; I desire to return humble and hearty thanks to my heavenly Father, and my compassionate Saviour, for their great goodness towards him.

Feb. 5. Since last I wrote my Journal, I have attended the death of my dear father-in-law, whose loss I sincerely regret. Nothing could be more edifying than the pattern which he set of piety,

patience, and resignation. O may I and all who are near and dear to me, end our lives as happily! I have never yet met with in any rank of life, a character so exactly conformable to the Gospel as his appeared to me: such true unaffected humility, such universal benevolence, such ardent piety, such tender affection. O how he loved me! and happy am I in the recollection that my endeavours to shew my gratitude and affection for him, were pleasing and satisfactory to him.

O death, how dreadful art thou! How does nature shrink back at the thought of thee. Merciful God, how often have I imagined I could meet the grim tyrant with serenity! how little did I know myself! disarm him, I beseech thee, of his sting, O merciful Saviour, before he is suffered to approach me. Vouchsafe me the constant aid of thy holy Spirit to keep me in the path of duty, that I may at the last awful hour have no sin unrepented of. Lord, I am desirous to do my Father's will; O that I could do it as it is done in Heaven; that I could imitate thy blessed example! Lord thou knowest the sincerity of my desires, thou knowest also the frailty of my nature, vouchsafe to help my infirmities, Father of all mercies, pardon me for my dear Redeemer's sake!

I have now lost the last on earth, whom I could call a parent. May I be to those who regard me in that tender relation, all that I ought to be.

Thanks a thousand and a thousand times repeated are due, O Lord, to thee for the help of thy grace, by which I have been enabled to train them up in the way they should go. O what extacy of joy does it afford me to reflect that they are, as I trust, every one members of thy kingdom on earth, and heirs to everlasting glory. May they keep on steadily to the end of their course, never losing sight of the high prize of their calling.

Margate, May 8. Some weeks have elapsed since I wrote any account of my time, and I am now unable through defect of memory to tell how it passed; not quite unprofitably, as I humbly trust; and not very unhappily I am sure, or I should, as is my custom in affliction, have poured out my sorrows in complaints and supplications, as I am now preparing to do. I have left that home where all my happiness is centered. I have left my dear husband and the greatest part of my dear children, to seek in this place health for the rest, and renewed strength to myself. May it please the Author of all goodness to bless the undertaking; may the Saviour of mankind exert his healing power in our behalf. Never, O Lord, was I more sensible of my own weakness and unworthiness than at this time. O accept humility instead of righteousness for my dear Redeemer's sake. I feel, as I trust, more resigned to the divine Will than I have lately been, at least I feel a desire to submit my will to that of my heavenly Father in all things, but I cannot repress a mother's wishes, a mother's sorrow

for the danger of a beloved child. O that it may be the will of my heavenly Father to restore him ! that my Saviour may vouchsafe to heal him. O Lord, since the commencement of this affliction how often have I cried unto thee, and thou hast lent a gracious ear to my humble petitions : O hear me now, I most humbly beseech thee ; vouchsafe to remove this sorrow from me, or enable me and those who will partake of my grief to submit as becomes the followers of the patient Jesus. O Lord, enable me to search my heart, that I may call all my secret sins to remembrance, and express my contrition for them. I am a frail weak creature, O God, but I would not commit presumptuous sins ; O that I could serve thee always with a perfect heart ! my desire is to go this day to thy house, and join with my fellow Christians in thy holy Worship ; may I be able to do it with a quiet mind. Grant me, O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee that peace which the world cannot give.

June 10. There has been a long chasm in my Journal. I went in the beginning of May to Margate, in a state of weakness myself, and taking with me three dear children in a bad state of health. In a short time I found great benefit from bathing ; the health of my two daughters improved, and my son appeared to be recovering very fast, excepting that he had a short illness for two or three days which awakened all my apprehensions. The latter end of May I had a hasty

summons to go home my poor sister-in-law being supposed to be at the point of death ; before I arrived she was out of danger, and being anxious to be with the dear children I had left behind, and desirous of receiving the further benefit of sea bathing, I went back within a week of my leaving Margate. The very day of my return, my dear husband was seized with a most dangerous illness which obliged him to stay in London a week. I was kept in ignorance of the very great danger he was in, and led to expect that he would come to me at Margate, which prevented my return, but I suffered a great deal from the apprehension that he was worse than was represented to me. I prayed to the Lord with my whole heart, and he graciously lent an ear to my humble petition ; on my dear husband's relapsing, I was sent for home ; but happily found him much better on my arrival, and thanks to Almighty goodness he is now well. I hear from Margate that my poor son has had another attack of illness, which I fear has weakened him very much ; under these circumstances I have endured the most painful conflicts : I may say agonies of mind. When I found my dear husband better, instead of rejoicing with thankfulness I felt a dejection of spirits, proceeding from the thoughts of the grief I should have experienced if I had lost him. When I heard that my dear boy was again ill I was in danger of falling into despondency. But I prayed with fervency, and I

trust with some degree of resignation, and received comfort.

I am this day going to receive the Sacrament. May I take it with composure, with a heart filled with love and gratitude, and truly Christian charity! O that the retrospect of the last three months was more satisfactory to myself! O that I could recall the hours that I have passed unprofitably in sinful sorrow and apprehension; let me be more circumspect for the time to come. I have an important lesson to learn; after years of mercies I have to learn to be thankful; my very thanksgivings are accompanied with sensations of sorrow; I do not know how to rejoice in the Lord as I ought to do; but I will search the Scriptures in order to instruct myself more fully in the duty of thanksgiving, and I will pray for the help of the holy Spirit to enable me to practice it.

June 31. Since I wrote last, I have had abundant cause of thanksgiving; my dear husband and family at home are well, and I trust my dear son at Margate is on the recovery, though from such a state of extreme weakness, a rapid return to health cannot be expected. I have been very busy in preparing clothing, &c. for the poor children belonging to the school. I made a resolution to apply my mind to the performance of my duty, as a faithful steward to my divine Lord and Master, by providing for the wants of those dear children whom his Providence has placed under my direc-

tion. I resolved to cast my care upon the Almighty, in respect to my poor sick child ; and I prayed most fervently to my blessed Saviour that he would exert his Almighty power in healing him, if it was the divine will that his life upon earth should be extended ; or that he would enable me to submit with resignation in all things. I fled to my Saviour as a sure and constant friend, on whom I could safely rely at all times ; nor was my confidence in vain, he hearkened to the voice of my humble petition, he granted me the inward consolation of the holy Spirit, and I have hopes from the amendment of my dear child, that he will restore him to perfect health. Under the prospect of this I ought to have maintained a constant cheerfulness of mind ; but I have not done so. Desponding fears have sometimes obtained power over me, and I have thus lost some quiet repose, which if I had improved divine mercy aright I might have enjoyed.

Oct. 9. Since I wrote last, what sorrows have I endured ! what mercies have been granted to me !

I went back to Margate the 18th of July, in order to take care of my dear boy ; but the first sight of him filled me with apprehensions that all my care would be ineffectual, he appeared the marked victim of death. For three weeks I endured at times the most agonizing perturbation of mind, but I constantly had recourse to prayer, and as often as I sought help from above it was graciously granted me. I fled to my Saviour, and

most humbly and earnestly implored him to restore my dear child, if it was the divine Will that his life should be granted to my prayers, or to mitigate his sufferings, and enable me and my dear husband and children to submit as became us to the dispensations of Providence. My first petition was rejected ; my dear dear child was taken from me on the 28th of August. But praised and adored be the God of all mercies for his unspeakable goodness to me and my fellow mourners. He graciously poured the balm of consolation most abundantly into all our hearts. O may I never forget what I so often experienced, when with a heart full of grief and apprehension, I fell down before him ! how kindly did he speak peace to my afflicted soul, by the secret whispers of his holy Spirit, which suggested every sentiment and thought proper for a Christian under those circumstances ; recalling to my mind particular promises recorded in the Scriptures to induce a trust in God ; assuring me of the favour of God ; raising hopes that my dear child would be received to a life of endless happiness. In short, reconciling me to the stroke that was prepared to fall upon me, and teaching me to regard it as given in *mercy*, not in *anger*. O Lord, how can I describe thy loving kindness ! I am in my nature a poor weak creature, my reasoning powers are too apt to give ground at every alarm, the shadow of misfortune fills me with apprehension ; my spirits are all in a tumult with the merest trifles ; yet I beheld with

composure a most tenderly and deservedly beloved child on his death-bed ; I saw him, with calmness and composure I saw him, shrinking away from mortality, reduced to a mere skeleton, and ready to expire. I was enabled, in this trying hour, to say, (and I hope from the bottom of my heart) not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done. Blessed Saviour, I love thee better than I love even my own dear child ; rather than depart from my duty as a christian, I yield him up—I resign him. O receive him to thyself !

When my beloved child had breathed his last, I was enabled still to submit with composure. A thousand comfortable thoughts arose, as it were, spontaneously in my mind. I felt as if a tender sympathizing friend was speaking words of comfort to me. Merciful Saviour, receive my humble, my most grateful thanksgiving for thy unspeakable kindness. Not to the superiority of my own understanding, but to thy loving kindness, I ascribe the resignation which I trust was acceptable to my heavenly Father. Praised and adored be thy glorious name for thy tender mercy to the dear departed. Apparently his sufferings were not great; they were mitigated, I doubt not, by thy all powerful hand. I trust thou hast received his soul to thyself. O blessed and adorable God, to thee he was devoted in baptism. I endeavoured, and I hope with success, to impress the truths of christianity on his mind betimes. It would have been the pride and joy of my heart to have seen him a

faithful zealous minister of the Gospel ; but that joy was, for wise reasons, I doubt not, denied me. O that I had procured him the completion of his wish to receive the sacrament. Why did I restrain myself from proposing his receiving it at home, from a weak apprehension that the mention of it would sink his spirits by awakening the fear of approaching death ? Might I not safely have trusted to the aid of the Holy Spirit in such a case as this ? I have suffered my dear child to leave the world without enjoying one of the highest pleasures it affords. Pardon thy servant, O blessed Lord. Adorable Saviour, pardon thy servant in this thing. O Lord, I trust that the *desire* in him was as acceptable to thee as the *act* would have been : the omission was mine, not his. O Lord, continue, I beseech thee, thy goodness to me ; support me by thy Holy Spirit, and grant me thy peace.

Dec. 31. I am now come to the close of one of the most sorrowful years I ever past. May it please the Almighty to render the next a happier one, and may I be enabled to make a greater progress in Christian virtues than I have done for many of the last months of my life ; but I have lately felt the loss of my dear child more severely than at first, and have grieved beyond measure. My dear husband has twice been most alarmingly ill. One of my sons has also had an illness of a dangerous tendency, and I have felt, on these accounts, accumulated apprehensions. O what

anxious days and nights have I passed ! Never do I recollect, in the whole course of my life, being so impatient under the chastening hand of God. But I have seen my error, and most heartily repented of it ; and I hope my penitence has been accepted for my dear Redeemer's sake. Yet I cannot call it to mind without shame and confusion of face, without sorrow and remorse.

O Almighty Father, shall I, who am unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, shall I presume to repine under thy chastening hand ! Adorable Saviour, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, thou knowest the imperfections of mine ; may it be cleansed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Thou knowest, that notwithstanding my late defection, I love thee ; that my greatest desire is to prove myself thy faithful disciple, and to do the will of my heavenly Father. O vouchsafe to intercede for me. Forgive my transgressions against thee, my Lord and Master.

Though I have had many anxieties, I recollect with gratitude I have had but few misfortunes this year. If I say one only, I believe I shall be right. The death of our good parent, my dear father-in-law, must not be deemed such, for he died full of years, and in a state of preparation for a better world ; but the death of my dear child, cut off in the bloom of youth, to the disappointment of the hopes I had formed from his

amiable temper, appears to me a misfortune, as far as it respects myself; but to him it cannot have been so, since he, I trust, has exchanged this life for one infinitely better. O that I could think upon this subject as I did for the first month.

Thanks to the Almighty, I find myself much more reconciled within this week than I was before. My dear husband has been so ill that I thought I should lose him, and that thought was accompanied with a thousand dreadful apprehensions. Praised and adored be the God of all mercies, he is so much better, that I may hope to see him quite well, and enjoying years of health and comfort again. My son's illness added to my apprehensions, and I felt as if my greatest earthly comforts were going to be cut off: he too is better, and I hope will be spared to be the comfort of my old age, if my life is extended to that period. O weak and ungrateful creature, to forget all the merciful kindness of God, and give way to distrust and despondency!

Great blessings have been mixed with the troubles of the year.

Pardon, I beseech thee, for my dear Redeemer's sake, all the transgressions by which I have offended thee, and give me grace to serve thee better for the time to come.

Praised and adored be thy holy name for all thy goodness to me, and my dear husband and children. O continue to us thy loving kindness. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, and give us thy peace, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen! Amen!

TO MRS. M——.

March 10, 1791.

Since I wrote to you last, I have attended the death-bed of one of the best men that ever lived, Mr. Trimmer's father. His life was extended to the great age of 88, and he preserved his good humour to the last hour. I never met with such an even temper in my life; and he was remarkable for the truest humility and Christian charity. His patience was tried, nay, I hope, perfected by many trials; but he bore them without a murmur. He was as affectionate and as dear to me as if he had been my own father; but it would be wrong to wish him back in this troublesome world, as he had taken so much pains to prepare himself for a better; and so ardently, though not impatiently, longed for the change.

TO THE SAME.

September, 1791.

My dear Madam,

It was my full intention to write to you, and desire your acceptance of the specimen of my new publication, which I now do myself the pleasure to send. But, alas! my mind has long been agitated with the most painful anxieties, which have at last been followed by the inexpressible grief of losing a dear child; a most promising youth, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, whom I once fondly hoped I should live to see a faithful minister of that holy religion, which it is my earnest wish and endeavour to promote by every means in my power.

I went to Margate with him and two of my daughters at the time proposed, and had for some time the comfort of seeing him apparently gathering strength, spirits, and appetite, by sea air and bathing; but about three weeks after my arrival, I was suddenly fetched home to attend a sister-in-law, who was supposed to be dying, and who had expressed a desire to see me. She, however, got better, and in a few days I went back to my dear boy. On the very day of my return, Mr. Trimmer was seized in London with a most dangerous disorder, and was obliged to remain there some

days. Of this I was not apprised till he was happily relieved; but a few days afterwards he relapsed, and then I was again fetched home, but had the unspeakable comfort of finding him free from alarming symptoms, and he soon recovered his strength. About four or five days after my second departure from Margate, my poor dear boy was taken, as he had been repeatedly in the course of the last year, with a violent complaint in the bowels, which reduced him to the brink of the grave; but he recovered a little, and his sisters, and the friends who were so kind as to attend to him in my absence, flattered themselves and me that he was in a state of convalescence. However, on my third arrival at Margate, the shocking alteration in his looks, and the extreme weakness I observed, convinced me that there was no more room for hope, and I passed a miserable three weeks in expectation of the melancholy event which then took place. However, I thank God, not only myself, but Mr. Trimmer, and every one of my surviving children, have been wonderfully supported under this great affliction, and are much better than could be expected, considering the merits of the dear deceased, and our great love for him, which had been heightened by his sufferings, and the patience with which he bore a lingering illness. I thank God, it was not a painful one, and his death was as easy as possible. I have said enough to plead excuse for my apparent neglect of you, my dear Madam, and I will not pain

you by additions to the melancholy detail. I shall at all times be happy to hear from you, and of Mrs. —, to whom I beg you will present my kind regard and best wishes.

I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MISS S. T——.

Brentford, September, 1791.

My dear S——

If I had not understood that C—— was writing to you, I should have begun in time, that I might have sent you a longer letter. I have the pleasure to tell you, that we arrived safe at home on Tuesday evening, and found your dear father and the rest of the family much better than I expected. It has graciously pleased the Almighty to support us under the trial he has seen fit to call us to, and his comforts have been proportionable to our sorrow. Little did I suppose it possible for me to bear the loss of a dear child as I have done! But my mind is full of the thought that he has passed the gate which leads to everlasting life and happiness, and I am perfectly resigned to the will of my

heavenly Father, and resolved, his grace assisting me to rejoice in the blessings he has left me, while he sees fit to continue them ; or to submit without murmuring when he is pleased to withdraw them ; I hope I am already the better for this affliction. My dear child is doubtless happy beyond conception, or enjoying that rest, which is perhaps, the prelude to immortal bliss. After a few short years, I trust, we shall meet again never more to part !

I delight myself with the hope of seeing you at the time you mention ; do not distress yourself my love, with the apprehension of a sorrowful meeting ; when we have mingled a few tears we shall I trust, be all cheerful and happy together.

I will mention one circumstance from which I have derived unspeakable comfort. Soon after I went to Margate, dear John asked me if I had not written something upon the Sacrament, and said it was his intention to receive it as soon as he was able to go to Church. I read to him that part of the explanation of the Catechism, which relates to the Lord's Supper, with which he was extremely satisfied. I wish I had proposed to have a clergyman to him, but I was afraid of alarming him, and did not think him so near his end. I conclude from the *desire* to receive it, that his mind was in the best state, and doubt not the *will* was accepted for the *deed* by an all-merciful Redeemer.

Adieu my dear child, excuse haste, we unite in
love.

I am,

Your affectionate Mother,

S. TRIMMER.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Cowslip Green, Nov. 11, 1791.

Dear Madam,

I am almost ashamed to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter dated — I will not remind you how long ago. What aggravates my offence is, that I also received a most valuable present of your excellent, judicious and pious works. The true excuse is the only one I shall attempt to offer, that of almost constant indisposition. I have had a severe cough for some months with little intermission, with acute pains in my head, which makes reading and writing inconvenient to me, and I have delayed writing from week to week in hopes I might be able to do it more at large. But the recent sight of a very interesting and affecting letter of your's to Dr. S——, impresses me with so much real concern, that I can no longer delay expressing my sincere and hearty sympathy for the afflicting scenes you have gone through. I do indeed conceive what you and Mr,

Trimmer must have endured in the loss of so amiable, so promising, so desirable a son ; but, my dear Madam, with my condolence let me mix my unfeigned congratulations on the manner in which it has pleased divine Providence to enable you to sustain such a loss. It seems as if our heavenly Father had resolved, that after you had so long, and so successfully instructed others by your writings, you should be called upon to set your seal to the truth of all you had taught by your submissive resignation to his Divine Will on this trying occasion. I hope while you are spending your time and talents for the great purpose of bringing others into the paths of holiness, you will continue to find comfort in your own heart.

Your book on the Common Prayer is a laborious, judicious, and valuable performance, and your little Treatises on Baptism, the Catechism, &c. &c. well calculated to answer the great ends of instruction. I can hardly conceive how you are able, in the midst of your active practical avocations, to write so much, and so well. I feel it a sort of tacit reproach to myself, and I must have as great an esteem for you, as I really have, to prevent my regard being a little tainted with envy.

As to myself, whom I ought never to name after you, I go on tolerably well. But my villages lie so far apart, that my whole time (with my great interruptions of illness) hardly suffices to them. My district takes in twenty miles diameter, and

contains nine or ten parishes which could be regulated with much less time and trouble, had I not so much ground to go over to get at them: but we must take things as we find them, and be contented to do a little good when we cannot do a great deal.

I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mr. Trimmer, and your daughters. With my sincere wishes for your comfort, health, and happiness,

I remain,

My dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

TO MRS. ———.

Brentford, Dec. 30, 1791.

Dear Madam,

I fear you have thought me very neglectful, but to account for my omission, I need only say, that a succession of painful duties have disturbed my mind, and engrossed my time ever since I received the first of your obliging letters. Mr. Trimmer has been twice so alarmingly ill, that I have been under the dreadful apprehension of losing him, one of my sons has had a cough, that threatened him with a consumption, and my daughters have most of them been indisposed.

I return you thanks for your consolatory letter, and am able to say, that my grief is greatly moderated, though it will be long, very long, I fear, before I shall cease to regret the loss of so amiable, so valuable, and so promising a child !

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JOURNAL

FOR THE

YEAR 1792.

Jan. 1. I am now by the infinite mercy and goodness of God, brought to the beginning of another year. May his grace enable me to improve the time he may think fit to allot me in this world to his glory, the salvation of my soul, and the good of my fellow creatures. I have passed the day with more than usual serenity of mind ; may this blest tranquillity remain with me, I will strive to preserve it. I begin this year with heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of all goodness, and praise the name of God with my whole heart, for all the benefits that he has bestowed upon me and mine.

Jan. 7. I have enjoyed more peace of mind the last week than I have known for some time, I have kept from grieving for my dear deceased child, but the tenderness for him is so deeply rooted in my heart, that I cannot help feeling

many a pang. However, it certainly was the will of the Almighty to take him from me, or he would have granted my prayers for his recovery, and blessed the means made use of. I have had a most edifying example this week in poor Mrs. B——, who has lost a good husband, and bears the loss as becomes a Christian. God only knows how I should have borne the like misfortune, for with shame and sorrow I confess, that under the prospect of it I was very impatient; but I trust the Almighty, who knows my contrition, and the heart-felt remorse with which I call my sin to remembrance has pardoned it for my dear Saviour's sake.

Jan. 17. This is the anniversary of my birth day. I am now entered into the 52d year of my age, perhaps it may be the last of my life. God only knows. In the midst of life we are in death, and therefore ought to live in constant preparation for it.

Jan. 22. To the best of my recollection I have had a comfortable week, and I do not know that I have any particular sin or folly to charge myself with; but perhaps I have forgotten many that ought to be acknowledged, for my memory is very imperfect, and I cannot find leisure to record my faults from day to day. I recollect with satisfaction, that I have endeavoured successfully to keep my mind in a state of resignation to the Divine Will, and trust in God. I have not given way to fruitless lamentation for the loss of my dear child,

though I still feel the most tender remembrance of him. I have applied myself to my darling employment of writing, and found myself equal to it.

O merciful Father, the Searcher of all hearts, who knowest all my imperfections infinitely better than I do myself; vouchsafe to pardon for my dear Redeemer's sake, whatsoever thou hast seen amiss in me; and if I have committed any particular offence which I ought to acknowledge and deplore enable me to recollect it, and I will confess it with sorrow and contrition. O Lord, if I know my own heart, I would not willingly offend thee; on the contrary, I would spend my whole life in thy service, never am I so happy as when I am studying thy word, or acting as the instrument of thy Providence in doing good to my fellow creatures. But alas! through the weakness of my nature I cannot always, or long together, stand upright; through my manifold sins and wickedness, I am sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before me; but I humbly trust I shall yet reach the goal, and obtain through the merits of my blessed Redeemer, the high prize of my calling a crown of glory eternal in the heavens. Adorable Saviour thou knowest that I love thee. Lord, I am jealous for the honor of thy name. I am truly grieved when I hear thee spoken of in degrading terms; my Lord, and my God!—O that I could persuade all I know, and all who read my books to think as I do. O that my practice were

in all points such as thou requirest in thy servants and disciples. O that I could more perfectly follow thy blessed example; that I may be enabled to do better than I have hitherto done, I most humbly beseech thee to grant me the continual aid of thy Holy Spirit. Leave me not to myself; forsake me not, O God, of my salvation. I yield myself to thy guidance. I depend not upon my own natural powers, though I resolve to exert them to my best abilities.

O Lord, I hear, with apprehension for myself, of my friends and acquaintance, taken off by sudden death. O if it be thy blessed will, save me from a like fate; I am not yet so well prepared as I hope to be; I have much to do for myself and others, before I can give up my accounts with joy as a faithful steward. Spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, and show forth thy glory to the young and ignorant. But if it should be the will of the Almighty to order it otherwise, may my soul be washed in thy most precious blood, may my sinful nature be covered with the robe of thy righteousness, or how shall I be fit to appear in the presence of a holy God, and join the society of pure spirits?

Lord, I beseech thee, send thy heavenly benediction on my dear husband and children, bless and prosper the journey my husband is going upon, and enable us to perform our respective duties in an acceptable manner.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to grant us this night refreshing sleep, and defend us from all perils and dangers. Praised be the adorable Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen! Amen!

On reading over my Meditations on New Year's Day, I find that I forgot to pray for my dear S——, and E——. How could that be, for I am sure they have an equal share in my affections, with the rest of my beloved children, and greater love than I feel for them all no children can desire from a parent; they wind about my heart till my very life seems to depend upon their happiness. O how much have I suffered from the loss of three whom it has pleased the Almighty to take from me. But I will not recall the grief which has for the present at least subsided. I will endeavour to retain the serenity which my heavenly Father has graciously granted me.

I hope I shall never forgot the kindness of my dear deceased father-in-law. What a character was his! O that I could imitate his patience, resignation, and truly Christian charity.

My grief for my dear deceased child is greatly moderated. I often recollect the last melancholy scene which ended in his death; but not with so much distress as at the time of my dear husband's illness. I am fully resigned to the Divine Will. I do not torment myself with unavailing regrets as I did a little while ago. I have num-

berless blessings at this time in possession, among which is the improved health of my dear husband and children.

I will speak of mercy and judgment unto thee, O Lord, will I speak. I will endeavour to behave myself wisely, in a perfect way, thy grace assisting me. O when wilt thou come unto me! I will walk within my house with a perfect heart, a heart perfectly devoted to thee my God and Saviour. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes; I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave unto me; I will not make a chosen companion of a wicked person. Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful in the land, among them will I choose my associates.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with tender mercies and loving kindness. The Lord, is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither keepeth he his anger for ever. He hath not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities. For as the Heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. O Lord, thou knowest that the fear of thee is ingrafted in my heart; may it never be rooted out. Lord, I

have experienced from thee the pity of a father. O may I be thankful and dutiful for thy compassionate kindness. But how imperfect are my very best services ; yet thou wilt accept them I humbly trust ! thou knowest the weakness of my frame, thou rememberest that I am but dust. My days are as grass ; I am now in life and health, but in a short time, thou alone knowest how soon, I shall go hence and be no more seen. But thy mercy, O Lord, is from everlasting, thy truth reacheth unto the clouds, thou wilt not forsake me even in the grave. I will keep thy covenant, and remember thy commandments, then shall I rise to a life of glory, then shall I be admitted to approach thy throne. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, ye that do his commandments hearken-
ing unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all ye his works in all places of his dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

To the protection of thy good Providence, and the guidance of thy Holy Spirit, O merciful God, I humbly commend myself, my dear husband, and children, and all my friends and relations. Preserve us from the perils and dangers of this night, and if it be thy good pleasure to grant us a further continuance here, raise us up to-morrow with hearts disposed to love and serve thee, and to promote the happiness of our fellow creatures : root out of our minds every thing that is displeasing to

thee, and implant and nourish in them every virtue. May I ever keep in mind the example of my blessed Redeemer, and strive to follow it in all things. Adorable and divine Saviour, thou knowest that I love and honour thee! O vouchsafe to strengthen me to perform the works I delight in, and accept my imperfect services. May I be among that blessed number, whom at the last day, thou wilt own as good and faithful servants.

Feb. 16. O Lord, my heart is open before thee, thou knowest all its cares and anxieties, vouchsafe I most humbly beseech thee to relieve me from them, and enable me by thy Holy Spirit to trust in thy power and goodness, and to submit to thy will. O blessed Lord, light indeed is thy yoke in comparison with that which those who travail and toil to effect their worldly purposes take upon themselves. Lord, receive my humblest, my most grateful thanksgivings for thy great goodness in relieving my mind from the weight of sorrow which lately oppressed it, on account of the loss of my dear child; may I never more give way to it, for what will it avail him? And why should I grieve for him, who I trust, is at rest from all the pains and sorrows of this toilsome life.

I am conscious of a neglect of duty in omitting to instruct my servants as I used to do; I will endeavour to fulfil it better for the time to come. O Lord, I reverence thy Sabbaths; I adore and honour thy holy name. Blessed Jesus, adorable

Saviour, divine Friend of human kind, vouchsafe to continue to me thy loving kindness, which is dearer to me than life itself. Forsake me not, take not thy Holy Spirit from me, leave me not to myself, I feel my weakness, I fear to trust to myself, I lean upon thee my Saviour and Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

Feb. 26. I have had upon the whole a comfortable week. I feel my mind calm and tranquil. I fear it will not continue so long, if I contemplate too much on my own imperfections. I am not averse to humiliation I hope. I have not a thought that exalts itself against my God and Saviour, neither have I a high opinion of myself; the more I look into myself, the more I feel my own insignificance and insufficiency. How can any mortal indulge pride and self conceit?

I was very low spirited this morning at the thought of leaving off mourning for my dear dear John; a thousand painful recollections came into my mind; it was the same with my dear husband, and I fancy with the rest of the family, for they have not thrown it aside.

But duty forbids the indulgence of unavailing sorrow; yet I cannot part with the remembrance of him. O how tenderly did I love him! how anxiously did I watch over him. But thy will, O Lord, be done! I trust we shall meet in a better world never more to part.

Merciful Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I beseech thee for his sake to pardon all my past sins,

and grant me grace to serve thee better for the time to come. O Lord, the longer I live, the more sensible I am of my own imperfections. I know that I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies; my whole dependance is on the merits of my blessed Redeemer. Lord, if not encouraged by thy gracious promises, I could not dare to petition thee for any favour or blessing, nor does thy holy word teach me to expect that all I ask shall be granted, for I may ask many things amiss; many things contrary to my eternal welfare; but as I trust my life is of consequence to many of my fellow creatures, I presume to entreat that thou wouldst be graciously pleased to spare me for a time. O take me not away in the midst of my age till I have used my utmost endeavours to teach thy ways to the rising generation, to assert the honour of my Saviour, and to instruct the young and ignorant to know him as he is, nevertheless not my will, but thine be done; if thou art pleased to cut me off, take me, I beseech thee, to thyself. O give me an inheritance in thy kingdom! O Lord, I further presume to implore thee to grant me, not only life, but health; have compassion upon my dear husband, and if it be thy good pleasure prolong his life also, and may both he and I improve continually in the knowledge and practice of thy holy will.

Bless all our dear children, may it be thy good pleasure to spare them to us to be the comfort of our latter years. Bestow thy blessing upon her, who is

about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, and give her grace to fulfil the duties of it. Accept most merciful God, Saviour and Sanctifier, adorable Trinity, my humblest thanksgivings for the innumerable mercies, vouchsafed me and mine, and give us hearts to enjoy thy goodness, and to communicate happiness to others, to the utmost of our power. Vouchsafe to take us this night under thy protection, and never, O never leave us to ourselves or to our spiritual enemies.

March 18. Part of the last week has been spent in writing Instructions for the Poor, and of course has passed pleasantly; but I form extensive plans which I sometimes fear I shall not live to execute—God's will be done! I do not find in myself at present the desire to pray, but I will read to my servants, after which I hope I shall be in a more devout disposition of mind; and can I lay aside my pen, and close the weekly account without so much as a thanksgiving, forbid it gratitude!

O merciful Father, can I for a single moment forget the numberless undeserved blessings, which I daily receive from thy hands: can I who pretend to teach others to know and serve thee act so inconsistent a part?

O Lord, thou knowest my very great infirmities, both of body and mind; be graciously pleased to pardon what thou hast seen amiss in me, for my dear Redeemer's sake. O Lord, I am a poor weak erring mortal; O save me for my Saviour's sake. At this moment, blessed Lord, hast thou

given me fresh cause for thankfulness by making me the humble instrument of good to a distressed fellow creature. May thy blessing follow her to the situation to which thy Providence has directed her. O Lord, praised and adored be thy holy name. Lord Jesus, be pleased to accept the humble homage of a heart, most affectionately devoted to thee. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. O enable me while I continue upon earth to feed thy lambs, it is my delight to do it.

April 1. A great part of this week also has been spent in writing, and I trust, profitably to myself at least. I hope in the event it may prove so to others, though as yet I have not satisfied myself; my earnest desire is to compose a course of teaching for Charity Schools, by which the children may learn in reality, and not by rote the principles of the Christian Religion, as taught in the Scriptures.

O Lord, I beseech thee, to have compassion upon my dear husband, restore him if it be thy holy will to perfect health; and whether he continue in health or sickness, enable me to perform my duty towards him in meekness and patience; vouchsafe to bless us in the house and in the field, defend us from all our enemies, and if it be the will of our heavenly Father, to give us prosperity, may we never forget the bountiful hand that bestows it; and may we as far as our influence extends, dispense blessings to others; O may we

be found worthy to be the instruments of good to our fellow creatures.

And now, O merciful Father, let me offer up my praise and thanksgiving for thine infinite mercy and loving kindness. I acknowledge that I am an unprofitable servant, unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, yet do I hope thou wilt accept my humble endeavours to do thy will, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Vouchsafe, O Lord, for his sake to pardon whatsoever I have done amiss. O blessed Jesus, intercede for me thy faithful, though weak servant! Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, thou knowest the zeal of my soul for thine honour! O how it grieves me to hear thy God-head denied, thy atonement contemned. Lord, for my own part I adore, I venerate thee as my God and Saviour; I believe most fervently that thy death had the value in the sight of God the Father, to purchase Salvation for a lost race; and I rely on thy merits for that pardon and justification, which I am sure I could never obtain for myself. O blessed Lord, keep me thine evermore, unite me to thyself, vouchsafe to dwell in me by thy Holy Spirit. I yield myself to thy divine guidance. O cast out of my mind every thing that is offensive to thy purity. Enlighten my understanding, strengthen my weak faculties, enable me to help forward the good work I am called to assist in; O suggest what I should write, what I should do, what I should say; drive away all desire of the praise of men, let me go

with no sentiments in my heart, but those of true piety and charity. O eternal God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, vouchsafe to bless my dear husband and children, and reckon us among thy chosen people. Give thy grace to every individual of this household, that all may perform their respective duties in an acceptable manner. Amen ! Amen !

May 9. From want of leisure I have omitted to record till now some events which have given me real heartfelt pleasure. I went to the Mary-le-bone Schools, which afford a happy prospect of rescuing many poor children from vice and profligacy. I was happy to find that the management of the schools is in such good hands ; I am happy also, in so good an opportunity of making an experiment of my system of education.

The week after I was at the Mary-le-bone Schools, I went to see my good friend Mrs. Denward, at Hampstead, and there I met Mrs. C——, who told me that her sister had bequeathed me a legacy of twenty guineas to be laid out in charity, as I should think proper, this is a very acceptable bequest, and I will endeavour to relieve the real wants of my poor neighbours with it.

I am very anxious for the abolition of the slave trade, because I am confident that the continuance of it is totally repugnant to Christianity, and I am persuaded that a blessing would fall upon the nation for preferring piety and justice, to worldly policy.

O merciful Father, I bless and praise thy glorious name for thine abundant and undeserved goodness to me. O Lord, what honour dost thou put upon me thy poor, thy unworthy servant. How kindly dost thou indulge the best desires of my heart ! how often dost thou make me the instrument of thy good Providence. Lord, not unto me, not unto me be the praise, to thee I ascribe it. O Lord, I am truly sensible of my own deficiencies and infirmities ; I have nothing to glory in but thy goodness to me. Blessed Jesus, adorable divine Saviour, accept I most humbly beseech thee, the adoration of a heart sincerely and earnestly devoted to thee ; on thy merits is all my dependance for the pardon of my manifold offences ; vouchsafe to give me the aid of thy Holy Spirit. I know, and feel continually, that without divine assistance I am unable to do any thing as I ought to do. O divine Spirit descend upon me ! cleanse me from the pollution of my sins, encrease in me every inclination to goodness, purify me, sanctify me ! leave me not to myself, merciful Jesus ; forsake me not, O God of my Salvation ; take not thy Holy Spirit from me ; hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not ; grant me thy peace, that best of blessings !

May 13. This week I have attended the death bed of a poor man, who has had a lingering illness, and to whom I have endeavoured to give what assistance was in my power ; it gave me great pleasure to see him meeting death with so much forti-

tude and resignation : surely he must have been supported by the inward comforts of the Holy Ghost, or he could not have left his wife and children with so much composure. I felt great pleasure when he prayed the Almighty to bless me ; surely such prayers will find acceptance.

O Lord God, I most earnestly beseech thee to pardon all my past sins for my Redeemer's sake. Take my dear husband and children this night under the protection of thy good Providence ; accept my imperfect services, my weak endeavours to promote thy honour upon earth. — — —

May 22. This day the silent tomb is closed upon the remains of my dear departed husband. On the 15th I was waked from a comfortable sleep by the sound of his dying agony. I found him in a strong fit. In a very short time he expired. I am now a deep and sincere mourner for his loss. Oh he has been to me the tenderest of husbands, and long shall I lament the fatal separation. My thoughts have been successively calm and tumultuous. I have received much inward consolation. I trust that though his death was sudden, he was not unprepared for it. I think he had been in expectation of a speedy dissolution for some time past; and his life had been a series of good and benevolent actions, such as the Gospel recommends. I am persuaded he performed them with singleness of heart, and that he had a real zeal for the interests of true religion. I think he was merciful and a peace-maker in an eminent degree. He was also of a most forgiving temper. O he had many virtues!

I have the comfort of knowing that I performed my duty as a wife to his entire satisfaction.

I purpose, with divine grace, to pass the remainder of my life in the practice of piety. I will seek to my Saviour, and follow the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Surely then the blessing of God will remain with me!

O merciful Father! who by an awful stroke of thy providence hast seen fit to deprive me of an

husband, and my dear children of a parent, extend thy pity and compassion to us; leave us not destitute, but be to us a strong tower of defence against the various evils of this mortal life; and finally, receive us into thy heavenly kingdom, whither, I trust, my dear departed husband is gone before.

Lord Jesus, have compassion upon us. Grant us the aid of thy Holy Spirit. O support us; leave us not comfortless.

June 3. It is wonderful to think how I and my family have been supported by Divine goodness under the heavy calamity that has befallen us. I feel in general calm and composed. Sometimes I have a paroxysm of grief; but methinks I would not have it otherwise. The Almighty surely will not take offence at the tribute which nature and gratitude demand to the memory of the best and tenderest of husbands. O how dearly did he love me! How often did he implore the blessing of God upon me! With what partiality did he view my actions and my works! I hope I have not acted with ingratitude towards him. My mind was weaker than his; my bodily infirmities many. I endeavoured to accommodate my behaviour to his wishes. He expressed the utmost satisfaction in my conduct. But, alas! were he now alive, I think I could deserve his love better than formerly. Dear departed spirit, if thou knowest any thing of the concerns of this mortal life, thou knowest that thy afflicted widow now feels every sentiment of tender esteem and gratitude for thy

dear memory ; that she resolves to cherish these sentiments to the last moment of her life ; that she looks forward with hope beyond the grave to an eternity, in which she may in thy society enjoy pleasure and happiness without end, and that she resolves to supply, to the best of her power, the loss of thee to her dear children, by following thy example, in preferring their interest to her own. If thou art ignorant of these resolves, they are, however, known to the Searcher of all hearts, and may he give me strength to fulfil them !

I have not only lost a dear and tender companion, but a judicious and faithful adviser. I can no more refer to him to guide my conduct. I must be the more circumspect. I will endeavour to reflect how he would have wished me to act. I will fly to my God for divine help. My dear husband was superior to me in many respects. I will emulate his example in future. I never knew any one perform benevolent actions with more alacrity. I never knew a more forgiving temper. He was also liberal to the utmost that his circumstances afforded, and professed a firm trust in the providence of God. He had a great degree of patience on trying occasions, and encountered all the evils of life with manly and Christian fortitude. Surely such a character must have been an object of divine favour. Surely such an one must have obtained the gracious intercession of a benevolent Saviour, in whose name he was baptized, whose

death he had repeatedly commemorated in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. My soul is full of this hope. I will indulge it. I will think that my dear companion is removed from a scene of sorrow and trouble to a state of rest and peace, and that he will finally be admitted into the regions of immortal bliss, where, I trust, my dear departed children, who died in their years of innocence, and uncorrupted youth, will also find admittance; and where I, and those who are now my joy and comfort upon earth, will be finally received.

O merciful and gracious Father, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, love, and veneration, I acknowledge thy unmerited goodness to me, thy poor creature, in supporting my mind under my most afflicting loss. O Lord, I have abundantly experienced the truth of thy divine promises recorded in Scripture. I have called upon thee in the day of trouble, and thou heardest me. I have knocked, and thou hast opened. I have asked, and have received. I have sought, and I have found. I have besought thee to grant me the aid of thy Holy Spirit, and thou hast graciously hearkened to my humble petitions. O Lord, what divine consolation hast thou poured into my troubled bosom! How hast thou quieted its painful perturbations! What sweet refreshing repose hast thou given me! How good and gracious hast thou also been to my dear children! Merciful Lord, I praise and bless thy glorious name for all thy good-

ness ! What return shall I make ? O God, what can a poor weak creature like me do in return for unspeakable mercies ! Divine Saviour, to thee do I fly. Friend of my soul, assist my weak endeavours. Grant me an interest in thine infinite merits. O reckon me as thy member, as a branch pruned and purged to bear fruit. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Lord, with renewed affection and veneration I devote myself to thee. I desire to devote myself to thy service ; to endeavour to propagate thy holy religion. Accept, I beseech thee, my purposes, and strengthen me to fulfil them. O may thy Holy Spirit ever remain with me. May I be one with Christ unto my life's end. May I be a faithful steward, an approved servant. Help me, merciful Saviour, to do the will of my Father which is in heaven. Keep me stedfast in the right way. Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not. Let me take up my cross, and follow thee. Let nothing in this world induce me to fix my affections too powerfully on any thing below. Let me ever press forward towards the high prize of my calling, which is laid up in heaven for me.

June 7. To-morrow I purpose, if it please God to spare my life, to go to church. That I may go with a composed and prepared mind, and receive the holy sacrament to my comfort, I will now examine my past conduct to the best of my power, and see what is the present state of my soul.

O Lord, I earnestly desire to acknowledge and confess my manifold sins and wickedness, and to humble myself before thee. May thy Spirit assist me in calling my offences to remembrance.

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O merciful Father, these my sins, with numberless others which I am not able to call to mind, are all in thy sight. I am truly grieved to look back, and see what errors and miscarriages I have been guilty of. But I repent, O God, I hope I sincerely repent. I am heartily sorry for these my misdoings, and turn unto thee with full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come.

I most humbly beseech thee, O Lord, who art gracious and merciful, long suffering, and of great goodness, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, (who died for sinners) to pardon and forgive all my sins, whether wilful, or of ignorance, by which I have in any way scandalized my Christian profession.

O Lord, Holy Father, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, who gavest thy Son to die for us, and redeem us from all iniquity, pardon and rectify the errors of my heart and life, and every sinful practice, that I may hereafter serve thee by living a sober, godly, and religious life.

And since I am not able to do this of myself, strengthen me, I beseech thee, with thy Holy Spi-

rit, and daily increase in me every Christian grace, that I may have victory and triumph against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and finally obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ, thy Son our Lord. Amen.

To these my prayers be added my humblest thanksgiving for thine abundant mercies, particularly, O Lord, I desire to thank thee for thy great goodness in comforting me under the heavy affliction thou hast seen fit to bring upon me, and for the many blessings thou hast been pleased to continue to me. O Lord, praised be thy name for the comfort of good children. O gracious Lord, shower down thy choicest blessings upon them. Above all, continue to guide them by thy Holy Spirit. Truly may I say thou art a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Thou hast soothed my mind, thou hast comforted me beyond what any human being could have done. When my dear husband strove to calm my mind after the loss of my dear Son, his tenderness was but the instrument of thine abundant kindness. I have now no dear partner of my joys and sorrows, yet my mind has been calmed, my grief has been mitigated. I have found sweet repose upon my widowed pillow. I have sensibly experienced the comforts of the Holy Ghost. O how shall I thank thee for this surprising, this unmerited love to me, thy poor creature? I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon my blessed Redeemer,

whose all-sufficient merits atoned for the sins of the whole world.

I will endeavour to conduct myself in an exemplary manner in the new state to which thou hast been pleased to call me, that I may be among the number of those whom the Scriptures stile *widows indeed*. I am desolate, but I will trust in thee; I will continue in supplication and prayer night and day; I will bid adieu to all pleasure but that which arises from the practice of virtue and piety; I will be zealous of good works; I will, to the utmost of my power, relieve the afflicted. O Lord, I beseech thee, strengthen me to keep these resolutions.

June 13. I went to church, as I purposed, on Sunday. On entering the church, I felt my spirits affected by painful recollections; but upon the whole, my thoughts were collected, so that I joined with more fervency than I sometimes do. I was much affected when I knelt down at the altar, but received the sacrament with great comfort, and prayed with fervour. I have since had recourse repeatedly to private devotion, and have experienced great benefit from it. My mind has ever since Sunday been free from painful and tormenting reflections. Every circumstance of grief seems to have a comfort annexed to it. If I think what an excellent, what a valuable husband I have lost, it instantly occurs to me, that the better he discharged the relative duties, the greater will be his reward, and the greater the blessing for his sake

upon his family. If I think how greatly I shall miss his counsel and advice, I recollect that I may have the guidance of the Holy Spirit if I pray for it, and strive to do my duty. If I think of his being taken from a family that he doted on, I think that he may possibly be enjoying the blessings of eternity with others of my dear children, who in their life-time were equally dear to him. — — I enjoy every night calm and refreshing sleep. I find my health mended. At present, my good resolutions seem strengthened, and I am, on the whole, in a surprisingly comfortable state. I hope my calmness does not proceed from insensibility, from blunted feelings. Were this the case, I should not think of the dear deceased with such tenderness as I do. I am certain that it is not owing to the strength of my reasoning powers ; for alas ! they are very weak indeed. I think the inward consolations I experience are the fruits of the Holy Spirit ; and as such I rejoice in them. I feel inexpressible gratitude and love to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for these inestimable blessings. O may the sense of these mercies remain indelibly impressed upon my heart ! And may I shew it by a life of obedience to the will of God. Nor are spiritual blessings the only ones that are granted me ; though one, and that a most important one, is removed from me ; though my principal earthly support is gone, I have numberless earthly blessings left. — — — — —

Every one of my children contributes a share towards my comfort, and no circumstance of their conduct gives me such heart-felt satisfaction, as their pious resignation to the Divine will. O may they ever persist, and be upheld by heaven in every good purpose!

June 18. The greatest part of last week I was very comfortable and calm, but yesterday my uneasiness returned with great force, and continued its power over my mind all day, though I went twice to church. I am grieved to recollect that I was very absent from the service; my thoughts were employed on my dear deceased husband, even in the house of God. I was attentive, indeed, to the afternoon sermon, but the circumstance which fixed my attention was its being on the subject of peace-making*. I apprehend Mr. P—— selected it for my comfort, and it was well calculated to answer the end. It did answer the end while I was hearing it, but afterwards my thoughts fell into the same melancholy train. I sat down in the evening with all my children around me, all in deep mourning for that dear father, who used to see them with unspeakable delight, who loved them with the highest affection. I could not enjoy the sight of them, because I had not him to par-

* Mr. Trimmer was particularly remarkable for this virtue; even the last evening of his life was marked by the performance of it; as he was engaged, till he retired to rest, in writing letters to compose some differences between parties who were at variance.

take of it. O how often have our hearts felt mutual exultation at seeing the olive branches round about our table ! But I must not give way to sad reflections. If the parent plant is cut down, it is, I trust, but to renew its verdure ; it will spring again, I humbly hope, to never-ending life, to perpetual verdure in the paradise of God !

I do not feel myself in so comfortable a state of mind as during the last week. My spirits are very low. Why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me ? O put thy trust in God, for he will give thee strength ; he will deliver thee out of all thy trouble. Consider that no evil has yet befallen thee, but what is common to the human race ; that these light afflictions, which certainly are but for a moment, will contribute, if it be not thine own fault, through the merits of thy Redeemer, to procure thee an exceeding great reward—no less than an eternity of happiness. Cease then, cease, O my soul, thy passionate complainings, thy useless lamentations, and submit with patient resignation to the dispensations of God. O merciful Lord, it is my earnest desire to do so. The spirit, I hope, is willing, but the flesh is weak. Blessed Jesus, compassionate Saviour, to thee I fly. O Lord, hear me ; cast me not off ; hearken to my humble petition. O come to my aid, and with great might succour me. Save me from my spiritual enemies. Send thy Holy Spirit to strengthen and sustain me. O Lord, hear me, and let my cry come unto thee. Send

me help from thy holy place, and evermore mightily defend me. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned. I have offended against my heavenly Father. May thy all-powerful intercession reconcile me to my offended God. O Lord, when I do my best, I must depend for salvation on thy merits, on thy atoning sacrifice. Oceans of tears would not wash away my slightest offence. I can perform no real service to deserve reward. On thee I rely. I resolve to strive to bear my affliction better than I have done these two last days; but what are my resolves without divine aid? Alas! nothing; a vapour which vanisheth like smoke. O Lord, thou knowest what my bodily and mental infirmities are at the present moment. I would not deceive myself, but surely I may plead them as some extenuation. I will not plead any thing. I cast myself on the mercy of God, confessing myself an unprofitable sinner, and imploring pardon and pity for the sake of Jesus Christ alone; that divine Saviour, whom I wish to honour with all the powers of my soul, and to follow in the ways of holy living to the end of my life. O blessed Saviour, comfort the soul of thy servant. Help me to do the will of my Father, which is in heaven.

June 21. The help I sought was graciously granted me. Whoever cried unto the Lord, and was disappointed, when he prayed in conformity to the Divine will? When did the Almighty fail to fulfil his gracious promises? O my soul, make thy humble acknowledgements for his goodness to thee.

Bear thy willing, thy joyful, thy thankful testimony, that God is true and faithful. To such a degree have I enjoyed peace and tranquillity the last two days and nights, that I have at times been tempted to impute them to want of feeling ; but I hope and trust I am not presumptuous in attributing them to the power and goodness of God. Whenever I give way to thinking of my dear husband, without first imploring the support of the Almighty, I find my mind exquisitely susceptible of painful emotions. Whenever I find myself in an agitation of spirits, ready to repine at my loss, if I pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit, a sweet serenity takes possession of my soul, and every grief subsides. When I think of my unworthiness, I am astonished at these happy fruits of earnest supplication ; but when I think of the infinite mercy of God, my wonder ceases. Yet let me remember that not for any merit of my own are these divine aids afforded me : they are the gift of God for Jesus Christ's sake. To him be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

June 23. I have experienced much peace and serenity since last I recorded the mercies of my God ; and I trust I am fully resigned to his dispensations in the affliction he has seen fit to bring upon me, as far as my own interest is concerned ; but when I think how sudden the summons was to my dear husband, I have a multitude of painful thoughts on his account. I cannot help thinking, that had a longer time been granted him, he might

have prepared himself better for his eternal state, than in the multiplicity of business he had the opportunity of doing. That *I* am the better as yet for the affliction which has fallen upon me, I am fully sensible. It has certainly drawn me nearer to my God and Saviour; it has elevated my thoughts above sublunary things, and fixed them upon the world to come; but I cannot help wishing that the dear partner of all my joys and sorrows had had more time allowed him on earth. Yet why should I wish so? Will not the Judge of all the universe do right by all his creatures? — — — —

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O let me think, that my dear husband was taken away to save him from pain and sorrow, and give him the reward of righteousness; and to spare me, and my dear family, the affliction of seeing him endure tormenting pains, which we could not relieve. Surely a life of virtues like his must have been acceptable. He abhorred all manner of wickedness; he was true and just in all his dealings; he loved his neighbour as himself; he practised universal benevolence; he was a friend to the fatherless and widow; he turned not his ear from the poor and destitute; he was a peace-maker; he was merciful; he forgave his greatest enemies, and returned good for evil; he feared and worshipped God; he believed in our Lord Jesus Christ; he kept himself unspotted from the world; he was chaste and sober to a remarkable degree. Surely then he must

have found acceptance; and were I to think otherwise, I should dishonour the Redeemer by not depending sufficiently on his merits and all-powerful intercession. Dear and adorable Saviour, O pardon thy servant in this thing. Pardon the widow of a most affectionate husband, a fault arising from tender regard for the happiness of a soul, so tenderly attached to her. O Lord, I do not grieve, I think I do not, for my own loss; the suddenness of the stroke was, I am convinced, a mercy to *me*. I should have suffered more had I seen my dear husband linger in painful agonies; a tender parting, such as our's would have been, had he been sensible of approaching death, would have made impressions never to be eradicated. Since all was merciful to *me*, ought I not think it so to *him*? O gracious God, pardon my weakness, and strengthen my mind. When I have prayed thee to give me inward consolation, it has hitherto been granted: continue it to me, I most humbly beseech thee. I will endeavour to prepare myself for my Lord's coming, that I may meet him with joy. O that I may find my dear husband and departed children among the number of the blessed!

I will trust in the Lord, and do good, verily believing that he will order all events for the good of me and mine. Who can harm us, if we be followers of that which is good? I will delight in the Lord, and he will give me my heart's desire. It shall be my endeavour to bring all my desires into

obedience to his most holy will. I will commit my ways unto the Lord, and he will bring to pass that which is best for me. I will rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

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If I follow the steps of good men, the Lord will order my goings; he will be pleased with my ways; though I fall, I shall not utterly be cast down, for the Lord will uphold me with his hand. I trust he will not forsake the seed of my dear husband, who was ever merciful, and ready to give and lend. I trust my dear husband, myself, and children, are among the redeemed and sanctified, the members of Christ, the children of God, whom he will never forsake, but will preserve for evermore. As for me, the law of my God I will engraft on my heart, then my footsteps will not slide. — — — — — I will wait on the Lord, and keep his ways; the Lord is my salvation; he is my strength in time of trouble; he will help and deliver me and mine, because we trust in him. — — — — —

June 24. The tranquillity which I so earnestly solicited yesterday has been most graciously afforded me. As I walked in the garden afterwards, I imagined to myself how it would be with my dear husband at the resurrection of the dead; what testimony would be borne to his conduct upon earth, should the heavenly Judge call those to witness with whom he had transactions in this state of probation. Should his parents be called upon,

they would doubtless say he had been a dutiful and affectionate son; his brother and sisters could speak of his affection towards them; and what would be my testimony as a wife? such as would proclaim him the best of husbands. Twelve beloved children would stand forth to acknowledge his constant attention to parental duties; his servants and workmen would bear witness to him as a just, indulgent, and compassionate master; the poor would appear in a great number, to testify that he had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, taken in the stranger, visited the sick, compassionated the prisoner; as a member of society, he discharged every public and private office with diligence and attention, to the interests of each respective individual; he was a very loyal subject; he honoured the clergy; he set a striking example of decency, sobriety, and temperance; he was a zealous and faithful friend to many; he had a zeal for the advancement of true religion; he never countenanced those who derided it.— If such was his conduct, and such I am persuaded it was, not with a view to gain the applause and esteem of men, but from a wish to discharge his duty as a christian, have I not reason to hope and believe, that he will be among the number of those to whom our blessed Lord, when he comes to judge the world, will say—“Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” Sins of infirmity, to which all mankind are unhappily

subject, he committed without doubt. He could not be perfect, so as to stand in no need of a Redeemer ; he wanted the atonement and the intercession of a Mediator ; and these, I trust, he has found. The blessed, the all-merciful Jesus, would not reject one who wrought so many of the works which he promised to reward. Let me then henceforth contemplate my dear departed husband as a happy spirit, released from a state of trouble and anxiety, and rejoicing among the redeemed of the Lord ; and let my care be directed to the security of my own salvation, and promoting that of others to the utmost of my power.

I hope and trust I shall not be under the necessity of leaving my present habitation. Every place ought to be the same to me in respect to myself. This earth is not my abiding place. I seek one in the heavenly mansions ; but I wish to contribute, as long as my life and faculties last, to the instruction of the poor children of this town. I wish to promote the worship of God among the poor inhabitants. I wish to disperse such bounties as are entrusted to me in this neighbourhood. Here I have passed my happiest days ; here I have lived twenty-nine years with a kind husband ; here I have brought up a family of good children ; here I have been blessed with prosperity ; here I have found much respect and kindness from many people ; here I have had good religious instruction ; in short, I have had so many blessings here, that I am attached to the spot, and I humbly trust that

the Almighty will maintain my lot, and that he will not suffer my foot to be moved.

June 30. In the course of the present week I have been variously affected; notwithstanding my former resolutions, I have sometimes been very desponding; at other times I have enjoyed much peace and serenity: at this moment I feel great dejection of spirits. I feel most sensibly the loss of my dear companion; and if I have not absolutely repined, I have been at the point of doing so. O it is a most sad loss! I think I can never cease to deplore it; and yet how much worse it would have been, if it had happened earlier in life, when I had a young helpless family. Some of my dear children are, I trust, safe on the heavenly shores; the waves and tempests of this troublesome world can never reach them: those that are left behind, I humbly trust, are fortified to encounter the difficulties of humanity; they have, it is true, lost the best of their earthly parents, but they have a heavenly Father, who will ever protect and succour them by his Almighty power, while they continue in the paths of duty.

July 16. It is so long since I could find leisure to write my Journal, that I am sure I cannot recollect much of what I wish to record. In respect to my affliction for the loss of my dear husband, I think it upon the whole abated; but sometimes it returns upon my mind with full force. Last Sunday, in the evening, I was particularly agitated.

I felt the want of his judgment in a momentous concern. — — — — —

I have sent my Charity School Spelling-book to the Mary-le-bone school. How happy will it make me, can I but bring about or contribute to the amendment of the mode of education in charity-schools! I will use my best endeavours, and then without anxiety leave the event to God. I cannot help wishing to live to finish the plans I have in hand for the instruction of the young and ignorant. But who is it that does not find some pretence for desiring life to be prolonged? As for the world itself, I can truly say, I have no pleasure in it but what arises from that delight and admiration which I feel in viewing the works of God, conversing with my family and friends, and in doing the little good in my power. The pleasure of contemplating the beauties and wonders of the creation, will doubtless be encreased in a future state. In heaven I hope to enjoy the society not only of my dear husband and children, who are gone before me, and at length of those whom I may leave behind, but of angels also, and to be admitted to the presence of my God and Saviour. In our best enjoyments here, even in the practice of piety and charity, there is now much difficulty and vexation. One's own heart is so beset with infirmities, that our very prayers and praises are very imperfect, and benevolence meets with so many checks from the ingratitude of some, and the blindness of others to their

best interests, that its pleasures are greatly abated. As for the things which in the world go under the denomination of pleasures; I can truly say they have no charms for me; they have long been indifferent, but since I lost my dear constant faithful companion I feel an aversion to them.

In the present world the dearest of all objects are my beloved children, and them I shall continue to love as long as I live; nay, I think as long as I have any being; for my affection for them seems to be a part of my nature. [My soul would not be itself, I think without it: yet I trust, I can leave them behind me without repining if it should be the will of the Almighty to summon me away. I trust, I can submit to part with them if it should be his will to take them from me. Of this I am confident that God will order all things for the best; should I die shortly, as I sometimes think I shall, I have the happiness to know I leave a family of Christians behind me; they will, I doubt not, continue steadfast in the practice of piety; and who can harm them, if they be followers of that which is good! Should any of them be snatched away, I trust it would only be to place them in a happier state. Three times have I been graciously supported under the affliction of losing a child; and the same Almighty power would again sustain me: can I fear any evil when I am thus enabled to bear the loss of a most kind and valuable husband?

I find my constitution very weak, however I am not anxious concerning the event; only whether I

live or die, may I continue under the favour of the Lord ; and that, his grace assisting me, shall be my earnest endeavour.

Merciful and everlasting God, I most humbly beseech thee to keep me and mine this day, and to the end of our lives, under the protection of thy good Providence, and the guidance of thy holy Spirit. Lord Jesus, vouchsafe to be with me and mine ; leave us not to ourselves. O Lord, I know and feel my own weakness more and more every day of my life. I desire to cleanse my heart of all its corrupt affections, and to fix it steadily upon heavenly things ; in heaven are my best treasures.

Praises a thousand times repeated would not be sufficient for the mercies of the last few days. O Lord, thou seest my infirmity ; I can no longer continue at this time my prayers and meditations ; weariness overcomes my spirits ; O may thy all-powerful intercession plead in my behalf ; may thine infinite merits supply my deficiencies ; I will go forth in thy strength, and do my duty if thou wilt vouchsafe me aid ; without that I can do nothing. O Lord, I beseech thee to guide me by thy spirit in my household, in my transactions of business and charity, in my temporal and spiritual concerns. Lord Jesus, hear me, turn not away thine ear from my humble petitions ; help thine handmaid, thy devoted servant, thy willing disciple. Amen ! Amen !

July 28. It is a long while since I have taken

account of my time, and of the mercies bestowed upon me; I am subject to many interruptions, and have much to occupy me. I now sit down to indulge a few tender thoughts of my dear departed husband. O how powerfully does the recollection of his kindness present itself to me! how sensibly do I feel the value of the treasure I lost in him! I hope I may without offence to Heaven pay the poor tribute of a few sighs and tears to the memory of one who patiently endured innumerable cares, anxious solitudes, and various fatigues for me!

For my dear husband I can do no more; my utmost tenderness can now avail *him* nothing. But he has left behind him those dear pledges of his love, who were ever *dearer to him than himself*, to them let me suppose my debt transferred; let me pay to them what I am conscious I owe to their dear father; let me, if possible, redouble my kindness to them.

O Lord, thou knowest that my heart at this instant is fully sensible of thy great goodness in allotting me such a husband as I had. Praised and adored be thy great name, O Lord, for the long enjoyment of this blessing. O Lord, to the end of my life, I wish to be sensible of it, and as thou hast seen fit to deprive me of my dear companion, I wish to be resigned to thy will.

Lord, I beseech thee to guide and direct me in the management of the schools; suggest to me, I

beg, what I ought to do in my difficult situation and keep me back from those measures whereby I may injure them. O incline my heart in this matter to act from the best motives ; let no resentful thought influence me ; I earnestly desire to do what is right, and am content to sustain the loss that threatens me, if thou seest fit it should be so. No difficulties within the compass of my abilities shall dishearten me.

O Lord, thou hast put a great honour upon me in suffering me to be an instrument to a good work, which is now carried on, and which promises benefit to thousands : O may I be able to execute the task I have undertaken, so as to promote the honour and glory of my Saviour and Redeemer upon earth. O Lord, spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen ! O take me not away in the midst of my age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth me, until I have shewed thy power unto this generation, and thy goodness to that which is yet for to come !

Aug. 3. — — — — —
 — — I am in very great perplexity still about the schools. We have already sustained a very great loss by them, and I fear there is a danger of losing still more. However, trusting in the goodness of God, that my own family will not be injured by it, I will cheerfully venture, all that I am able, I will do for the benefit of these poor children, who are very dear to me. Under the Provi-

dence of God I will not fear to encounter difficulties.

Merciful and gracious Father, vouchsafe to bless my humble endeavours to keep up this institution, which we have laboured to establish! Blessed and adorable Saviour, vouchsafe to assist me in keeping together this little flock, which it is my delight for thy sake as well as their's to feed with spiritual food; to train in the way of truth and righteousness. I earnestly desire to act with propriety, to consider the welfare of the children only. O Lord, set a watch before my lips, and keep the door of my mouth; hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not.

O Lord, how manifold are thy mercies to me thy unworthy servant! How numberless are the blessings which at this time I possess. With a thankful heart I desire to offer thee my praises for thine abundant, thine unmerited goodness. Gracious Father, how wonderfully hast thou supported me and my dear children under one of the greatest afflictions, that could possibly befall us! What peace dost thou accord to us in this time of affliction! Lord, from whence, but from thy mercy could we derive consolation for the loss of a husband so kind; a parent so tender? Most truly hast thou proved thyself to us, the husband of the widow, the father of the fatherless. O may we by our lives and actions prove ourselves sensible of these thy favours. O Lord, assisted as I hope to be by thy Spirit, I will endeavour henceforth to

lead a life of holiness ; I willingly devote myself to thy service ; I desire above all things to be instrumental in propagating the religion of my blessed and beloved Redeemer ; and in asserting his honour, in this adulterous and sinful generation. Lord Jesus, when I hear thy divinity disputed, I feel more displeasure than I should do from the greatest reproaches that could be cast upon me ; I think I do, but I am not put to the trial. Yet thou knowest the sentiments of my heart, and I trust in these matters they are acceptable to thee. O Lord, I am truly sensible of my own unworthiness, and of the dignity of thy character ; on thine infinite merits alone I depend for salvation, and through those merits I trust my dear departed husband has found acceptance with the Father of mercies.

O Lord, I cannot at this time meditate or pray as I wish to do ; my mind is filled with thoughts on various subjects. I cannot fix it to the point I wish, I must borrow the words of holy David to express my praises ; I extol thee, O God, my heavenly Father, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier ; I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Great art thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised ; and thy greatness is unsearchable ; one generation shall praise thy works unto another ; and shall declare thy mighty acts ; I will speak of the glorious honour of thy Majesty, of thy Salvation, of thy tender mercy, and of all thy wondrous works ; gracious art thou, O Lord, and full of compassion ;

slow to anger and of great mercy ; thou art good to all, and thy mercy is over all thy works ; all thy works shall praise thee, O Lord ; and thy redeemed shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thine eternal kingdom, and tell of thy power and goodness. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all ages. O Lord, thou upholdest all that fall, thou hast vouchsafed to uphold me, thine unworthy servant ; thou hast raised me up when sorrow bowed down my soul to the very dust. The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord, and thou givest them their meat in due season ; on thee we all depend for every thing we possess, even for life itself. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the wants of every creature. O Lord, thou art righteous in all thy ways, and holy in all thy works. Thou art nigh unto all them that call upon thee. O Lord, I have called upon thee in the time of trouble ; and thou hast graciously fulfilled the desire of my heart : thou hast heard my cry ; and hast saved me from the bitterness of sorrow. Continue, I beseech thee, to preserve me ; for I love thee, O Lord, my God. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord ; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever !

Aug. 19. On Sunday last I received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which always refreshes and invigorates my mind. I have, during the whole week, been greatly occupied with the Schools, and my thoughts have been very much

employed upon the approaching marriage of my dear daughter. This event, which took place yesterday morning, was earnestly desired by my dear departed husband: he looked forward to it with particular delight. Ah little did he or I think that his days would come to a period before it was accomplished! In concluding this business, I felt the loss of my companion, my guide, the head of the family, who knew so well how to direct all its motions. I have suffered agonies of mind inexpressible on this trying occasion. I hope and trust the Almighty has not been offended by them. I wish to rejoice in his goodness, but how can I rejoice without my dear husband? I feel inclined to bid a final adieu to all that bears the name of *earthly* joys; but I will rejoice in the Lord and be thankful.

O merciful Lord, vouchsafe to send thy heavenly benediction on my dear child and her husband. May the state of wedlock prove a state of felicity to them. May they live together many years, serving thee; and, if it be thy good pleasure, raising a family to serve thee here, and enjoy heaven hereafter. O Lord, the first desires of my heart are to serve thee faithfully myself, and to see my family do the same. In the weakness and infirmity of my nature, I grieve for lost blessings. It appears to me like a duty to grieve for the loss of a most kind and tender husband. O merciful God, if I offend thee by so doing, vouchsafe to pardon me, for Jesus Christ's sake. O divine Sa-

viour, have compassion upon me. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. I trust and hope that divine love prevails over every earthly affection. I think I would forsake all and give up all, rather than be separated from thee, my blessed, my adored, my beloved Saviour.

O Lord, raise my mind to heavenly things. O let it not dwell on the trifles of this vain world. I think my heart is weaned from its delusive vanities; the beauties of creation I view with increased admiration. I feel a delight in examining the works of nature; the pomps of life have no charms with me in comparison with thee. O Lord, have mercy upon me; unite me to thyself: may I be a branch of thee: may I bear the fruits of true faith and good works. Forsake me not, O divine Saviour.

Aug. 26. I have had a very comfortable week, a remission of grief, a cheerfulness which I did not think possible for me to feel so soon after my most afflicting loss. My time has been filled up—I hope, upon the whole, usefully filled up.

This day twelvemonth I was weeping over a dying child. I was suffering one of the greatest sorrows that humanity is subject to. O may I never more experience such bitterness of heart! Yet God's will, not mine, be done! He sustained my mind at that time with holy consolations. He has supported me under a still greater calamity.

I survive and am tranquil under the loss of one of the best of husbands! Let me not then fear any evil that may hereafter befall me. O Lord, in gratitude to thee for the blessing of good children, I will labour to instruct the children of the poor. May thy grace attend my endeavours, and give efficacy to them.

Aug. 28. Six in the morning. This is the first anniversary of that day on which my dear son John was taken from this world. At this hour of the 28th of August last year, as near as I can recollect, I was told by my friend, Mrs. B——, that "*all was over.*" O what a stroke was this to an affectionate parent! Yet praised and adored be the God of all consolation, it was mitigated by his mercy. I was able to say before my child expired, and afterwards, thy will, O God, be done! Most largely did he shed his heavenly consolations upon me. I suffered inexpressibly, to be sure, but my sufferings were not those of a poor mortal driven to the depths of woe, immersed in the utmost bitterness of grief, for the Lord sustained me and vouchsafed me an inward sense of his fatherly love, while under his chastening hand. I was endued with patience, and enabled to rejoice in the goodness of the Lord, and to be thankful in the midst of my sorrow. The being at a distance from my dear husband, and the greater part of my children, was a distressing circumstance. I dreaded to meet the afflicted father: the interview was less mournful than I expected: I found him re-

signed: we mingled our tears together; but they were the tears of resignation. In his dear bosom, and from the expressions of his tenderness and love, I found the best consolation next to that of the Holy Spirit. Then I felt with renewed force conjugal affection in my own heart. I felt the utmost tenderness for the dear partner of my grief. Little did I think he would so soon be parted from me.

My heart yearns after my late dear companion. My soul still claims alliance with his. We were not bound together by the bands of sensuality: our's was a pure and virtuous affection; an union of hearts: and though in heaven there is no marrying, or giving in marriage, surely those who were so united upon earth, will enjoy a tender intercourse in a future state, if they endeavour to gain a place in the mansions of bliss. I hope and trust that my dear husband, having lived a life of exemplary piety and virtue, will find acceptance through the intercession of a divine Redeemer. I think there can be no doubt, but that my three dear children, who are removed from this world, will be received by their Saviour. Those who are now upon earth, I persuade myself, are under the gracious protection of the Almighty, who, whether they live or die, will provide for them among his children; and, as for myself, though through my manifold infirmities, my services are very imperfect, I trust I have a true love for

my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. An earnest desire to be the instrument of his Providence, in doing good to my fellow-creatures in every way in my power, particularly in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel of Salvation among the young and ignorant.

O merciful Father, thou hast seen fit to call me to endure great trials, I will not call them severe ones, for thou hast so tempered chastisement with mercy as to make me sensible of thy love, while I felt thy power. Lord, I am sensible that whatever is done by thee, is right and good. I humbly resign myself to all thy dispensations; those which are past and those which are to come. The Judge of all the earth will certainly do right: a God of infinite goodness will not afflict his creatures, but for their good. It must be their own fault, if they are not the better for every evil he suffers to befall them. Those to which thou hast exposed me, have contributed to wean my affections from this vain world. Its joys I willingly relinquish. I look for happiness in a better state. While I am suffered to live here, give me grace and opportunity to do good, that I may obtain the reward of faithful service! When my Lord comes, may I be found ready to attend him with my loins girded, and my lamp lighted: then shall I rejoice to hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen! Amen!

I intended to devote this day entirely to acts of humiliation, but I do not think it necessary to do so at this time. My mind is very humble; my

body is weak: I have powerful calls to active duties: the Schools require particular and vigilant attention. I shall serve God more acceptably by attending to such things, than in reviving those sorrows which he has graciously moderated; in opening those wounds, which his hand has nearly closed. If I am reconciled to the loss of my dear son, why should I call back my grief, because the anniversary of his death is returned. Let me rather consider it as his birth-day to a better state of existence, and rejoice that he is delivered from a weak mortal body, and become an heir to immortality and endless felicity. Lord, I thank thee most heartily for having made me instrumental to the happiness, which I trust my three dear children will enjoy with thee for ever. I was their mother; I was their instructor!

Sept. 12. Since I last took a retrospect of my heart and actions, I have enjoyed much peace and serenity of mind, I may even say cheerfulness. I have been fully, and I trust, upon the whole, usefully employed. I feel no desire to mix farther in the world than I have occasion to do in my own family, or in visiting the poor, the schools, and a few very particular friends.

This day my cheerfulness has forsaken me; I felt myself low-spirited in the morning, and have made myself worse by opening a parcel composed of letters, written by my father, mother, brother,

and husband. They called to my remembrance the blessings I have lost, particularly that of a most dear and tender husband, the father of my beloved children. Now the long evenings come on, I miss him sadly; I know not how to bear the parlour. When I go into it, instead of meeting his dear eyes, which usually beamed tenderness and love, I see his vacant chair. The place seems a solitude, and I a forlorn creature. I no longer hear his cheering voice animating me to pursue my labours by his praises and commendations. I no longer see him embracing his children. Alas! what enjoyments am I deprived of. But, O my heart, had I these enjoyments without alloy—Ah, no! many a care did we share together; many an anxiety did I suffer for him: I will not torment myself with unavailing regrets. Lord, to thy blessed spirit will I humbly resign my soul. O pity its weaknesses! pardon its offences. Grant me fresh supplies of thy Holy Spirit: enable me to bear with patience all the calamities of life. Teach me to rejoice in thy goodness; to be thankful for the honour thou dost confer upon me, in making me the instrument of thy Providence; in giving me an opportunity of performing those actions, which my Redeemer has promised to reward. O vouchsafe to accept my humble services, and bless them with success.

Oct. 11. I do not recollect that I have had leisure to sit down to write my mental memorial, since the last date of it. On Sunday my time has

been fully occupied from morning to night with attending the Schools, going twice to Church, and instructing my servants in the evening. On other days, I have been so employed with my writings, and necessary avocations, that I have scarcely had a leisure hour. I am not at this instant conscious of having wasted any time : I think I have not ; but God knows ; and may he vouchsafe to pardon my omissions and my forgetfulness. Having had so much to do, I have enjoyed great peace and tranquillity : not that I cease to think of my dear husband, or to grieve for him. His dear image presents itself to my mind at every interval : as soon as I quit my pen, a train of recollections follow each other : I feel my loss, and I cannot but deplore it.

My health is, upon the whole, tolerably good ; but I have rather fatigued myself with close application to my pen. I must not write too much now, lest it should weary me, and render me unfit for the labours of the ensuing day, which, if it please God to spare my life, and give me the ability, I purpose to pursue with ardour. I have an important cause in hand. O may the Almighty lend his aid ! Gracious God, Father of all mercies, God of all consolation, vouchsafe to pardon my manifold offences, for my dear Redeemer's sake ! Accept my humblest and most thankful acknowledgments of thine abundant mercies ; take me and my dear family under the protection of thy Providence, and grant us the aid of thy grace,

for Jesus Christ's sake. Blessed Saviour, may thy powerful intercession prevail in my behalf. O grant us thy peace. Amen!

Oct. 3. A perpetual hurry of business of one kind or other, has occupied my time and thoughts since I wrote last, and I have not been quite well.

O Lord, I wish to do right, but alas! through the infirmity of my nature, I frequently fall into sin. O that I could do the will of my Father, as it is done in Heaven. O that I could be perfect! but alas! how far do I fall short of that degree of perfection which is attainable in this state of trial and probation. O Lord, I beseech thee have compassion upon me. Keep me back from evil. Let me follow the precepts of thy holy religion. Endue my soul with patience and meekness.

To-morrow is the Sabbath of the Lord: to-morrow I shall approach thy holy table, adorable Saviour. O may I be fit to appear there. It is the great joy of my life to commemorate thy dying love: to profess my allegiance to thee, my Lord and my God. I will not presume to offend thee, by going with an unprepared mind. I will strive to cast out every thing that may render me an unworthy partaker of these holy mysteries. I will put on the wedding garment before I go to thy feast.

Not on my own feeble endeavours do I rely for the fulfilment of these good resolutions: without thy grace, I know I can do nothing. O vouchsafe to grant it to me, merciful Saviour!

Oct. 22. — — — — —

— — — — — I most humbly and earnestly beseech thee, O Lord, to cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit: to root out of it every corrupt affection: every seed that may produce bad fruit! — — —

— — — — — Whatever thou seest fit to allot as my portion of earthly goods, I will be thankful for, and contented with: according to the means thou seest fit to grant me, I will endeavour to do good. My soul disdains to quarrel for the trifles of this vain world; a world that is full of sorrow, and passeth away like a shadow. O that I could obtain peace and serenity; that I might contemplate on heavenly joys, on eternal possessions: and what so likely to direct my thoughts to them, as the troubles I now meet with. O what a happiness there is in the reflection, that after a few short years at the utmost, I shall change this frail, this uncertain existence, for an eternity of bliss; that my soul, released from this earthly body, will soar to the realms above, to the regions of uninterrupted felicity. — — — — —

— — — — — I know and feel, that the Judge of all the earth, in taking my dear husband from a troublesome world, has acted mercifully and kindly by him. I will not grieve, if I can help it;

but I have now no kind, tender husband, to cheer my drooping spirits; to wipe away the falling tear. Merciful Father, look with compassion upon me. O be to me instead of a husband. Support my spirits, and enable me to bear all the train of afflictions attendant on a state of widowhood. Whilst I am conscious of integrity of heart, of a sincere and ardent desire to do thy holy will, I cannot fear that thou wilt utterly forsake me. O what great troubles and adversities hast thou lately showed me, yet didst thou turn and refresh me! Why then should I despond. I will not do so. I will trust in thy mercy: I will rely on thy promises: I will submit to thy dispensations. Thou, O Lord, knowest what is best; thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Blessed Jesus, who invitest those that mourn, to come unto thee. Vouchsafe to comfort me. O hearken to my humble supplications: O strengthen me by thy spirit. Let me take up my cross with a patient and resigned mind, and follow thee. Let me look to the joy that is set before me: let me never lose sight of the high prize of my calling: a crown of glory eternal in the heavens. Lord, I think that my heart is disposed to righteousness. I think I abhor all kinds of wickedness; but perhaps I deceive myself. O if I do so, vouchsafe to make me see my errors, and help me to correct them! O that I could purify myself, even as thou art pure! This is impossible: I have defiled myself with many sins: I cannot wash out the stain of one of them. O wash

me in thy blood ! sanctify me with thy Spirit: then shall I be holy and acceptable. Not for myself only, O blessed and adorable Redeemer, not for myself only, do I pray, but for all my dear children : may they ever continue to live according to the precepts of thy holy religion. — — —

Oct. 28. Merciful Father, I most humbly beseech thee to pardon all my sins, for my Saviour's sake. Endue my mind with patience, resignation, and fortitude. Blessed and adorable Saviour, have pity upon me. O send thy Holy Spirit to strengthen and comfort me. I will fear no evil, for thou, O Lord, will sustain me. O direct my thoughts to that blessed world, where all tears will be wiped from all eyes : where pain and sorrow can find no entrance. There I trust my dear husband has found a refuge. Dear husband, never, never shall I forget thy tenderness and love. The hopes of meeting thee again, will make death more welcome.

Nov. 4. O merciful God, who hast seen fit to take from me a tender husband ; from my children, the kindest of earthly parents. Vouchsafe to supply the loss by thine own mercy and goodness. O heal my afflicted heart : relieve my sorrows. I know and feel, O gracious Lord, most sensibly do I feel that I am unworthy of thy favour. I confess, with contrition of soul, that my offences are numberless ; but O, good Lord, thou knowest that I love thee ; I hope I may say with a perfect heart. I never feel a consciousness of

having displeased thee ; but I feel at the same time the sincerest sorrow : at this instant I feel it. O have compassion upon me ; pity my weaknesses and pardon my transgressions, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Lord, I beseech thee, calm my troubled mind : teach me resignation : let me not forget how I and my family have lately been supported under one of the heaviest trials. Let me not by my own imprudence open a wound which, thou, by thy goodness, hadst nearly closed. Lord, I humbly desire to yield my mind to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. O divine Spirit, cleanse and purify this sinful heart. Make it a fit temple for thee. Inspire me with those sentiments which I ought to entertain. Strengthen me to do my duty : that is the first desire of my heart. I hope, at least, it is. O gracious Father, never would I willingly offend thee. Cast me not off : take not thy Holy Spirit from me. May thy Providence direct all things for the ultimate good of us, thy poor creatures, who cannot know what is best for us. Lord, hear me, and let my cry come unto thee. Amen ! Amen ! for Jesus Christ's sake.

Blessed and adorable Saviour, I am this day going to thy table : O Lord, vouchsafe to accept the humble adoration which I there hope to offer. O Lord, I love thee with my whole heart. The words of thy mouth are sweeter to me than honey, and the honey-comb. I have more delight in running the way of thy commandments, than in all manner of riches. O Lord, enable me to follow

thy blessed example of patience and resignation, and of every other Christian virtue. Vouchsafe, I beseech thee, to be with me this day and for ever!

Dec. 9. My indisposition is not yet gone off, though, I thank God, I am much better; but I am not yet capable of those exertions, in which consist the greatest pleasure and satisfaction of my life. Day after day passes away without any employment by which I can promote the knowledge of Christianity, as I earnestly desire to do. This is a great mortification to me; but I will endeavour to submit to it as becomes a child of God, a disciple of Christ. I have laboured under a most dreadful depression of spirits in the last week; the fear of sudden death assailed me in a violent and irresistible manner. I cannot think why I should be in such dread of that stroke, which will release me from a state of anxiety and trouble, and bring me, as I trust, into a better state of existence. Nor do I dread it, I think, on my own account. Praised be the God of all mercies! adored be the Redeemer of mankind, I can look beyond the grave with comfort and hope. But the thoughts of what my dear children will suffer for their only parent, the thoughts of the loss the poor will sustain of a truly affectionate and compassionate friend, the thoughts that the school will fall to nothing, distress me beyond measure; but why should these reflections disquiet my mind to such a degree? God has many instruments be-

sides such a poor, weak mortal as I am, to employ in those works, which he approves. When my Master sees fit to call me away, let me not murmur. But I have formed an extensive plan for the improvement of the rising generation, and I wish to live to complete it. Surely this wish cannot be displeasing to the Almighty; surely my divine Lord will not condemn his servant for a desire which proceeds from zeal for his honour; perhaps my life may yet be spared; at least I will endeavour to divest myself of these apprehensions, which are more likely to accelerate my decay, than to avert it. I will cast my care upon God: I will wait patiently for the Lord: I will not fear death, since Christ has taken away his sting.

My mind has been agitated with maternal cares also: my dear H—— is not well, and he is at a distance from me; but I will exercise patience on this account also. I am this day going to the table of the Lord; O may I be found an acceptable guest!

Dec. 13. I have been better in health this week, and my mental faculties stronger; but I have not been without alarming symptoms. I have had at times an odd sensation of numbness in my hand. But I trust the Almighty will not deprive me of the use of that member, which I have so often employed, and am still so anxious to employ in his service. My right hand has never offended me; I am not required to cut it off, and cast it from me; for I do not recollect that it has

ever been the instrument of wickedness, and whilst I live, I think, I shall desire to stretch it out for the comfort and relief of my fellow creatures. My right hand is dear to me, because with that I write to promote, as far as my abilities admit, the cause of true Christianity. O merciful Lord, be graciously pleased to spare to me the use of it, to thee I devote it.

Dec. 16. — — — — —

O merciful Father, draw me to thyself, I most humbly beseech thee : since thou hast seen fit to take my dear husband from me, enable me to bear the loss with patience. O continue to support me, as thou hast hitherto done. O gracious God, above all things I desire to obtain thy favour. I wish most earnestly to do thy holy will. O Lord, if I know my own heart, I love thee above all things. O Lord, I beseech thee, have compassion upon my weakness. O strengthen me by thy Holy Spirit : leave me not, forsake me not, O God of my salvation.

Lord, I will endeavour to please thee by the exercise of every Christian virtue. What a mortification do I now daily suffer from the incapacity of pursuing the employment I delight in ; but I trust thou wilt yet strengthen me to serve thee more in this world before I go hence, and be no more seen. I implore thy blessing, O Lord, on the works I am now going to send into the world. To the purposes of piety and charity, I devote

them. O may they prove an acceptable offering.

Lord, I beseech thee to bless the endeavours of those who have associated for the purposes of checking the progress of sedition and rebellion. O spare this nation for the sake of thy holy religion, which subsists here in greater purity than in any other nation. O spare it for the sake of thy faithful servants: spare it for the sake of those institutions which are established for the benefit of the rising generation!

Adorable Saviour, I am jealous for thine honour: with my whole heart do I love and reverence thee. I feel the sincerest gratitude for the infinite benefits thou hast procured for mankind, of which I trust thou wilt suffer me to partake. Lord, I am willing to forsake all, and follow thee. O Lord, grant me peace.

To the protection of the adorable Trinity I humbly recommend myself and my dear children. O may divine Providence watch over us during the hours of darkness. May we enjoy undisturbed repose; and, if another day be added to our lives, may we spend it to the glory of God. — —

O Lord, I presume to address thee on behalf of a friend suffering at this time from bodily weakness and perturbation of mind. O Lord, support her under the heavy trial thou hast seen fit to call her to, and in thy good time deliver her.

Dec. 23. I have in the course of this week repeatedly had symptoms which I thought threat-

ened me with sudden dissolution; but within these three days I have been relieved from them: and though I am not yet restored to my full strength, either of mind or body, I am considerably better in both respects, and am once more animated with the hope, that I shall be again enabled to pursue my labours for the glory of God and the good of my fellow-creatures. What a happiness even in expectation! What mortification have I endured under the necessity of submitting to idleness. My soul hath truly a longing desire to be continually occupied in the works of the Lord;—and am I not so when exercising patience?

O gracious and merciful Father, I would not entertain a thought or a wish that is displeasing to thee. Vouchsafe to send thy Holy Spirit to cleanse and purify my soul; quench in it every affection which it ought not to entertain. O if I still feel too much love for my departed husband moderate it, or however reluctant I may be to part with it, obliterate it, change it into what it should be. Lord God Almighty, I am thine; I was devoted to thee, by the best of fathers, as soon almost as I was born into the world; how often have I devoted myself to the service of thy dear Son, my adorable, my beloved Saviour, at his holy table; O what pleasure! what happiness! what comfort! what refreshment of soul have I experienced at this holy table; cast me not away, O God of my Salvation, dear and adorable Saviour! merciful Redeemer, blessed Jesus, friend

of my soul thou knowest that I love thee ! O Lord, in comparison of the delight I take in serving thee, how poor, how trifling, how insignificant do those things appear which the worldly-minded dignify with the name of pleasure ! may it be my blessed task to assist in propagating thy holy religion, to assert thine honour, to teach the young and the poor to own thy divinity ! O adorable Saviour, be graciously pleased to strengthen and inform my mind, to do the work I have prescribed for myself. Lord, if I am but able I will pursue it with alacrity ; O that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen ! not for the trifling purposes of life do I wish to continue longer in this stage of existence ; I have nobler ends in view ; O how my heart expands with ardent desires to do good ; may I be enabled to fulfil some of them at least, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ ; then shall I be prepared to meet my beloved Lord ; then shall I soar to heavenly regions ; then shall I join the glorious company of Heaven. Transporting thoughts ! how insignificant do the pomps and vanities of this world appear in my mind's eye ! O that I could continue in this frame of mind for the remaining part of my existence upon earth ; but it cannot be, I have a body ever ready to press down the immortal soul. No matter, this will not long be the case, I shall shake it off with all its infirmities : there is an *earthly* body, and there is a *spiritual* body. O with what peace shall I

close my eyes in death, if I have but the power of reflection at that awful moment, at least I hope that will be the case, and that it may be so, I resolve henceforth to lead a holy, and as far as I am able, a useful life. To the protection of the Divine Providence, I now humbly recommend myself, and my dear children !

Dec. 30. I am now arrived at the end of one of the most sorrowful years I ever knew. O what tribulation ! what anguish ! what distress ! what heart rending pangs have I been called to indure within the last twelve months. At the beginning of this year I had a dear and tender husband ; my children had a kind and most affectionate father, these relations have ceased to both of us, but my heart is far from being disengaged from the love which it was so lately my duty to feel, though I can no longer delight him with the expressions of it ; however, my comfort is, that he is removed to a state where I hope, and trust, he will to eternity enjoy more exalted pleasures than any that this vain world affords. I hope I am not sinful in cherishing this affection for a dear deceased husband ; the love I feel for him is pure as that which angels feel, it is the love of a soul weaned from earthly joys, aspiring after heavenly ones ; earnestly desiring, to partake those joys with him. I do not, I cannot wish my dear husband to return to this world of care and sorrow ; I only wish that when I depart from it I may be again united

with him as the blessed in Heaven are with each other.

It has pleased the Almighty to visit me with a most heavy affliction, but with what abundant kindness has he tempered it ! did I ever more sensibly feel his fatherly love, than when I was suffering his chastisements : no, surely never ! O how tenderly did he incline his ear to my humble petitions ! how sweetly did he soothe my sorrows ! how greatly did he calm the perturbations of my heart. A husband to the widow have I most truly found him, and praised be his name for his unmerited goodness to me his poor sinful creature.

Accept my prayers, Almighty Father, for all my dear children. O that they may all so live upon earth that through the merits of a crucified Saviour, they may finally be received into thy eternal kingdom.

Accept my prayers for myself also, O vouchsafe to grant me fresh supplies of thy grace, that I may serve thee more steadily, and more constantly than I have hitherto done. Lord, I beseech thee to strengthen me to pursue my labours, and bless them with success. O that my life may be spared to complete what I have begun ! But above all things, let me desire to resign myself to the will of God. O blessed Jesus, help me to do so ; without thee I am nothing. Lord, from weakness of body and mind, I must now forego the holy exer-

cise I am at this instant engaged in. I find both mind and body fatigued. To the ever blessed Trinity, I humbly recommend myself and all my dear children; my relations and friends, and to the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be ascribed all honour and glory, world without end. Amen! Amen!

The writer of the following letter, the Rev. Mr. Sturgess, was for many years the Vicar of Ealing, during the time that Mrs. Trimmer was resident in that parish; and seldom does it fall to the lot of any place to enjoy the blessing of a more conscientious Minister, or more affectionate Pastor. In every part of his duty he was indefatigable; admonishing "in season and out of season," persuading, exhorting his flock to walk in the path of duty, or to return to it if they had unhappily strayed. The sick were visited, the ignorant instructed, the distressed relieved, and all watched over with a regard almost paternal.

Nor did he rest with the mere discharge of his own duty, he was equally anxious that the curates, who were under his direction should perform their part also, and was careful to engage exemplary clergymen, who would in all respects co-operate with

him, and steadfastly adhere to the doctrines and discipline of that church to which he belonged.

It may easily be supposed that a man of such a character would be upon the most friendly terms with a parishioner, who had like himself the interest of the poor so warmly at heart. Such indeed, was the case; the worthy vicar was delighted to have such an assistant, and Mrs. Trimmer was equally happy that "he to whom it was her duty to look up (as the Minister of God's word) with duty and respect, was such a one that she could do it with a willing mind."

In every office of benevolence they were unanimous, Mr. Sturgess advising and consulting with Mrs. Trimmer, and affording her upon every occasion his countenance and support.

In order to give her the greater weight with her poor neighbours, he entrusted to her management many of the parish gifts, at least of such as were designed for the poor of Brentford. By means of the distribution of these gifts, Mrs. Trimmer obtained considerable influence over many of the people who received them, and in the dispensing of them, always had regard to the spiritual as well as temporal interests of the poor. Such as were constant in their attendance upon public worship, and regular in their moral conduct, were sure to be distinguished, and on the contrary, the dissolute and profane were slighted and passed by.

Amongst other objects of his pastoral care, Sunday Schools engrossed much of the attention of this excellent Parish Priest. No sooner did he hear of the plan suggested by Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, for collecting the children of the poor on the Sabbath Day, than he was desirous of having schools of that description in the parish of Ealing. He communicated his wishes to Mrs. Trimmer, and found in her a most ready assistant. By their united efforts schools were established, and though the faithful Pastor of his flock, who first projected them, and his zealous and active coadjutor are now no more, the schools continue to exist, and to be productive of essential benefit amongst the rising generation.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

*Vicarage, St. Mary's Reading,
May 17, 1792.*

My dear Madam,

I have this day received the first intelligence of a melancholy event, which affects me much, and which I sincerely feel with you and for you. It may be unseasonable to intrude at all upon your grief, which, in the best of Christians, will and ought to have its time; and to suggest any of the common motives of consolation to you would be

impertinent, who are much better qualified to give than to receive advice, upon every Christian subject of this kind. But there is one which suggests itself to my mind, and which your humble and modest opinion of yourself will probably conceal from your's, which is that, as God has been pleased eminently to distinguish you by the best Christian heart and temper I almost ever knew, so he may be pleased by these repeated trials and afflictions to furnish you with opportunities to perfect that high and important character, and to give you grace not only to shine as most actively useful in the grand cause of Religion, but likewise as a most striking example of Christian patience in submitting to his most awful decrees. May that gracious God continue his blessing to you, and to every individual of your family in all things, both temporal and spiritual, present and eternal.

I feel the loss of a worthy parishioner, a good husband, a good father, and a good Christian. I purpose to be at Ealing on Wednesday, and hope that you may find yourself well enough to give me leave to wait on you before I leave it, which must be on the Monday or Tuesday.

We unite in every good wish, and real concern in which you and your family are interested. I shall be happy always to prove the sincere regard I entertain for you, and the high value I set upon your character and friendship, by desiring you to command at all times any little services that I can

render to you and your's; believe me to remain,

Your affectionate friend

And servant,

C. STURGESS.

P. S. If I might venture to suggest any thing further upon the subject let me recommend to you, my good Madam, the immediate perusal of the affectionate letter of the pious Mrs. Doddridge to her children, published in the Gentleman's Magazine.

TO MRS. M.

July 12, 1792.

My dear Madam,

Your friendly apprehensions were too well founded, it was the death of my dear husband which you read of in the Newspapers. The stroke was as sudden as it was fatal. I was in a comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by his making a noise in his throat as if he was choaking; I raised him up as quick as possible, and perceived he was in a fit; not being able to support him by myself, I called one of his sons, who came to me instantly, but his dear father was insensible of our attentions, and discovered no other signs of life than

fetching his breath a few times, at distant intervals, but in a quarter of an hour he breathed his last. Thus did it please the Almighty to dissolve a union, which had for upwards of 29 years, been a source of great happiness to me, and thus were my dear children deprived of the most tender and affectionate of parents!—That we have all suffered beyond expression on so trying an occasion, you, my dear Madam, will easily conceive, but thanks to the God of all consolation, our sufferings have been alleviated by his abundant mercies. I trust we have, through the assistance of his Holy Spirit, submitted to his will with as much resignation as he expects from such poor creatures as mankind in this mortal state. I miss my tender companion, my judicious adviser; and long will it be e'er I can cease to lament his loss! but I do not repine at my misfortune; the great and all-wise Governor of the universe, best knows where to place his creatures; and the exemplary life my dear husband led, which was a continued series of benevolent and upright conduct, has, I hope, procured him admittance, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, into a world, infinitely better than that from which he has seen fit to remove him. Should my life be extended many years beyond my present expectation, it will be *short* in comparison of that which will come hereafter; and I comfort myself with the hope of meeting my beloved partner again, never more to be separated from his society.

I thank you, my dear Madam, most sincerely for your kind attention, and good wishes ; I would have written to you before, but cannot even now do it without a hurry of spirits.

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Of the *Rights of Women*, I can now say nothing more than that I found so much happiness in having a husband to assist me in forming a proper judgment, and in taking upon him the chief labour of providing for a family, that I never wished for a further degree of liberty or consequence than I enjoyed. Miss Woolstoncroft is a woman of extraordinary abilities, I confess; I cannot help thinking they might be employed to more advantage to society.—But my recent misfortune has almost obliterated the remembrance of the contents of her book.

You will wonder to receive a new publication from me at such a time as this. The little book which now claims your acceptance, was already in the printer's hands, when I was called upon to bear the heaviest stroke I ever sustained from the hand of Providence. I seek refuge from unavailing sorrow, in that kind of employment without which I feel from habitude quite uncomfortable. I hope I shall be able to accomplish in time what the advertisement sent with it proposes. If I should not live to do so, an *abler hand* may take it up. I think a reformation in the mode of educating children in Charity Schools, much wanted,

and shall exert my utmost endeavours to contribute towards it. I shall now be more than ever *at home*. In my domestic circle, among my dear dutiful children alone, can I find true consolation. Without my dear companion the pleasures of the world, even what I have hitherto esteemed *rational pleasures*, have no charms for me. Here, thanks to the Almighty! I am surrounded with comforts.

TO MRS. TRIMMER.

Cowslip Green, Aug. 20.

My dear Madam,

If I have not sooner written to you, I assure you I have refrained rather out of tenderness and apprehension, than from unkindness or neglect. I felt for you very sincerely under the severe dispensation with which it has pleased God to visit you, and most cordially do I sympathize with you under it. It is among the inscrutable secrets of Providence that you who are constantly employed in lightening the burthens or administering to the comfort of others, should yourself be tried by such severe afflictions; and that this heavy blow should fall before the wounds of last year had fully time to heal, must have been a keen aggravation of sorrow.

But I thank God that you do not sorrow as those who are without hope. The true consolations of genuine Christianity are your's, and you who have sown in tears, will I doubt not reap in abundant joy. — — — — —

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Adieu, my dear Madam, believe me with real esteem.

Your sincere friend, and

Faithful servant,

H. MORE.

TO MRS. BRUTTON.

Brentford, Oct. 8, 1792.

Why my dear friend should you fear to open my letters? convinced as I am of the steadiness of your regard for me, you cannot expect I would reproach you for those omissions, which I know proceed from ill health and bad spirits. And should it please God to afflict me with additional sorrows, I hope and trust I shall always be able to inform you at the same time, that he has graciously supported and comforted me; I am sure I cannot sufficiently acknowledge his abundant mercies to me, under the severest trials, I think I ever can experience. I am much obliged to Mr. Brutton, for the high compliment he pays to my

temper, but if I have received these strokes of Providence in a proper manner, I must impute it to the support which it has pleased the Almighty to afford me. I have earnestly *wished* to resign myself to his most holy will, and to do my duty in that new state of life to which he has seen fit to call me. I trust he has heard my prayers, and will continue to guide and protect me ! I wish you were within my reach, but I have still so many ties to confine me to this spot, that I cannot prevail on myself to leave home, or I would come and see *you*. Happy should I be, could I prevail upon *you* to indulge me with your company *here*. I can receive and accommodate you, Mr. Brutton, and a servant, if you wish to bring one. You may at any time, by going to a different part of the house, sit quite still and retired ; I keep scarcely any company, but morning visitors ; we have a few choice friends who sometimes stay in the house with us, but with the dissipating multitude we seldom mix ; our family circle being pretty large, we can amuse ourselves without their aid. You cannot think how it would delight me to show you my dear boys and girls ; if you love them, as you have kindly told me you do, for their *mother's sake*, I think you would find reason to love them for their own.

TO S——.

Brentford, Sept. 4, 1792.

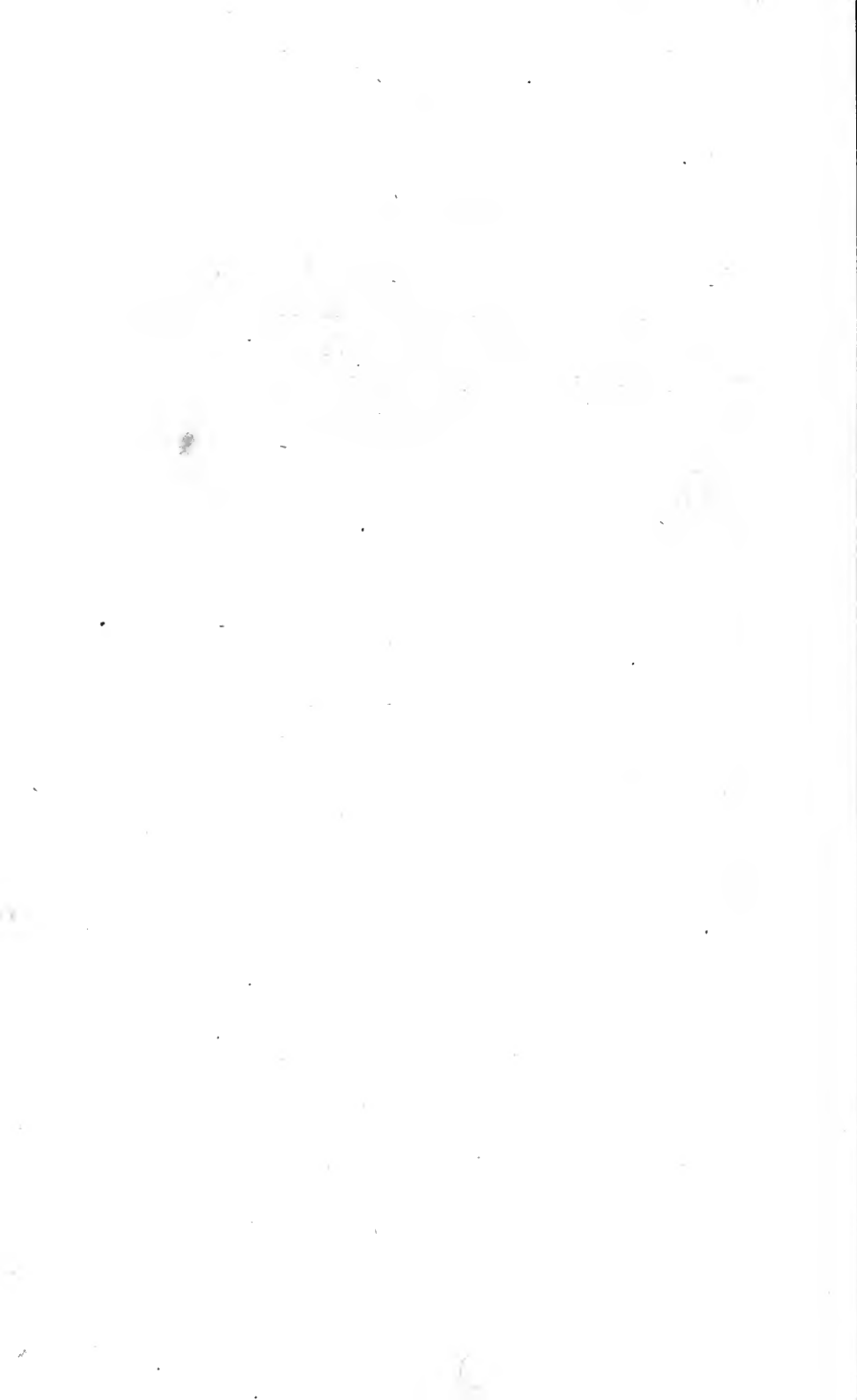
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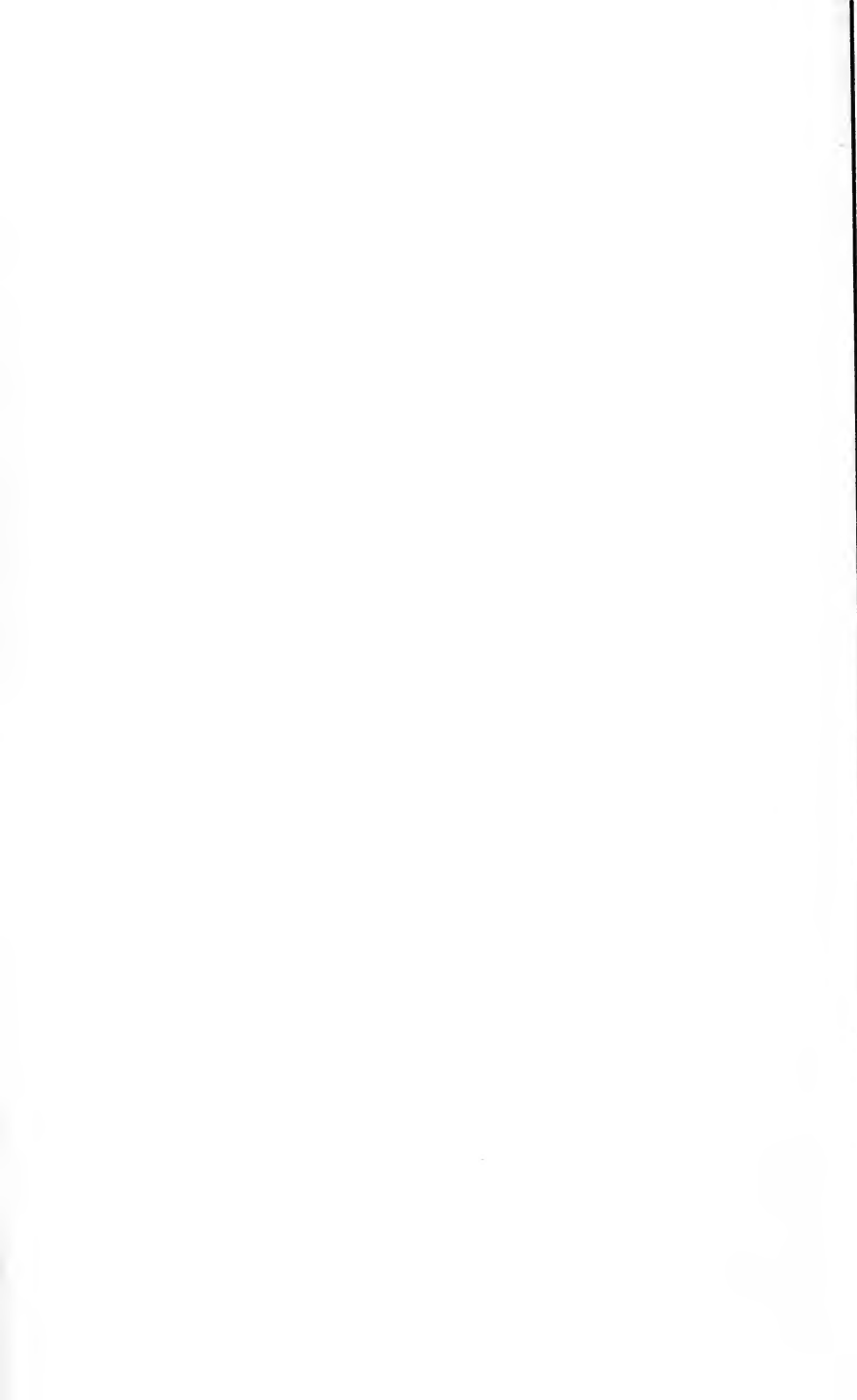
I saw your dear father's hair in a locket, which I gave to C——. The mixture of *grey* with *black*, brought to my mind the numerous cares we had divided ; at the sight of so interesting an object the tears of tender recollection filled my eyes, but I wiped them away, and comforted myself, that the cares which I knew his solicitude for us would have occasioned him to add to, were now at an end ; he is now past suffering, I humbly trust ; he is escaped from this scene of anxiety and sorrow. I think, much as I miss him, I shall pass the remainder of my life with more serenity than the years that are gone ; whatever troubles I meet with I shall not now have to feel for my dear husband. God knows, I have had many a bitter pang for his sufferings ;—but I check myself. Let me hear from you very soon, and in the mean while, and to endless ages, may the blessing of God attend you, and all my dear children. Adieu.

Your affectionate Mother,

S. T——.

END OF VOL. I.







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